Beautiful Natulia accept of this crown from the Czar your husband and may Russia be proud of seeing you sit on her throne.

Published by R.Morison & Son Perth.

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MISCELLANEOUS EPITOME

OF

ENTERTAINMENT.

SELECTED FROM THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINES, REVIEWS, &c.

AND

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF MERIT.

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

ORNAMENTED WITH

SEVEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

As from the ſweeteſt flow'r the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious ſweets. CREECH.

Edinburgh:

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1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM
18
JAN

CONTENTS.

	Page
ANECDOTES of Alexis Michaelowitſch, Empeperor of Ruſſia,	1
Philoſophical Diſſertations of the Egyptians and Chineſe,	7
The Voyage of Life—a Fragment,	15
Miſery—an Elegy,	ib.
Edwin and Angelina,	18
Druſilla, or the Fate of Harold,	23
Curious Facts, relative to the Natural Hiſtory of the Beaver,	28
Extract from Hearne's Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudſon's Bay, to the Northern Ocean,	34
The Monthly Review on Woolſtonecraft's Letters,	42
Remarks on the Engliſh Partiality for the Italians,	53
Singular Account of a Muſical Pigeon,	57
Account of a Savage Spectacle, common at Vienna, called the Hetz, or Combat of Wild Beaſts,	58
Extracts from Filſon and Imlay, on the Weſtern Territory of North America,	60
Monthly Review on the Miſcellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Eſq.	65
Extract from Chantreau's Travels in Ruſſia,	78
Lorenzo and Violetta, a Matrimonial Tale,	81
Juſtice obtained by a Song, an Italian Anecdote,	83
Dreadful Deſcription of the Environs of the City of Naples,	85
Sketch of the Ancient Hiſtory of Egypt, Judea, and Phœnicia,	ib.

Æneas

Page.
Æneas deploring the death of Pallas, - 105
Remarks on the Lazaroni of Naples, - - 109
Lenora—a Ballad, - - - 115
Adventures in a Welsh Cottage, - - 124
Account of the Druids, - - 129
Description of Athens, - - - 136
The British Critic on D'Israeli's Miscellanies, 141
Anecdotes, - - - - 147
Interesting Scenes from President Kotzebue's celebrated German Play of the Indians in England, - - - 161
The Magpie—a Tale, - - 174
Matrimony, - - - - 177
The Paradise of Schedad—an Arabian Tale, 181
The Excellent Wife, - - - 185
Remarks on the Poetry of Spain and Portugal, 200
Anecdote of George I. - - - 208
Lubin and his Dog Tray, - - - 209
The Lass of Fair Wone—a Ballad, - - 214
Upon English Pride, - - - - 219
The Shepherds of the Pyrennees—a Fragment, 223
Anecdotes, - - - - 232

Directions for placing the Plates.

Frontispiece, "Beautiful Natalia," &c.—from Travels in Russia,
"Turn gentle hermit," &c.—from Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina, before page, - 18
"'Twas Edwin's self that prest,"—from ditto, - 22
"This one had the honour," &c.—from Travels in Russia, - - - - 80
Æneas deploring the death of Pallas, - - 105
"I resign my authority," &c.—from the Citizen of the World - - - 180
"Ay, slaves, cried the porter,"—from ditto, 219

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[From Chantreau's Travels through Ruſſia—lately publiſhed by R. MORISON & SON.]

Embelliſhed with a moſt beautiful Engraving.

ALEXIS MICHAELOWITSCH, his ſon, who is interred at his ſide, is known to foreigners for almoſt no other reaſon, than that he was the father of Peter I. Yet Ruſſia ſtands indebted to this prince for uſeful eſtabliſhments. He reformed the laws, diſciplined the army, cauſed ſome ſlender barks be built on the Caſpian Sea, which the Ruſſian hiſtorians called ſhips. He conquered Smolenſko, and a great part of Ukraine from the Poles. In ſhort, he drew the firſt outlines of the plan, which Peter I. enlarged and completed.

All who have mentioned this prince have agreed in praiſing him, and ſay, he was a good huſband, a good father, and a good ſovereign. It is true, he was exceſſively hot, but his natural mildneſs very ſoon calmed his impatience. When returned to himſelf, he was aſhamed of his paſſion, and made amends for it

Page.
Æneas deploring the death of Pallas, - 105
Remarks on the Lazaroni of Naples, - - 109
Lenora—a Ballad, - - - 115
Adventures in a Welſh Cottage, - - 124
Account of the Druids, - - 129
Deſcription of Athens, - - - 136
The Britiſh Critic on D'Iſraeli's Miſcellanies, 141
Anecdotes, - - - - 147
Intereſting Scenes from Preſident Kotzebue's celebrated German Play of the Indians in England, - - - 161
The Magpie—a Tale, - - 174
Matrimony, - - - - 177
The Paradiſe of Schedad—an Arabian Tale, 181
The Excellent Wife, - - - 185
Remarks on the Poetry of Spain and Portugal, 200
Anecdote of George I. - - - 208
Lubin and his Dog Tray, - - - 209
The Laſs of Fair Wone—a Ballad, - - 214
Upon Engliſh Pride, - - - - 219
The Shepherds of the Pyrennees—a Fragment, 223
Anecdotes, - - - - 232

Directions for placing the Plates.

Frontiſpiece, "Beautiful Natalia," &c.—from Travels in Ruſſia,
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"This one had the honour," &c.—from Travels in Ruſſia, - - - - 80
Æneas deploring the death of Pallas, - - 105
"I reſign my authority," &c.—from the Citizen of the World - - - 180
"Ay, ſlaves, cried the porter,"—from ditto, 219

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by favours, which exceeded the injuries he imagined he had done thoſe whom his impetuoſity might have offended. He was a friend to memorials, like Louis XIV. his contemporary, about whom he was fond of converſing. His heart was humane and compaſſionate, ſo that he never put his name to a ſentence of death, without watering it with his tears. "I am not a Czar to deſtroy my ſubjects, (ſaid he one day to Naritſkin, who was his prime-miniſter, and enjoyed his confidence); on the contrary, it is my duty to preſerve them, and to grant pardon to all thoſe who are not convicted of having dyed their hands in the blood of their brethren." At this very moment, the miniſter preſented to him a ſentence of death to ſign againſt a deſerter; but he wrote below, *I grant pardon*, and ſubſcribed his name. Notwithſtanding this clemency, equal to that of Titus, who is quoted as a model to all princes, Alexis was the Czar who eſtabliſhed the inquiſition of State, known in Ruſſia under the name of the *Secret Committee*, of which we have had occaſion to ſpeak ſeveral times. Has the erection of this tribunal been a ſtain on his reign and the nation? This is the problem propoſed by Le Clerc, in his hiſtory of Ruſſia. In this queſtion there is nothing ſingular, except that it is thought the ſubject admits of a queſtion.

The circumſtances of Alexis's marriage with Natalia Cyrillowna, mother to Peter I. are too deſcriptive of this prince, and the manners of his times, not to be laid before the reader.

Artemin Matwejeff, who was grandfather to Count Romanzoff Zadounaiſki, now marſhal-general, and lieutenant-colonel of the Empreſs's horſe-guards, was miniſter of foreign affairs under Alexis's reign, and particularly honoured with the friendſhip of this prince, who, ſetting all etiquette aſide, came often to eat with his miniſter, and talk of buſineſs in an eaſy way. Coming in one night very late, and without being expected, he found the cover laid. "This table ſeems

to

to invite me, (ſaid he to Matwejeff); and I will ſet myſelf down at it, if I conſtrain no body." The miniſter aſſures him, that he cannot confer on him an higher honour, and orders ſupper immediately. His wife enters, accompanied by his ſon and a young lady. They ſup; and, during the repaſt, Alexis had fixed his eye on the young fair gueſt ſitting directly oppoſite to him, whoſe beauty was equalled only by her modeſty. "I always thought (ſaid the Czar to his miniſter) that you had only a ſon, and it is only to-day that I learn you have a daughter; I am not a little diſpleaſed with you for having kept this a ſecret from me." "Your Majeſty is wrong in blaming me for this," anſwered Matwejeff. "I have really an only ſon, and the young lady, whom you take for my daughter, is the daughter of one of my friends, Cyrille Naritſkin, who lives retired in the country, on a moderate fortune, which his economy alone renders ſufficient for his wants, and thoſe of his family. My wife has taken this young lady to bring her up, and procure her, if poſſible, a ſettlement. We owe theſe cares to friendſhip, and will make it our duty to attend to them."—"I am perſuaded of it, (ſays his Majeſty): I know your heart." The cloth was drawn, the miniſter's wife, his ſon, and the young lady, retired, becauſe they knew, when ſupper was over, his Majeſty liked to converſe alone with Matwejeff. "My friend, (ſays the Prince to him), this young Natalia appears to me poſſeſſed of an excellent mind; ſhe is full of charms, ſhe is of an age ſuited to make a huſband happy. We muſt look out for one to her, and think ſeriouſly of this buſineſs." "Your Majeſty is very good; and I thank you, in Natalia's name, for the attention you deign to pay her; but the unfortunate young lady has only her beauty and virtues for her fortune, and the huſbands of the day wiſh to have ſomething elſe." "There is one way: we muſt ſeek out a rich huſband, who will not regard fortune, which is nothing when

one meets with a wife like Natalia," (the Prince pronounced theſe words with force).—" It is not at court that this kind of huſbands is to be found, ſaid the miniſter; courtiers, however rich, always calculate."—" You are prejudiced, (interrupted the Czar); and I undertake to find out one that will not calculate in the leaſt." Some days after this interview, the Czar returned to Matwejeff's, converſed at firſt about the affairs of the empire, and afterwards invited himſelf to dinner. He ſaw the beautiful Natalia, paid her ſome attention, but with the greateſt reſerve. When the entertainment was over, and the Prince and Matwejéff engaged in familiar converſation, " Have you thought (ſaid the Czar to him) on providing Natalia? Have you caſt your eye on any perſon?"—" No, Sire; it is not that I do not deſire it moſt earneſtly; but, among the great number of young people who frequent our houſe, none has as yet appeared to have the leaſt affection for her." " Very well, (ſays the Czar), I am farther forward than you; I have found out a huſband capable of making her happy, and rich enough not to inquire after her fortune. She is acquainted with him, but he has been able to keep his ſentiments a profound ſecret, and without having the pride of lovers, he is bold to preſume, that, when he ſhall declare himſelf, he will not be rejected." " Ah! Sire, I did not expect leſs from your goodneſs; you crown my wiſhes—under what obligations my friend Cyrille will be under to you. Might I be bold enough to aſk your Majeſty the name of the young man? Undoubtedly I know him too, and I could give your Majeſty information." " I do not aſk any, I know him well enough to need none; only learn if Natalia has no averſion for marriage." " Whenever we have ſpoken to her of a ſettlement, ſhe has always anſwered with equal grace and modeſty, that ſhe would ſtudy to make the huſband happy, whom we would chooſe for her. She will be quite otherwiſe flattered, when ſhe knows that it is from your Majeſty

that

that she will receive this husband." "Ah! my dear Matwejeff, (interrupted the Czar with eagerness); yes, go tell her that it is I, who have chosen this husband, and that he is *Alexis himself*.

Matwejeff, filled with astonishment at a declaration so unexpected, falls at the Czar's feet, and conjures him to give up this resolution, or at least to forbear imparting it to Natalia. "I am already envied, (added Matwejeff), "because I am honoured with your favour; but to what height will this envy rise, when it shall be seen, that your Majesty disdains the daughters of the principal Boyards, to unite yourself with a young unfortunate girl brought up in my house. It will be thought that motives of ambition have induced me to advise your Majesty to this step." "Your fears are imaginary, (replied the Czar); dismiss them, and think only on obeying me. My resolution is formed, and Natalia is necessary to the existence of your master." "There is one way by which your Majesty can reconcile all, (said the minister). Give orders for bringing to court the young daughters of all the Boyards, from among whom the custom of the country authorises you to choose a wife. Natalia Cyrillowna's beauty and birth entitle her to be of the number of these young ladies; and your Majesty, by choosing her, will appear to adjudge the prize to beauty only, and thus put envy to silence."

Alexis approves of this expedient, and used the greatest precaution not to expose the minister. Natalia was informed of her happy destiny, and proved as discreet as her lover. Some days after, the Czar collected the heads of the clergy, communicated to them his intention of marrying again, [Mary Ilinitschora Moloslawsky was his former wife], and he ordered them to publish it in his dominions. After this publication, the principal Boyards of the empire were obliged to send their marriageable daughters to court, where, when they appeared in presence of the Czar, he pre-

ſented a crown of roſes to her whom he choſe for a bride. Till the time of Peter I. moſt of the Czars had not been married otherwiſe. There was even a law, which forbid them to take a wife from the houſe of a foreigner, and which the Prince durſt not infringe, when he was not poſſeſſed of intereſt or force enough to enable him to oppoſe the public opinion.

The proclamation, juſt now mentioned, being made in all the provinces of the empire, more than ſixty young ladies arrived at the Kremlin of Moſcow, on the firſt of September 1670. Cuſtom bore that they ſhould all wear the ſame dreſs and veil, which they dropped not, till the Prince appeared to make his choice. This was made at noon in one of the principal halls of the palace. The company of young virgins arranged themſelves in two rows; the amorous Czar appeared; the veils dropped; and every perſon's eyes were dazzled with the appearance of ſo much beauty. Modeſty ſat on the brows of thoſe young ladies, and anxiety was working in their hearts; but never did beauties diſplay their attractions more idly, nor ever conceive vainer hopes. They little knew the trick love had plaid them, and that the choice was already made. The diſcreet Alexis, inſtead of going all at once to throw himſelf at the feet of Natalia, pretended to appear for ſome time embarraſſed about making a choice; and when he thought he had deceived the ſpectators, he advanced to his beloved, who modeſtly waited her triumph, without appearing to doubt it: *Beautiful Natalia*, ſaid he to her, ſetting on her head the crown of roſes, which declared her to be his wife, *Beautiful Natalia, receive this crown from your huſband; and may the throne of the Ruſſias be proud to ſee you ſit on it.* The humble Natalia fell at the feet of the Czar, who haſtened to lift her up, and lead her to the temple.

Peter I. and a princeſs named after her mother, were the fruit of this marriage. Natalia's fortune made her

father

father Naritſkin's, who deſerved it. He became Alexis's prime miniſter; and made his reign illuſtrious. They were Peter's harbingers. The young Czarina did not live with her huſband without meeting with ſome uneaſineſs. Alexis was inconſtant, but he knew what he owed to his wife. He had a miſtreſs, who dared to behave diſreſpectfully to her empreſs, and Alexis puniſhed her. She diſappeared at court. This prince died in the year 1676, regretted by all his ſubjects, and ſadly lamented by thoſe who had the happineſs to be near him.

PHILOSOPHICAL DISSERTATIONS ON THE EGYPTIANS AND CHINESE.

(Tranſlated from the French of M. De Pauw.)

PROBABLY, few of our philoſophical readers are unacquainted with M. De Pauw's bold ſtyle of ſpeculation. With indefatigable induſtry in collecting materials, this writer unites a lively imagination, which eaſily conſtructs ſyſtems and theories, and applies or accommodates facts to their ſupport. Poſſeſſing at the ſame time great facility and fluency of expreſſion, M. De Pauw compoſes works which are highly amuſing, and which have an intereſting air of originality. His ſpirit of conjecture, however, is too enterpriſing, his references to authorities are too rare, and his general mode of deciding on doubtful points is too aſſuming and dogmatical, to be perfectly ſatisfactory to a cool and cautious inquirer after truth. On the firſt appearance of his *Recherches ſur les Grecs*, we entered at ſome length into the examination of his powers and merit as a writer, and beſtowed the deſerved tribute of praiſe on his induſtry, ingenuity, and liberality. (See M. R.

M. R. vol. lxxix. p. 626. alſo vol. xii. N. S. p. 151.) His ſubſequent *Recherches ſur les Americains* have alſo paſſed under our conſideration in M. R. vol. xlii. p. 515.

After having thus repeatedly given our opinion on the literary character of M. De Pauw, we think it ſufficient, with reſpect to the preſent publication, to lay before our readers a general view of its plan and execution. The leading deſign of the work is to compare the Egyptians and Chineſe in a variety of particulars, in order to prove that the latter did not borrow their inſtitutions and cuſtoms from the former; and the reſult of his inquiry is, that no two nations ever leſs reſembled each other. In the proceſs of his reſearch, the author takes a wide compaſs, and brings before the reader a great variety of curious facts and ingenious obſervations.

M. De P. firſt examines, with reſpect to both countries, the ſtate of population; and he concludes, that China is much leſs peopled in proportion to its ſize than Germany, and that the accounts of the extent and population of ancient Egypt have been greatly exaggerated. The regulated diet of the ancient Egyptians is next compared with the ordinary food of the Chineſe, who never had any dietetic regimen preſcribed by law. A large ſurvey is taken of the ſtate of the arts in both countries; whence it is inferred, that their practice differs exceedingly, and that the arts moſt cultivated by the Egyptians are preciſely thoſe which have been leaſt known among the Chineſe. The ſtate of chemiſtry in the two countries is compared with much elaborate inveſtigation, and ingenious ſpeculation; and the Egyptians are ſhewn to have greatly exceeded the Chineſe, both in the chemical arts, and in their method of making obſervations, and ſtudying nature.

The character of the Chineſe architecture is found to be directly oppoſite to that of the Egyptians. It is denied

denied that China affords any monuments of great antiquity, and that any credit is due to what the Chineſe hiſtorians relate of the flouriſhing ſtate of their country under the antient emperors. On the contrary, the architecture of the Egyptians is ſhewn to be of high antiquity, and to afford indubitable proofs of antient greatneſs. We ſhall copy the author's ingenious reſearch concerning the pyramids of Egypt, (ſo far as reſpects their uſe, and the notion that they were intended as gnomons), as a ſpecimen both of the work and the tranſlation.

"The largeſt of the pyramids, ſituated in twenty-nine degrees fifty minutes and ſome ſeconds north latitude, begins, towards the vernal equinox, to afford no ſhadow at mid-day beyond its baſe; and thoſe, who then walk round this huge maſs of ſtones upwards of five hundred feet high, never loſe ſight of the ſun. The architects muſt have foreſeen this effect, proceeding from the pyramidal form of the edifice; and the meridian ſhade, during one half of the year, is confined to the northern face, without ever reaching the earth. Thus nothing more imperfect, as a ſun-dial, could be invented than the great pyramid, by which even the period of the ſummer ſolſtice cannot be aſcertained; becauſe the ſhadow is then too high to be diſtinctly perceived. Yet the celebrated chronologiſt Vignoles ſuppoſes that the prieſts calculated the equinoxes by means of the pyramids *; but he would never have formed this opinion

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"* De Annis Egyptiac. in Miſcell. Berolin. tom. iv. It is merely an effect of chance that the great pyramid begins, towards the equinox, to conſume its ſhadow at noon; for in ſome of the others this phenomenon is obſervable ſooner. We can ſay with certainty, that the greateſt meridian ſhade of the pyramid of *Gizeh*, and all the reſt, indicates the winter ſolſtice: but it muſt have

nion had his plans of thoſe monuments been as exact, and his maps of Egypt as good, as thoſe now publiſhed.

" It ſhould be remarked, that the Egyptians obſerved no determined proportion between the breadth of the baſe and the height of the pyramids. As their dimenſions varied ſo conſiderably, no idea could be had of having recourſe to them, in order to find out the equinoctial days; which, according to Macrobius, were indicated by ſimple ſtyles, or, as others pretend, by water-clocks. One fact was entirely unknown to Vignoles: the pyramid called *el Harem el Kieber el Koubli* by the Arabs, has a baſe much broader, in proportion to its height, than the great pyramid of *Memphis*. Thus beginning much ſooner than the other to caſt no ſhade at mid-day, it cannot ſerve in any manner to indicate the equinoxes. Beſides, it may be appoſite to aſk, what means were employed by the prieſts of Thebes, who had no pyramid in all their country, whatever Abulfeda has aſſerted to the contrary; and yet their college was the firſt in Egypt, as well for aſtronomical knowledge, as in point of antiquity.

" We muſt not therefore attribute views to the Egyptians, which they could not have entertained without diſcovering a total want of common ſenſe. For ſurely a ſimple dial-pin is better adapted to afford exact indications in ſuch matters, than any maſs where the ſhade muſt be ſo greatly impaired.

" The Pyramids, as well as the obeliſks, were monuments erected in honour of the Being who enlightens the univerſe; and this determined the prieſts to give them a particular poſition. Sepulchral cells might

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have been very difficult to aſcertain that of the ſummer; and beſides, all ſuch obſervations were rendered inaccurate by the penumbra."

might have been conſtructed within theſe edifices ſufficient to contain the bodies of all the royal family. Yet only two apartments are hitherto diſcovered, and one ſingle cheſt, which, in oppoſition to the opinion of Strabo, many enlightened travellers, ſuch as Dr Shaw, do not conceive to be a ſarcophagus, where any carcaſe was ever depoſited; and, in reality, the thing is very improbable. Endleſs conjectures have been hazarded; but hitherto no writer has reflected, that this cheſt might be what the Egyptians called the *Tomb of Oſiris*. Many ſuch were found throughout the whole country; and the ſuperſtition, attached to their conſtruction, conſiſted in making the rays of the ſun deſcend around them, without cauſing any ſhade on the ground at mid-day, during at leaſt one half of the year. This phenomenon continued longeſt in the ſouthern pyramids of *Illahon* and *Hauara*, towards the extremity of the plain called *Cochome*; and from their ruinous ſtate, they may be conſidered as more ancient than thoſe of Memphis. The latter are thought ſtill capable of reſiſting the lapſe of five thouſand years, according to a calculation formed on the progreſs of their decay ſince the days of Herodotus. That hiſtorian mentions many figures and characters on the exterior of thoſe edifices, now no longer viſible; but Mr Norden ſpoke without reflection, when he aſſerted, in his Journey through Nubia, that they were conſtructed prior to the invention of hieroglyphics. Such miſtakes ſhock all notions of hiſtory; and it were to be deſired, that the greater part of travellers, before their departure, or at leaſt after their return, would take ſome pains to improve their ſtudies.

"The prieſts of ancient Egypt, by determining ſo very accurately the poſition of the pyramids, have enabled us to aſcertain, that no variation has taken place in the direction of the poles. In vain ſhould we look on the whole ſurface of our globe for any other means of obtaining this information. Had Chaldea ever poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed edifices equally ſolid with thoſe of Egypt, ſom prodigious ruins would ſtill be found there; but fro being formed of brick and bitumen, all the higher par ſoon fell aſunder; and ſome remains are diſcovere only at a few feet above the foundation, where th tenacity of the bitumen has been preſerved by th humidity. This is moſt remarkable in a place ſup poſed to be the ſite of a temple of *Belus*: but ſuc matters do not deſerve inveſtigation. Beſides, in n country do we find Chaldean ſtatues or monument while all the cabinets of Europe are furniſhed wit Egyptian antiquities. We may conſider as the grea eſt exaggeration what Cteſias and Diodorus Siculus re late of an obeliſk, attributed by them to Semirami of which no perſon, however, could ſpeak from h own knowledge *. Egypt, on the contrary, muſt hav exhibited more than eighty of the largeſt ſize. Th operation of erecting them was not very difficult a mong people, who, from having tranſported man ſuch maſſes, had acquired an experience, which Fon tana wanted, when he employed ſix hundred men an one hundred and forty horſes upon that of the Vat can. The power of the cables and capſtans bein known, it is calculated, that this force would hav been ſufficient to raiſe ten thouſand pound weigh more than was neceſſary on that occaſion. As th Egyptians did not place their obeliſks on ſuch eleva ted pedeſtals as thoſe ſo improperly employed a Rome, they might, with four hundred men an eighty horſes, have managed any monument of tha kind even with capſtans alone. The ſtory, told by ſom authors, concerning one of the Pharaohs, who, the ſay, tied his ſon to the top of one of theſe ſtones, t mak

* Jackſon, in his 'Chronological Antiquities, prov that no ſuch obeliſk ever exiſted at Babylon.

make the workmen more cautious, is too notoriously abſurd to require refutation. By examining attentively the form and poſition of the obeliſks of Egypt, it is eaſy to perceive, that they could never be intended as gnomons, according to the opinion ſo prevalent in Europe. Two were placed at the entrance of the temples; and when thoſe buildings could be approached by different ways, the number of ſuch ſpires was augmented in proportion. This is evident at the preſent day, in the ruins of the temple of Phylæ; in that of Thebes; and at the ſuppoſed tomb of Oſymandyas, a word evidently compoſed of *Mendes* and *Oſiris*.

"Thus we find, that nothing like gnomons was the object; otherwiſe the abſurdity is evident of placing them ſo near each other, that their ſhadows muſt frequently be confounded together. Beſides, the upper part, called the *pyramidium*, could not give any preciſe indication, without the addition of a globe, like that employed at Rome under Auguſtus and Conſtantius. Nothing of the kind, however, is mentioned by any ancient author, as having been practiſed by the Egyptians; and we ſee, by the paintings taken from the ruins of *Herculaneum*, and ſtill better by the Paleſtrina Moſaic, that the obeliſks are invariably repreſented without a globe, or any place to inſert a ſtyle or bar. When a Roman, named Maximus, was Prefect of Egypt, he cut away the point, in order to place a globe on the obeliſk of Alexandria; and this muſt have appeared to the Egyptians as ſacrilege. Thus the members of the Academy of Inſcriptions at Paris were very ill informed, when they made their report to the Academy of Sciences, relative to the antiquity of ſupporting globes with obeliſks; for ſuch was never the practice of the Egyptians."

In this part of the work, the reader will find a very curious account of the antient practice of incloſing

countries with walls: the author is of opinion, that no inference can be drawn concerning the common origin of the Chineſe and Egyptians, from their common practice in this reſpect.

On the ſubject of religion, M. De Pauw brings together many facts, and hazard many conjectures, but we preſume, without ſounding the depth of that abyſs in which he acknowledges that many writers have been loſt. His concluſion, with reference to the leading inquiry of the work, is, that the religion of the Chineſe differs eſſentially from that of the antient Egyptians, both in *dogmata* and rites. With reſpect to government, too, though the form in both was imperial, it is maintained, that the differences were too great to admit of their being derived from a common ſource.

The reader will probably, on peruſing this work, ſee ſufficient reaſon to adopt the author's general reſult, and to admit, that he has proved the accounts given of China by the Jeſuit miſſionaries to have been very erroneous. If on many other points he ſhould find himſelf, after all M. De Pauw's ingenious reſearches, ſtill in uncertainty, the trouble of peruſal will, however, have been repaid by the large maſs of curious facts which have been brought under his inſpection.

The tranſlator, to whom the public has been before indebted for an Engliſh verſion of "the Diſſertations on the Greeks," has executed his office with ability and fidelity.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

WITH *cares* encumber'd, and with *woes* oppreſt,
How *ſlowly* move we t'wards our deſtin'd reſt.
We chide the fleeteſt moments as they run;
And ardent wiſh the toilſome voyage done:
But, when fantaſtic *Pleaſure* guides the helm,
When no misfortunes rudely overwhelm,
Nor envious ills retard our pinnace light.
With phantom *Vanity* our only fright—
Swift down the rapid ſtream of life we glide,
Charm'd with the varying ſcenes on either ſide;
Till—ah! *too ſoon*, before our ſtartled eyes,
ETERNITY's unbounded regions riſe.

.....

MISERY.

AN ELEGY.

THE almond's bluſh is gone, and Autumn chill
Has ſhook her flowry leaves o'er all the earth;
Dead is the ſpicy May, that rob'd the hill,
Where ſhort-liv'd tranſport firſt for me had birth.

O! round that ſcene, the ghoſt of fled delight
Still hovers, and with deep ſighs loads the wind;
The viſions of the paſt there meet my ſight—
Alas! how chang'd are thoſe that wait behind!

Yet is the ſad ſcene dear: I haunt it ſtill.
But, ah! what diff'rent feelings rend my heart!
From my diſtracted eyes wild tears diſtil,
From my torn breaſt the ſighs impetuous ſtart.

For the cold breeze blows o'er Roſalba's urn,
The urn which keeps all that to me remains
Of one ſo lov'd, one who will ne'er return,
To weep o'er her Antonio's piercing pains!

Beneath my ſwimming eye, I ſaw the roſe
Fade from her cheek, upon whoſe pallid ſeat
Conſuming Sickneſs heap'd her chilling ſnows,
And with her icy hand congeal'd its vital heat.

Within theſe arms ſhe breath'd her lateſt ſigh,
This breaking heart beheld her lifeleſs form;
Saw clos'd in death the ſoftneſs of her eye,
Felt that lip cold, which love late knew to warm.

Impaſſion'd phrenzy fir'd my throbbing brain,
The groan of anguiſh burſt my madd'ning breaſt;
Frantic I claſp'd the lovely ſource of pain
To my torn heart, and thus her ear addreſs'd—

"O! thou pale marble form, that once was mine,
Once with fond tranſport met my warm embrace;
Hear the laſt vows of him, who ſtill is thine,
Whoſe paſſion dies not with thy faded face!

For thee alone this faithful heart ſhall beat,
No other love ſhall ere awake to joy:
No! far be Cupid's dire deſtructive heat,
Since he has ſeen my lov'd Roſalba die!"

Thus o'er her breathleſs corpſe my woes I pour'd,
Preſſing that cold corpſe to my heaving breaſt,
While o'er her icy face, diſtracted, ſhower'd
My tears, and wet the cheek of bloom diveſt.

Yes—ſhe is dead! Stream on, ye bitter tears!
Break, wretched heart, deſerted and alone!
For Mis'ry only claims your future years—
Roſalba from your love, from life, is torn!

Ah! where are all the hours of dear delight,
The hours of coming bliſs we vainly plann'd:
When firſt her cheek—enſhrin'd in veſtal light—
Gave to her happy love her yielding hand!

O! they are gone!—for ever, ever gone!
Roſalba is no more! and every flower,
Of tranſport fond, and fairy hope are flown—
Flown from Antonio to return no more!

And nought is left to his ſad widow'd heart,
But piercing groans, and the wild guſhing tear;
The frequent ſob, and ſigh's convulſive ſtart,
Breath'd on the turf that forms Roſalba's bier!

Ah! where are now the lays, which late I ſung?
Mad with the boundleſs bliſs of one ſhort hour;
Blind that I was! I ſaw not then the pang,
The bitter pang, Fate had for me in ſtore!

O! when the moon ſhines on thy lonely bed,
Thou angel dear! with ceaſeleſs ſtreaming eyes,
Theſe weary feet ſhall o'er the damp earth tread,
To weep my woes, where love and beauty lies!

Theſe hands, that muſt no more that waiſt enfold,
With virgin flow'rs, of earlieſt ſpring, ſhall ſtrew
The humid boſom of the dark-brown mold,
Where lateſt Eve ſtill ſheds her ſofteſt dew.

Haply, the ſorrows of this woe-worn frame,
Shall reach, in heav'n, the dear deplored maid:
Touch'd by Antonio's woes, Antonio's flame,
Before his eyes may glide her angel ſhade!

GOLDSMITH's Celebrated Ballad of EDWIN and ANGELINA.

(Adorned with a couple of very fine Engravings from Original Drawings.)

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hoſpitable ray.

For here, forlorn and loſt, I tread,
With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

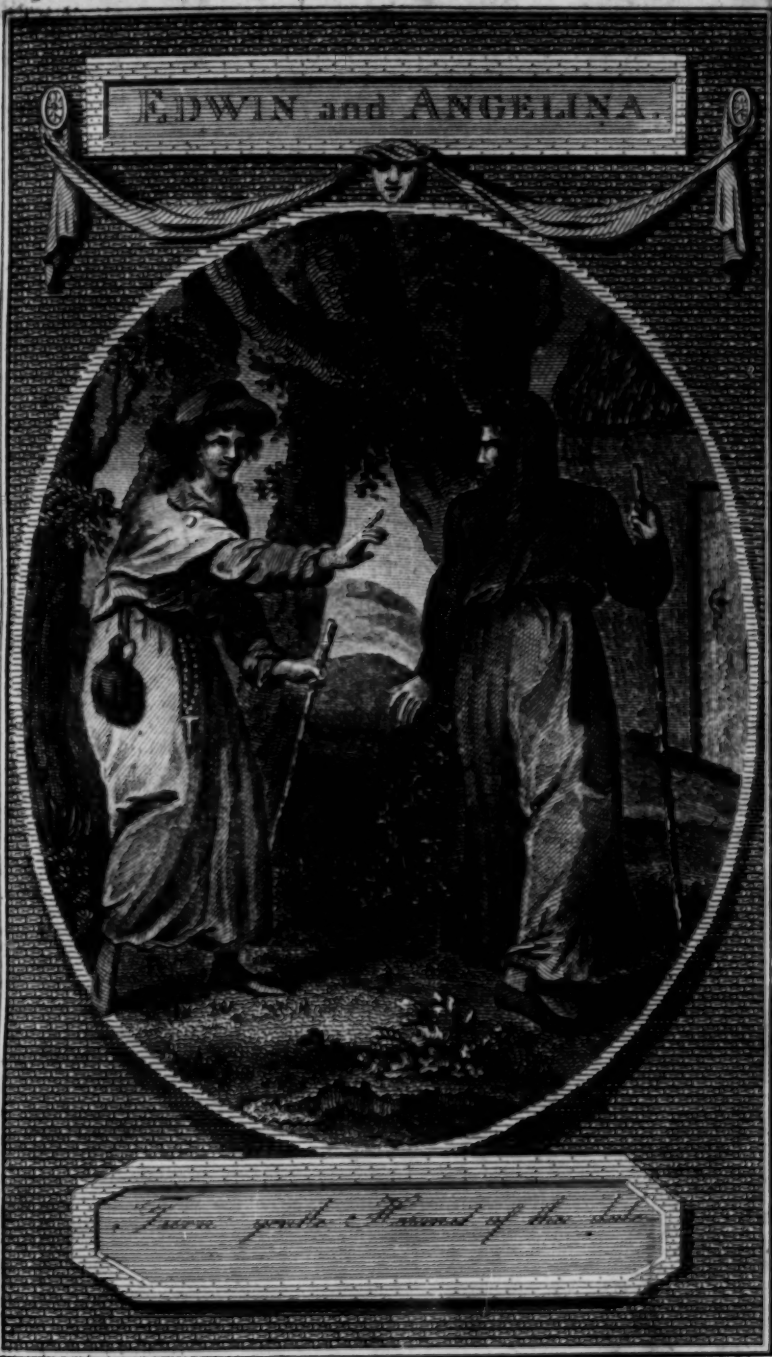
"Forbear, my ſon, (the hermit cries),
To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder faithleſs phantom flies,
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houſeleſs child of want,
My door is open ſtill;
And though my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn, to-night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
My bleſſing, and repoſe.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To ſlaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupplied,
And water from the ſpring.



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BRITISH MUSEUM
18
40
JAN

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſs'd and ſmil'd,
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around, in ſympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress;
"And whence, unhappy youth, (he cried),
The sorrows of thy breast!

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that Fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stand confest
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, (ſhe cried);
Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heav'n and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair,
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beſide the Tyne.
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd ſuitors came:
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
Among the reſt, young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wiſdom and wealth were all he had;
But theſe were all to me.

The bloſſom op'ning to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their conſtancy was mine.

For ſtill I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride;
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
In ſecret, where he died.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay—

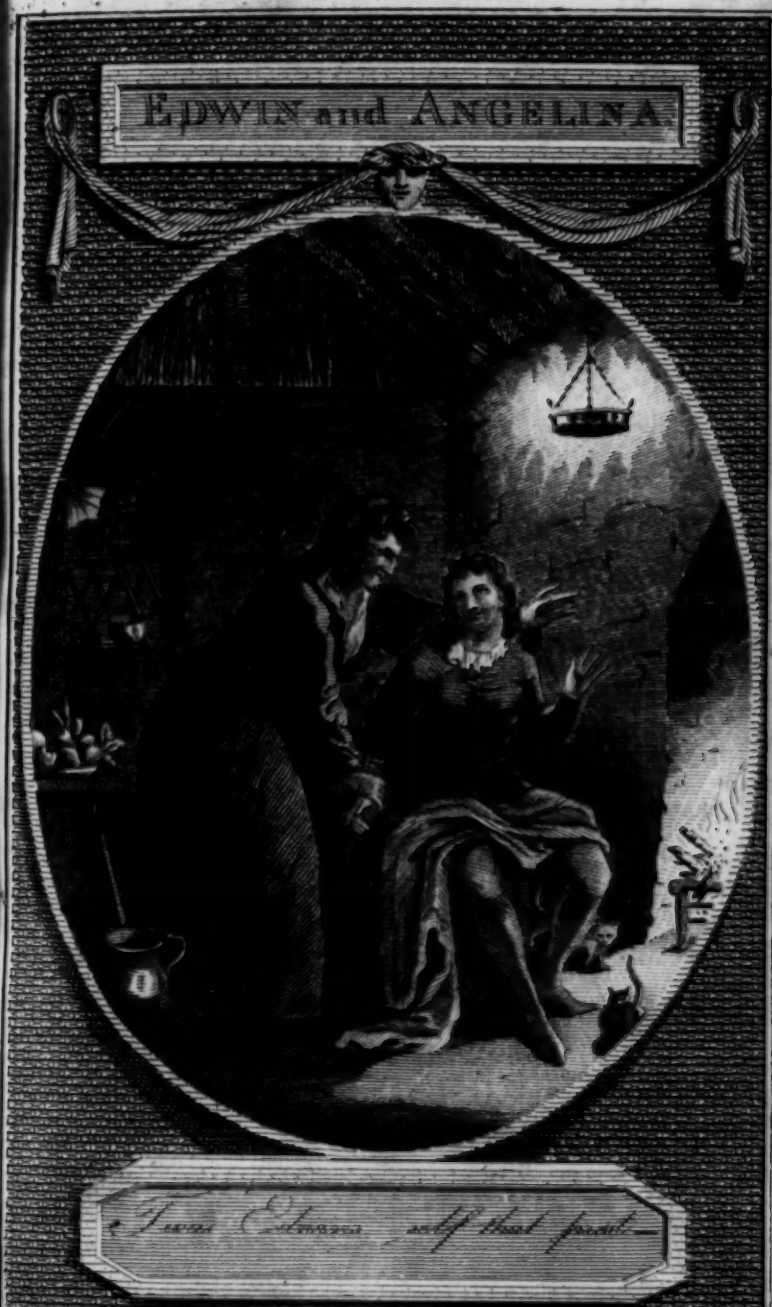
And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heav'n!" the hermit cried;
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to ſee,
Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care reſign:
And ſhall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine.

No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."


EDWIN and ANGELINA.
Twas Edwards self that spent

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18
19
JAN

DRUSILLA; OR, THE FATE OF HAROLD.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

What was the ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore—Unconquer'd virgin!
Wherewith ſhe froze her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity;
A noble grace, that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration and blank awe?
Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not enthrall'd:
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs. MILTON.

WHILE yet the hardy ſons of Britain roaned beneath the Daniſh yoke, long ere the immortal Alfred roſe, like the reſplendent God of Day, to animate this drooping nation, and warm each patriotic boſom with ardour, to ſeek the emancipation of its country, on an elevated and advantageous ſpot, near which the majeſtic Frome now winds its way through the fertile Dorſetian meadows, Harold, a potent and ambitious Dane, held a ſtrong and well-fortified caſtle, and ſtretched over all the adjacent country the iron rod of unfeeling deſpotiſm. In the plenitude of unoppoſed power, he became notorious for thoſe acts of violence and oppreſſion, which rendered his unhappy vaſſals ever uneaſy and inſecure, even in poſſeſſion of the ſimple rights of nature.

On the verge of his ample dominions, in the moſt diſtant and intricate receſs of an extenſive and gloomy foreſt, the oppreſſed Edmund—though deſcended from a long race of worthy Britons—fixed his humble reſidence, removed as far as poſſible from the vicinage of his imperious lord, to whom he failed not to pay due homage and cuſtomary tribute. But tyranny is ever of a ſame, reſtleſs and inſatiable; not content with

wresting from its victims their rightful posſeſſions a
deareſt privileges, it is ever ill at eaſe, while they e
joy the leaſt, the meaneſt domeſtic comfort or conſ
lation!

Among the peaſants, who preferred this retireme
with Edmund, was his only brother Edgar, a you
of the moſt manly figure, and engaging deportme
Harold had ſelected all the fineſt youth of his domai
of whom were compoſed the guards of his caſtle. E
gar therefore was enrolled in the number; and, wi
the greateſt reluctance, doomed to waſte his prim
confined within the fortreſs, ſubſervient to the ma
dates of the wretch he deſpiſed. The aroused ind
nation of the honeſt plebeians was ſcarcely reſtrain
from burſting forth into action, by the whiſpers of ca
tion, or the admonitions of prudence. Yet cru
deſtiny waited to inflict a deeper wound on the pea
of Edmund! Druſilla, the adored partner of his be
was confeſſedly one of the moſt lovely women
her day: in her, to a beautiful face, an intellige
mind, and a ſweet diſpoſition, were united a ſup
riority of figure, and the moſt exact ſymmetry of fe
tures—

Grace was in all her ſteps; heav'n in her eye;
In ev'ry geſture dignity and love. MILTON

The fame of this accompliſhed female could not fa
to reach and intereſt the ear of ſuch a voluptuary
Harold. By his authoritative command, the fair vi
tim was torn from the arms of her diſtracted huſban
in order to gratify the lawleſs appetite of that tyra
On her arrival at the caſtle, the beauties of her pe
ſon, and the firmneſs of her behaviour, impreſſed
kind of reverential awe and aſtoniſhment on all wh
ſaw her. Such dauntleſs and intrepid virtue co
founded even Harold himſelf, who ſought in vain
win her to his deſires, by the moſt ſpecious arts a

seductive promises, determining, if possible, to conciliate her favour by kind and gentle means, rather than force her inclination by austerity and violence. Day after day he repeated his interviews, and redoubled his fruitless solicitations; during which time she experienced the greatest marks of respect, and was allowed every indulgence, save that of liberty, and the society of a beloved husband, whose dear idea was ever present to her mind, and whose fate she mourned with inconsolable anguish.

Meanwhile the generous Edwin, unknown to Drusilla, with great difficulty and danger, had found means to give information to Edmund, and concert a scheme for the delivery of the fair captive. Many of the guard were in his interest; and, as their lord was held in equal detestation, many others waited only for an opportunity to do justice to themselves, their friends, and their country, by launching the bolt of vengeance on the devoted head of the common enemy.

Edmund was much esteemed by the little circle of his friends; and, fired with resentment for the injuries he had sustained, they vowed to espouse his cause, and assist his enterprize.

Things at the castle now began to wear a more serious aspect. Impatient of repeated repulses in his illicit pursuit, Harold, growing irritated and enraged, commanded Drusilla to be confined to the dungeon, with a view to enforce that compliance, which kindness and artifice had attempted in vain; and she was given to understand, that he had fixed a time, beyond which his forbearance would be no longer dallied with.

The important day, destined for the sacrifice of virtue, at length arrived. Drusilla had prepared herself for the issue. She had concealed, under her flowing robe, a dagger which she had fortunately secured, and resolved to have recourse to, if reduced to such an exigence, in defence of her honour. The evening closed dark and tempestuous; the country was hushed to rest;

not a ſound was heard, ſave that of the driving ſtorm, howling through the ſurrounding elms, and beating againſt the gloomy battlements, when ſhe received the dreaded, though not unexpected, ſummons. She was conducted, in reſpectful ſilence, to the great hall of the caſtle, where the haughty chieftain waited to receive her. He was ſeated on a throne of ſtate; and the apartment was hung around with all the pompous inſignia of war, the victorious trophies of his conquering anceſtors. Every appearance ſeemed adapted to impreſs terror, and demand ſubmiſſion. The guards were ordered to withdraw; when, with his own hand, he bolted the maſſy folding-doors, while his eyes ſparkled with libidinous triumph.

As the long-purſued ſtag, after having forded the rapid river, ſcaled the lofty cliff, and penetrated the thickeſt wood, finding every expedient ineffectual, ſtands at bay, and fiercely turns his antlered front on his blood-thirſty foes; ſo ſtood the dauntleſs heroine, alone, collecting all her fortitude to oppoſe the aſſailant of her virtue.

"Raſh and inconſiderate fair-one! (cried Harold), you are not unacquainted with the purport of this interview. You have hitherto experienced my clemency only; conſider me, now, no more in the character of an amorous ſuppliant, but of an abſolute lord. I will be no longer the dupe of equivocation; if you judiciouſly yield to my wiſhes, you and your family ſhall ſhare my protection, and taſte my bounty; but, if you remain inflexible, take the conſequences of your folly; This night your boaſted virtue expires; and, before to-morrow's ſun has run his courſe, the ſolicitudes of your beloved Edmund ceaſe for ever!"—"Tyrant! (exclaimed the fearleſs female), I deſpiſe thy threats, as I ſcorn thy favours! Let ſordid ſouls ſtrike at thy ſpecious lure, bid thy ſlaves tremble at thy frown: know, I have a mind ſuperior to either! I dare——"

"Enough, bold woman! (interrupted Harold); power and

and opportunity are mine: by the gods, I will no longer abuſe them!" He ſaid; and ruſhing forwards to ſeize her, ſhe ſnatched the fatal weapon from beneath her robe, and plunged it in his boſom. He recoiled a few paces; planted his hands on the wound; ſunk down; and, with a deep groan, expired.

As ſtood the patriotic Brutus over the murdered body of the mighty Cæſar, on Rome's ever-memorable day; ſo ſtood the well-avenged Druſilla over her proſtrate enemy, from whoſe mortal wound the crimſon tide yet freely flowed: for—

"True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits,
That juſtice warrants, and *due vengeance* guides."

ADDISON.

She had ſcarcely leiſure to reflect on her critical ſituation, before her ears were aſſailed with ſounds of tumult and confuſion; from which ſhe immediately conjectured, that the cataſtrophe was by ſome means diſcovered, and ſhe expected no leſs than to be dragged to inſtantaneous execution. The ſounds approached ſtill nearer: the doors were violently agitated, and, in a moment, flew open. A number of armed men ruſhed in. With an exultant mein, and a mind ſuperior to dread, ſhe exclaimed—"Vaſſals of a tyrant! behold your lord! My triumph is complete! Here—here, wreck all your rage! But ſpare my Edmund! Spare——" "Beſt, and braveſt of women! (cried Edmund, ruſhing forward, and claſping her to his breaſt), ſpare thy ſolicitudes; even in this place thou art ſafe. Theſe, all theſe, are our common friends; they are no longer the panders of vice, but the protectors of virtue: to theſe I owe my introduction to this impregnable fortreſs. Edwin's courage and conduct inſpired them with ardour to let down the draw-bridge, and force theſe ſtrong doors; and, had not thy valorous hand anticipated the deed, even now the tyrant had fallen, amidſt his own guards, by the arms of thoſe

on whom he relied for protection. This very ſpot is now become the ſeat of liberty! On theſe walls we ſee her flowing banners!"

Mutual joy, congratulations, and unfeigned vows of eternal concord and amity, concluded the ſcene; when, loaded with ſpoils, and exulting in their recovered freedom, the united bands ſought the impenetrable receſſes of the foreſt; and, in defiance of every oppoſition, long enjoyed the bleſſings which their heroiſm had ſo nobly procured.

So may the hand of Providence ever interpoſe in the cauſe of oppreſſed virtue and injured innocence—

"Thus periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
At other's good, nor melt at others woe—
So, unlamented, paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!" POPE.

CURIOUS FACTS,

RELATIVE TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BEAVER.

THE marvellous that prevails in many branches of natural hiſtory is the ſtain of that pleaſing ſtudy. To modern inveſtigation, however, truth is conſiderably indebted; and we extract, with pleaſure, from Mr. Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean, the following apparently well-authenticated particulars, which will be found to caſt a new light on the hiſtory of that wonderful animal, the beaver.

"The ſituation of the beaver-houſes is various. When the beavers are numerous, they are found to inhabit lakes, ponds, and rivers, as well as thoſe narrow creeks which connect the numerous lakes with which this country abounds: but the two latter are generally choſen by them when the depth of water, and other circumſtances

circumſtances, are ſuitable, as they have then the advantage of a current to convey wood and other neceſſaries to their habitations; and becauſe, in general, they are more difficult to be taken than thoſe that are built in ſtanding water.

"There is no one particular part of a lake, pond, river, or creek, of which the beavers make choice for building their houſes on, in preference to another; for they ſometimes build on points, ſometimes in the hollow of a bay, and often on ſmall iſlands: they always chuſe, however, thoſe parts that have ſuch a depth of water as will reſiſt the froſt in winter, and prevent it from freezing to the bottom.

"The beavers that build their houſes in ſmall rivers or creeks, in which the water is liable to be drained off when the back ſupplies are dried up by the froſt, are wonderfully taught by inſtinct to provide againſt that evil, by making a dam quite acroſs the river, at a convenient diſtance from their houſes. This I look upon as the moſt curious piece of workmanſhip that is performed by the beaver; not ſo much for the neatneſs of the work, as for its ſtrength and real ſervice; and, at the ſame time, it diſcovers ſuch a degree of ſagacity and foreſight in the animal of approaching evils, as is little inferior to that of the human ſpecies, and is certainly peculiar to thoſe animals.

"The beaver-dams differ in ſhape, according to the nature of the place in which they are built. If the water in the river or creek has but little motion, the dam is almoſt ſtraight; but when the current is more rapid, it is always made with a conſiderable curve, convex toward the ſtream. The materials made uſe of in theſe dams are drift-wood, green willows, birch, and poplars, if they can be got; alſo mud and ſtones, intermixed in ſuch a manner as muſt evidently contribute to the ſtrength of the dam: but in theſe dams there is no other order or method obſerved, except that of the

work being carried on with a regular ſweep, and all the parts being made of equal ſtrength.

" In places which have been long frequented by beavers undiſturbed, their dams, by frequent repairing, become a ſolid bank, capable of reſiſting a great force, both of water and ice; and as the willow, poplar, and birch, generally take root and ſhoot up, they by degrees form a kind of regular planted hedge, which I have ſeen in ſome places ſo tall, that birds have built their neſts among the branches.

" Though the beaver which build their houſes in lakes, and other ſtanding waters, may enjoy a ſufficient quantity of their favourite elements without the aſſiſtance of a dam, the trouble of getting wood, and other neceſſaries, to their habitations, without the help of a current, muſt in ſome meaſure counterbalance the other advantages which are reaped from ſuch a ſituation; for it muſt be obſerved, that the beaver which build in rivers and creeks, always cut their wood above their houſes, ſo that the current, with little trouble, conveys it to the place required.

" The beaver-houſes are built of the ſame materials as their dams, and are always proportioned in ſize to the number of inhabitants, which ſeldom exceed four old, and ſix or eight young ones; though, by chance, I have ſeen about double that number.

" Theſe houſes, though not altogether unworthy of admiration, fall very ſhort of the general deſcription given of them; for, inſtead of order or regulation being obſerved in rearing them, they are of a much ruder ſtructure than their dams.

" Thoſe who have undertaken to deſcribe the inſide of beaver-houſes, as having ſeveral apartments appropriated to various uſes, ſuch as eating, ſleeping, ſtore-houſes for proviſions, and one for their natural occaſions, &c. muſt have been very little acquainted with the ſubject; or, which is ſtill worſe, guilty of attempting to impoſe on the credulous, by repreſenting the greateſt

greatest falsehoods as real facts. Many years constant residence among the Indians, during which I had an opportunity of seeing several hundreds of those houses, has enabled me to affirm, that every thing of the kind is entirely void of truth; for, notwithstanding the sagacity of those animals, it has never been observed that they aim at any other conveniences in their houses, than to have a dry place to lie on; and there they usually eat their victuals, which they occasionally take out of the water.

"It frequently happens, that some of the large houses are found to have one or more partitions, if they deserve that appellation; but that is no more than a part of the main building, left by the sagacity of the beaver to support the roof. On such occasions, it is common for those different apartments, as some are pleased to call them, to have no communication with each other but by water.

"To deny that the beaver is possessed of a very considerable degree of sagacity, would be as absurd in me, as it is in those authors who think they cannot allow them too much. I shall willingly grant them their full share; but it is impossible for any one to conceive how, or by what means, a beaver, whose full height, when standing erect, does not exceed two feet and a half, or three feet at most, and whose fore-paws are not much larger than a half-crown piece, can "drive stakes as thick as a man's leg into the ground three or four feet deep!" Their "wattling those stakes with twigs," is equally absurd; and their "plaistering the inside of their houses with a composition of mud and straw, and swimming with mud and stones on their tails," are still more incredible. The form and size of the animal, notwithstanding all its sagacity, will not admit of its performing such feats; and it would be as impossible for a beaver to use its tail as a trowel, except on the surface of the ground on which it walks, as it would have been for Sir James Thornhill

to have painted the dome of St Paul's Cathedral wi
out the affiſtance of ſcaffolding. The joints of th
tail will not admit of their turning it over their bac
on any occaſion whatever, as it has a natural inclinati
to bend downwards; and it is not without ſome co
derable exertion that they can keep it from trailing
the ground. This being the caſe, they cannot ſit er
like a ſquirrel, which is their common poſture; par
cularly when eating, or when they are cleaning the
ſelves, as a cat or ſquirrel does, without having their t
bent forward between their legs, and which may
improperly be called their trencher.

" So far are the beaver from driving ſtakes into t
ground when building their houſes, that they lay m
of the wood croſſwiſe, and nearly horizontal, and wi
out any other order than that of leaving a hollow
cavity in the middle: when any unneceſſary branch
project inward, they cut them off with their teeth, a
throw them in among the reſt, to prevent the m
from falling through the roof. It is a miſtaken notio
that the wood-work is firſt completed, and then pl
ſtered; for the whole of their houſes, as well as th
dams, are from the foundation one maſs of wood a
mud, mixed with ſtones, if they can be procured. T
mud is always taken from the edge of the bank, or t
bottom of the creek or pond, near the door of t
houſe; and though their fore-paws are ſo ſmall, yet
is held up cloſe between them, under their throat, th
they carry both mud and ſtones, while they alwa
drag the wood with their teeth.

" All their work is executed in the night; and th
are ſo expeditious in completing it, that, in the cou
of one night, I have known them to have collected
much mud at their houſes as to have amounted to ſo
thouſands of their little handfuls; and when any mi
ture of graſs or ſtraw has appeared in it, it has be
moſt aſſuredly mere chance, owing to the nature of t
ground from which they had taken it. As to the
deſigned

eſignedly making a compoſition for that purpoſe, it entirely void of truth.

" It is a great piece of policy in thoſe animals, to over or plaiſter, as it is uſually called, the outſide of heir houſes every fall with freſh mud, and as late as oſſible in the autumn, even when the froſt becomes retty ſevere; as by this means it ſoon freezes as hard s a ſtone, and prevents their common enemy, the qui-uehatch, from diſturbing them during the winter. nd as they are frequently ſeen to walk over their ork, and ſometimes to give a flap with their tail, par-icularly when plunging into the water, this has, with-ut doubt, given riſe to the vulgar opinion, that they ſe their tails as a trowel, with which they plaiſter heir houſes; whereas that flapping of the tail is no ore than a cuſtom, which they always preſerve, even hen they become tame and domeſtic, and more par-icularly ſo when they are ſtartled.

" Their food chiefly conſiſts of a large root, ſomething eſembling a cabbage-ſtalk, which grows at the bottom f the lakes and rivers. They eat alſo the bark of rees, particularly that of the poplar, birch, and wil-ow: but the ice preventing them from getting to the and in winter, they have not any barks to feed on du-ing that ſeaſon, except that of ſuch ſticks as they cut own in ſummer, and throw into the water oppoſite he doors of their houſes; and as they generally eat great deal, the roots above-mentioned conſtitute a hief part of their food during the winter. In ſummer hey vary their diet, by eating various kinds of herb-ge, and ſuch berries as grow near their haunts during hat ſeaſon.

" When the ice breaks up in the ſpring, the beaver lways leave their houſes, and rove about the whole ummer, probably in ſearch of a more commodious ſi-uation; but, in caſe of not ſucceeding in their endea-vours, they return again to their old habitations a little efore the fall of the leaf, and lay in their winter ſtock

of

of woods. They ſeldom begin to repair the houſe till the froſt commences, and never furniſh the outer coat till the cold is pretty ſevere, as hath already been mentioned.

"When they ſhift their habitations, or when the increaſe of their number renders it neceſſary to make ſome addition to their houſes, or to erect new ones, they begin felling the wood for their purpoſes early in the ſummer; but ſeldom begin to build till the middle or latter end of Auguſt, and never complete their houſes till the cold weather be ſet in."

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EXTRACT *from* HEARNE'S JOURNEY *from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudſon's Bay, to the Northern Ocean.*

MR HEARNE'S very intereſting journey was performed, after repeated trials, in the courſe of four years, and extended to the copper-mine river acroſs the deſerts. This river empties itſelf beyond the arctic circle into an extenſive bay, which the author conſiders as an inland ſea, about the ſeventy-ſecond degree of N. Lat. and the 120th W. Long. Mr Hearne complains, but with great modeſty, of not having been treated in ſo *liberal* a manner as he deſerved by Mr Dalrymple, hydrographer to the Eaſt India Company, who peremptorily rejected his latitude. He ſtates, that, when he was at the copper river on the 18th of July, the ſun was elevated above the horizon at midnight; he did not meaſure the quantity of its elevation, but it was ſuch as proves that he was there conſiderably to the northward of the arctic circle. Mr Dalrymple's aſſertion, he obſerves, that no graſs is to be found on the rocky coaſt of Greenland farther north than the latitude of 65°, does not prove the non-exiſtence of graſs in a much higher latitude in North America; for it is well known, that no part of Hudſon's

Hudſon's Straits, nor of the eaſt coaſt of Hudſon's Bay, ill we arrive near Whale river, has any trees; where- s the weſt coaſt of the bay in the ſame latitudes is ell clothed with timber. How far Mr H.'s geogra- hy is accurate, it is not material here to inquire, ſince is purpoſe was not to write for the information of ritics in that ſcience, but for the entertainment of ndid and indulgent readers, who may be pleaſed to ave a country brought to their view, hitherto un- nown to every European but himſelf. "The modes life, manners, and cuſtoms, of the natives," he hopes, will not be leſs acceptable to the curious."

In expectation of being thus gratified, we have per- ſed Mr H.'s journal, and have not been diſappointed. is publication has not entirely the merit of originali- , ſeveral extracts from the papers tranſmitted by m to his employers having been already printed; t it contains, in a plain unadorned ſtyle, ſuch a ſtri- ing picture of the miſeries of ſavage life, accompanied ith ſo many minute incidents, copied faithfully from ature, that it is impoſſible to read it without feeling deep intereſt, and without reflecting on, and cheriſh- g, the ineſtimable bleſſings of civiliſed ſociety.

On arriving at the end of his journey, Mr H. found e copper-mine river extremely different from the ſcription which the Indians had given of it at the ctory. Inſtead of being navigable for ſhipping, as ey had repreſented, it was ſcarcely navigable for a noe; being every where full of ſhoals, and there be- g three falls in ſight at once. Here the river is 180 rds wide. Near the water's edge there is ſome ood, but not one tree to be ſeen either on or near e tops of the hills which incloſe its bed. The hole timber is of ſo crooked and dwarfiſh a growth, at it is unfit for any purpoſe but that of fuel. Mr . intended to make a ſurvey of the river, but his de- gn was interrupted by the meaſures of the North A- erican Indians who accompanied him. Three of them

them had been sent out as spies, to see whether any o the Esquimaux inhabited between the river-side an the sea. Their discovery, and its consequences, sha be related in Mr H.'s own words, as a specimen of h narrative:

"At this time (the 16th of July 1771), it being a bout noon, the three men who had been sent as spie met us on their return, and informed my companion that five tents of Esquimaux were on the west side o the river. The situation, they said, was very conve nient for surprising them; and, according to their ac count, I judged it to be about twelve miles from th place [at which] we met the spies. When the India received this intelligence, no farther attendance o attention was paid to my survey, but their whol thoughts were immediately engaged in planning th best method of attack, and how they might steal o the poor Esquimaux the ensuing night, and kill the all while asleep. To accomplish this bloody desig more effectually, the Indians thought it necessary t cross the river as soon as possible; and, by the accoun of the spies, it appeared that no part was more con venient for the purpose than that where we had m them, it being there very smooth, and at a conside able distance from any fall. Accordingly, after th Indians had put all their guns, spears, targets, &c. i good order, we crossed the river, which took up som time.

"When we arrived on the west side of the river each painted the front of his target or shield; som with the figure of the sun, others with that of th moon, several with different kinds of birds and beas of prey, and many with the images of imaginary beings which, according to their silly notions, are the inhabi tants of the different elements, Earth, Sea, Air, &c.

"On inquiring the reason of their doing so, I learn ed that each man painted his shield with the image o that being on which he relied most for success in th intended

intended engagement. Some were contented with a ſingle repreſentation; while others, doubtful, as I ſuppoſe, of the quality and power of any ſingle being, had their ſhields covered to the very margin with a group of hieroglyphics, quite unintelligible to every one except the painter. Indeed, from the hurry in which this buſineſs was neceſſarily done, the want of every colour but red and black, and the deficiency of ſkill in the artiſt, moſt of thoſe paintings had more the appearance of a number of accidental blotches, than 'of any thing that is on the earth, or in the water under the earth;' and though ſome few of them conveyed a tolerable idea of the thing intended, yet even theſe were many degrees worſe than our country ſign-paintings in England.

"When this piece of ſuperſtition was completed, we began to advance toward the Eſquimaux tents; but were very careful to avoid croſſing any hills, or talking loud, for fear of being ſeen or overheard by the inhabitants; by which means the diſtance was not only much greater than it otherwiſe would have been, but, for the ſake of keeping in the loweſt grounds, we were obliged to walk through entire ſwamps of ſtiff marly clay, ſometimes up to the knees. Our courſe, however, on this occaſion, though very ſerpentine, was not altogether ſo remote from the river as entirely to exclude me from the view of it the whole way: on the contrary, ſeveral times (according to the ſituation of the ground) we advanced ſo near it, as to give me an opportunity of convincing myſelf, that it was as unnavigable as it was in thoſe parts which I had ſurveyed before, and which entirely correſponded with the accounts given of it by the ſpies.

"It is perhaps worth remarking, that my crew, though an undiſciplined rabble, and by no means accuſtomed to war or command, ſeemingly acted on this horrid occaſion with the utmoſt uniformity of ſentiment. There was not among them the leaſt alterca-

tion or ſeparate opinion; all were united in the general cauſe, and as ready to follow where Matonabbee led, as he appeared to be ready to lead, according to the advice of an old Copper Indian, who had joined us on our firſt arrival at the river, where this bloody buſineſs was firſt propoſed.

"Never was reciprocity of intereſt more generally regarded among a number of people, than it was on the preſent occaſion by my crew, for not one was a moment in want of any thing that another could ſpare, and if ever the ſpirit of diſintereſted friendſhip expanded the heart of a Northern Indian, it was here exhibited in the moſt extenſive meaning of the word. Property of every kind that could be of general uſe now ceaſed to be private, and every one who had any thing which came under that deſcription, ſeemed proud of an opportunity of giving it, or lending it to thoſe who had none, or were moſt in want of it.

"The number of my crew was ſo much greater than that which five tents could contain, and the way in like manner in which they were equipped ſo greatly ſuperior to what could be expected of the poor Eſquimaux, that no leſs than a total maſſacre of every one of them was likely to be the caſe, unleſs Providence ſhould work a miracle for their deliverance.

"The land was ſo ſituated, that we walked under cover of the rocks and hills till we were within two hundred yards of the tents. There we lay in ambuſh for ſome time, watching the motions of the Eſquimaux; and here the Indians would have adviſed me to ſtay till the fight was over; but to this I could by no means conſent; for I conſidered that when the Eſquimaux came to be ſurpriſed, they would try every way to eſcape; and if they found me alone, not knowing me from an enemy, they would probably proceed to violence againſt me when no perſon was near to aſſiſt. For this reaſon I determined to accompany them; telling them at the ſame time, that I would

ot have any hand in the murder they were about to ommit, unleſs I found it neceſſary for my own ſafety. he Indians were not diſpleaſed at this propoſal; one f them immediately fixed me a ſpear, and another nt me a broad bayonet for my protection; but at that me I could not be provided with a target; nor did I ant to be incumbered with ſuch an unneceſſary piece f lumber.

" While we lay in ambuſh, the Indians performed e laſt ceremonies which were thought neceſſary be- re the engagement. Theſe chiefly conſiſted in paint- g their faces; ſome all black, ſome all red, and others ith a mixture of the two; and to prevent their hair om blowing into their eyes, it was either tied before d behind, and on both ſides, or elſe cut ſhort all und. The next thing they conſidered was to make emſelves as light as poſſible for running; which they d, by pulling off their ſtockings, and either cutting f the ſleeves of their jackets, or rolling them up cloſe their arm-pits; and though the muſkettoes at the me time were ſo numerous as to ſurpaſs all credibi- y, yet ſome of the Indians actually pulled off their ckets, and entered the liſts quite naked, except their eech-cloths and ſhoes. Fearing I might have occa- n to run with the reſt, I thought it alſo adviſable to ll off my ſtockings and cap, and to tie my hair as oſe up as poſſible.

" By the time the Indians had made themſelves thus mpletely frightful, it was near one o'clock in the rning of the ſeventeenth; when finding all the Eſ- imaux quiet in their tents, they ruſhed forth from eir ambuſcade, and fell on the poor unſuſpecting eatures, unperceived till cloſe at the very eves of eir tents, when they ſoon began the bloody maſſacre, hile I ſtood neuter in the rear.

" In a few ſeconds the horrible ſcene commenced; was ſhocking beyond deſcription; the poor unhappy ctims were ſurpriſed in the midſt of their ſleep, and

had neither time nor power to make any reſiſtance; men, women, and children, in all upward of twenty, ran out of their tents ſtark-naked, and endeavoured to make their eſcape; but the Indians having poſſeſſion of all the land-ſide, to no place could they fly for ſhelter. One alternative only remained, that of jumping into the river: but, as none of them attempted it, they all fell a ſacrifice to Indian barbarity!

"The ſhrieks and groans of the poor expiring wretches were truly dreadful; and my horror was much increaſed at ſeeing a young girl, ſeemingly about eighteen years of age, killed ſo near me, that when the firſt ſpear was ſtuck into her ſide ſhe fell down at my feet, and twiſted round my legs, ſo that it was with difficulty that I could diſengage myſelf from her dying graſps. As two Indian men purſued this unfortunate victim, I ſolicited very hard for her life; but the murderers made no reply till they had ſtuck both their ſpears through her body, and tranſfixed her to the ground. They then looked me ſtedfaſtly in the face, and began to ridicule me, by aſking if I wanted an Eſquimaux wife; and paid not the ſmalleſt regard to the ſhrieks and agony of the poor wretch who was twining round their ſpears like an eel! Indeed, after receiving much abuſive language from them on the occaſion, I was at length obliged to deſire that they would be more expeditious in diſpatching their victim out of her miſery, otherwiſe I ſhould be obliged, out of pity, to aſſiſt in the friendly office of putting an end to the exiſtence of a fellow-creature who was ſo cruelly wounded. On this requeſt being made, one of the Indians haſtily drew his ſpear from the place where it was firſt lodged, and pierced her through her breaſt near the heart. The love of life, however, even in this moſt miſerable ſtate, was ſo predominant, that though this might juſtly be called the moſt merciful act that could be done for the poor creature, it ſeemed to be unwelcome; for though much exhauſted

exhausted by pain and loss of blood, she made several efforts to ward off the friendly blow. My situation, and the terror of my mind at beholding this butchery, cannot easily be conceived, much less described; though I summed up all the fortitude I was master of on the occasion, it was with difficulty that I could refrain from tears; and I am confident that my features must have feelingly expressed how sincerely I was affected at the barbarous scene I then witnessed; even at this hour I cannot reflect on the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears."

Throughout this work, Mr Hearne speaks with a proper mixture of indignation at the brutalities, and of compassion for the miseries, of those wretched savages. If our limits would admit, we might give a variety of other interesting extracts from his affecting narrative. We were particularly pleased with chapter 9th, containing a short description of the Northern Indians, their country, manufactures, and customs. The gratification of a liberal curiosity respecting such objects, is indeed the main benefit resulting from Mr H.'s toilsome and dangerous undertaking. He acknowledges that his travels are not likely to prove of any material advantage to the nation at large, nor even to the Hudson's Bay Company: but he thinks that they have put a decisive termination to all disputes concerning a north-west passage through Hudson's Bay. They will also, he observes, have a tendency to wipe off the ill-grounded aspersions of Dobbs, Ellis, and others, who have unjustly condemned the Hudson's Bay Company as averse from discoveries, and from enlarging their trade.

This volume is adorned with nine plates; of which the most interesting are those containing the writer's tracks in the several journies, the last of which occupied more than eighteen months; the plan of the copper-mine river; and a winter view in the Athapuscow lake. The lovers of natural history will be pleased

with the deſcription of the principal quadrupeds and birds, which are to be found conſtantly in thoſe northern regions, as well as of thoſe which only frequent them in ſummer.

Mr H. is not acquainted with the graces of compoſition: but he relates his adventures with plainneſs and ſufficient perſpicuity; and often with thoſe ſimple touches of nature, which, in truth, are preferable to all ornaments of art.

.....

THE MONTHLY REVIEW ON WOLLSTONECRAFT'S LETTERS.

WE have on ſeveral former occaſions paid our willing tribute of reſpect to the ſtrong—or, if the fair traveller will accept the epithet as a compliment, the *maſculine*—mind of this female philoſopher; and theſe Letters furniſh us with new inducements to repeat it. The production before us is not, indeed, written with laboured accuracy: the thoughts are neither artfully arranged, nor expreſſed with ſtudied elegance; and every ſentiment appears to have been dictated by the preſent object, or the preſent occurrence, with no other care than to expreſs it faithfully and forcibly: but if, by faſtidious delicacy, this ſhould be thought a defect, it is amply compenſated by the undiſtinguiſhed diſcloſure of an enlightened and contemplative mind, and ſtill more by the natural and energetic expreſſion of feelings which do credit to the writer's heart, and will not fail to touch that of the reader.

As a deſcription of the country through which the author travelled, the publication is valuable; for it contains bold and pictureſque delineations of natural ſcenery, and places the character and manners of the inhabitants in a ſtriking, and in ſome reſpects a new, point

oint of light:—but its chief value ariſes from the ariety of juſt obſervations, and intereſting reflections, hich are diſperſed through the work. To a mind in-red to ſpeculation, few occurrences can be ſo trivial s not to furniſh matter for ingenious remark; and hat this writer poſſeſſes ſuch a mind, no one who has eruſed her former productions will doubt. She claims he traveller's privilege of ſpeaking frequently of her-lf, but ſhe uſes it in a manner which always intereſts er readers: who may ſometimes regret the circum-ances which excite the writer's emotions, but will ldom ſee reaſon to cenſure her feelings, and will ever be inclined to with-hold their ſympathy.

We haſten, however, to communicate more parti-ular information concerning the contents of theſe let-ers; and we ſhall firſt introduce the author to our eaders in a mood of muſing melancholy, on a ſum-ner's night, ſoon after her arrival in Sweden.

"Nothing, in fact, can equal the beauty of the orthern ſummer's evening and night; if night it may e called that only wants the glare of day, the full ght, which frequently ſeems ſo impertinent; for I ould write at midnight very well without a candle. contemplated all nature at reſt; the rocks, even rown darker in their appearance, looked as if they artook of the general repoſe, and reclined more hea-ly on their foundation.—What, I exclaimed, is this ctive principle which keeps me ſtill awake?—Why y my thoughts abroad when every thing round me ppears at home?—My child * was ſleeping with e-ual calmneſs—innocent and ſweet as the cloſing flowers.

* We know not the reaſon why the writer, a mar-ed lady, has here choſen to retain her maiden name. oſſibly it was ſuggeſted, that the name of Wollſtone-aft was more advantageouſly known in the literary orld, than that of her huſband.

flowers.—Some recollections, attached to the idea of home, mingled with reflections respecting the state of society I had been contemplating that evening, made a tear drop on the rosy cheek I had just kissed; and emotions that trembled on the brink of extacy and agony gave a poignancy to my sensations, which made me feel more alive than usual.

"What are these imperious sympathies? How frequently has melancholy, and even misanthropy, taken possession of me, when the world has disgusted me, and friends have proved unkind. I have then considered myself as a particle broken off from the grand mass of mankind;—I was alone, till some involuntary sympathetic emotion, like the attraction of adhesion, made me feel that I was still a part of a mighty whole, from which I could not severe myself—not, perhaps, for the reflection has been carried very far, by snapping the thread of an existence which loses its charms in proportion as the cruel experience of life stops or poisons the current of the heart. Futurity, what hast thou not to give to those who know that there is such a thing as happiness! I speak not of philosophical contentment, though pain has afforded them the strongest conviction of it."

In this passage, we cannot help particularly pointing the attention of the reader to the highly poetical image of the rocks, looking as "if they partook of the general repose, and reclining more heavily on their foundations." The glow of sensibility, which animates the passage, it is impossible not to admire. A gloomy obscurity hangs over the sentiment at the close, which we do not find ourselves capable of removing.

As might be expected from a philosophical traveller, the author is disgusted with the tiresome forms of Swedish politeness, and with the redundant plenty of their tables: nor is she much more pleased with the peasantry of Sweden:—she gives a better account of those of Norway:

"Thou

" Though the king of Denmark be an abſolute monarch, yet the Norwegians appear to enjoy all the bleſſings of freedom. Norway may be termed a ſiſter kingdom; but the people have no viceroy to lord it over them, and fatten his dependants with the fruit of their labour.

" There are only two Counts in the whole country, who have eſtates, and exact ſome feudal obſervances from their tenantry. All the reſt of the country is divided into ſmall farms, which belong to the cultivator. It is true, ſome few, appertaining to the church, are let; but always on a leaſe for life, generally renewed in favour of the eldeſt ſon, who has this advantage, as well as right to a double portion of the property. But the value of the farm is eſtimated; and after his portion is aſſigned to him, he muſt be anſwerable for the reſidue to the remaining part of the family.

" Every farmer, for ten years, is obliged to attend annually about twelve days, to learn the military exerciſe; but it is always at a ſmall diſtance from his dwelling, and does not lead him into any new habits of life.

" There are about ſix thouſand regulars alſo, garriſoned at Chriſtiana and Fredericſhall, which are equally reſerved with the militia, for the defence of their own country. So that when the prince royal paſſed into Sweden, in 1788, he was obliged to requeſt, not command, them to accompany him on this expedition.

" Theſe corps are moſtly compoſed of the ſons of the cottagers, who being labourers on the farms, are allowed a few acres to cultivate for themſelves. Theſe men voluntarily enliſt; but it is only for a limited period (ſix years), at the expiration of which they have the liberty of retiring. The pay is only two-pence a day, and bread; ſtill, conſidering the cheapneſs of the country, it is more than ſixpence in England.

" The diſtribution of landed property into ſmall farms,

farms, produces a degree of equality which I have seldom seen elsewhere; and the rich being all merchants, who are obliged to divide their personal fortune amongst their children, the boys always receiving twice as much as the girls, property has not a chance of accumulating till overgrown wealth destroys the balance of liberty.

"You will be surprised to hear me talk of liberty; yet the Norwegians appear to me to be the most free community I have ever observed.

"The mayor of each town or district, and the judges in the country, exercise an authority almost patriarchal. They can do much good, but little harm, as every individual can appeal from their judgment: and as they may always be forced to give a reason for their conduct, it is generally regulated by prudence. "They have not time to learn to be tyrants," said a gentleman to me, with whom I discussed the subject.

"The farmers not fearing to be turned out of their farms, should they displease a man in power, and having no vote to be commanded at an election for a mock representative, are a manly race; for not being obliged to submit to any debasing tenure, in order to live, or advance themselves in the world, they act with an independent spirit. I never yet have heard of any thing like domineering, or oppression, excepting such as has arisen from natural causes. The freedom the people enjoy may, perhaps, render them a little litigious, and subject them to the impositions of cunning practitioners of the law; but the authority of office is bounded, and the emoluments of it do not destroy its utility.

"Last year a man, who had abused his power, was cashiered, on the representation of the people to the bailiff of the district.

"There are four in Norway, who might with propriety be termed sheriffs; and, from their sentence, an appeal, by either party, may be made to Copenhagen.

"Near

"Near moſt of the towns are commons, on which the cows of all the inhabitants, indiſcriminately, are allowed to graze. The poor, to whom a cow is neceſſary, are almoſt ſupported by it. Beſides, to render living more eaſy, they all go out to fiſh in their own boats; and fiſh is their principal food.

"The lower claſs of people in the towns are in general ſailors; and the induſtrious have uſually little ventures of their own that ſerve to render the winter comfortable."

The inhabitants of Norway appear, indeed, to be much happier than might be expected under an abſolute prince.

"Every thing ſeems to announce, that the prince really cheriſhes the laudable ambition of fulfilling the duties of his ſtation. This ambition is cheriſhed and directed by the count Bernſtorf, the prime miniſter of Denmark, who is univerſally celebrated for his abilities and virtue. The happineſs of the people is a ſubſtantial eulogium; and, from all I can gather, the inhabitants of Denmark and Norway are the leaſt oppreſſed people of Europe. The preſs is free. They tranſlate any of the French publications of the day, deliver their opinion on the ſubject, and diſcuſs thoſe leads to with great freedom, and without fearing to diſpleaſe the government.

"On the ſubject of religion they are likewiſe becoming tolerant, at leaſt, and perhaps have advanced a ſtep further in free-thinking. One writer has ventured to deny the divinity of Jeſus Chriſt, and to queſtion the neceſſity or utility of the Chriſtian ſyſtem, without being conſidered univerſally as a monſter, which would have been the caſe a few years ago. They have tranſlated many German works on education; and though they have not adopted any of their plans, it is become a ſubject of diſcuſſion. There are ſome grammar and free ſchools; but, from what I hear, not very good ones. All the children learn to read, write,

write, and cast accounts, for the purposes of comm life. They have no university; and nothing that de serves the name of science is taught; nor do indivi duals, by pursuing any branch of knowledge, excite degree of curiosity which is the forerunner of improv ment. Knowledge is not absolutely necessary to en able a considerable portion of the community to live and till it is, I fear, it never becomes general."

Of the writer's lively fancy, and tender (perha morbid) sensibility, we must give our readers a beauti ful but affecting specimen.

"Tonsberg was formerly the residence of one of th little sovereigns of Norway; and on an adjacent mou tain the vestiges of a fort remain, which was batter down by the Swedes; the entrance of the bay lyi close to it.

"Here I have frequently strayed, sovereign of th waste. I seldom met any human creature; and sometim reclining on the mossy down, under the shelter o rock, the prattling of the sea amongst the pebbles h lulled me to sleep—no fear of any rude satyr's a proaching to interrupt my repose. Balmy were t slumbers, and soft the gales that refreshed me, when awoke to follow, with an eye vaguely curious, th white sails, as they turned the cliffs, or seemed to tak shelter under the pines which covered the little islan that so gracefully rose to render the terrific oce beautiful. The fishermen were calmly casting the nets; whilst the sea-gulls hovered over the unruffl deep. Every thing seemed to harmonise into tranqui lity—even the mournful call of the bittern was in c dence with the tinkling bells on the necks of the cow that, pacing slowly one after the other, along an int ting path in the vale below, were repairing to the c tages to be milked. With what ineffable pleasure ha I not gazed—and gazed again, losing my brea through my eyes—my very soul diffused itself in t scene—and, seeming to become all senses, glided in t

scarce

arely agitated waves, melted in the freſhening breeze, r, taking its flight with fairy wing, to the miſty ountains which bounded the proſpect, fancy tript ver new lawns, more beautiful even than the lovely opes on the winding ſhore before me.——I pauſe, gain breathleſs, to trace, with renewed delight, ſenti- ents which entranced me, when, turning my humid yes from the expanſe below to the vault above, my ght pierced the fleecy clouds that ſoftened the azure ightneſs; and, imperceptibly recalling the reveries childhood, I bowed before the awful throne of my reator, whilſt I reſted on its footſtool.

" You have ſometimes wondered, my dear friend, at e extreme affection of my nature—But ſuch is the mperature of my ſoul—It is not the vivacity of youth, e hey-day of exiſtence. For years have I endeavour- d to calm an impetuous tide—labouring to make my elings take an orderly courſe. It was ſtriving againſt e ſtream. I muſt love and admire with warmth, or ink into ſadneſs. Tokens of love which I have re- ived have wrapt me in elyſium—purifying the heart ey enchanted. My boſom ſtill glows. Do not ſau- ly aſk, repeating Sterne's queſtion, " Maria, is it ſtill warm ?" Sufficiently, O my God! has it been chill- by ſorrow and unkindneſs—ſtill nature will prevail and if I bluſh at recollecting paſt enjoyment, it is the ſy hue of pleaſure heightened by modeſty; for the uſhes of modeſty and ſhame are as diſtinct as the notions by which they are produced."

The obſervations in the following paragraph appear us not only juſt, but uncommon:

" As the farmers cut away the wood, they clear the ound. Every year, therefore, the country is beco- ng fitter to ſupport the inhabitants. Half a century o the Dutch, I am told, only paid for the cutting wn of the wood, and the farmers were glad to get of it, without giving themſelves any trouble. At elent they form a juſt eſtimate of its value; nay, I

was ſurpriſed to find even fire-wood ſo dear, when it appears to be in ſuch plenty. The deſtruction, or gradual reduction, of their foreſts, will probably meliorate the climate; and their manners will naturally improve in the ſame ratio as induſtry requires ingenuity. It is very fortunate that men are, a long time, but juſt above the brute creation, or the greater part of the earth would never have been rendered habitable; becauſe it is the patient labour of men, who are only ſeeking after a ſubſiſtence, which produces whatever embelliſhes exiſtence, affording leiſure for the cultivation of the arts and ſciences, that lift man ſo far above his firſt ſtate. I never, my friend, thought ſo deeply of the advantages obtained by human induſtry, as ſince I have been in Norway. The world requires, I ſee, the hand of man to perfect it; and as this taſk naturally unfolds the faculties he exerciſes, it is phyſically impoſſible that he ſhould have remained in Rouſſeau's golden age of ſtupidity."

We have only room left to add the candid remarks on the fate of the unfortunate Matilda, Queen of Denmark.

"Poor Matilda! thou haſt haunted me ever ſince my arrival; and the view I have had of the manners of the country, exciting my ſympathy, has increaſed my reſpect for thy memory!

"I am now fully convinced that ſhe was the victim of the party ſhe diſplaced, who would have overlooked, or encouraged, her attachment, had her lover not, aiming at being uſeful, attempted to overturn ſome eſtabliſhed abuſes before the people, ripe for the change, had ſufficient ſpirit to ſupport him when ſtruggling in their behalf. Such indeed was the aſperity ſharpened againſt her, that I have heard her, even after ſo many years have elapſed, charged with licentiouſneſs, for only for endeavouring to render the public amuſements more elegant, but for her very charities, becauſe ſhe erected amongſt other inſtitutions an hoſpital to

ive foundlings. Diſguſted with many cuſtoms which ſs for virtues, though they are nothing more than ſervances of forms, often at the expence of truth, e probably ran into an error common to innovators, wiſhing to do immediately what can only be done time.

" Many very cogent reaſons have been urged by her ends to prove, that her affection for Struenſee was ver carried to the length alledged againſt her by oſe who feared her influence. Be that as it may, ſhe rtainly was not a woman of gallantry; and if ſhe had attachment for him, it did not diſgrace her heart or derſtanding, the king being a notorious debauchee, and idiot into the bargain. As the king's conduct had ways been directed by ſome favourite, they alſo en-avoured to govern him, from a principle of ſelf-pre-rvation, as well as a laudable ambition; but, not aware the prejudices they had to encounter, the ſyſtem they opted diſplayed more benevolence of heart than undneſs of judgment. As to the charge, ſtill belie-d, of their giving the king drugs to injure his fa-lties, it is too abſurd to be refuted. Their oppreſſors d better have accuſed them of dabbling in the black ; for the potent ſpell ſtill keeps his wits in bon-ge.

" I cannot deſcribe to you the effect it had on me, ſee this puppet of a monarch, moved by the ſtrings ich Count Bernſtorff holds faſt, fit, with vacant eye, ct, receiving the homage of courtiers, who mock m with a ſhew of reſpect. He is, in fact, merely a chine of ſtate, to ſubſcribe the name of a king to acts of the government, which, to avoid danger, ve no value, unleſs counter-ſigned by the prince-al; for he is allowed to be abſolutely an idiot, cepting that now and then an obſervation or trick apes him, which looks more like madneſs than im-cillity.

" What a farce is life! This effigy of majeſty is

allowed to burn down to the ſocket, whilſt the hap-leſs Matilda was hurried into an untimely grave."

We occaſionally remark, in theſe letters, ſuch anomalies in expreſſion as are common with writers of brilliant fancy. Of this kind are the following: men who remain near the brute creation have little or no imagination, to call forth the *curioſity* neceſſary to *fructify* the faint *glimmerings* of mind:—*imagination* dips her bruſh in the rainbow of *fancy*: *effigy* allowed to burn down to the *ſocket*. In two or three inſtances we think that the opinions here advanced are not quite conſiſtent with ſound philoſophy. We cannot agree with the fair writer in admiring pious frauds, nor in thinking that it may have been neceſſary for legiſlators to conquer the *inertia* of reaſon by fiction, which, though at firſt deemed ſacred, may afterwards be ridiculed. True philoſophy knows no other path of utility than the ſtraight road of truth. Nor can we by any means admit, that "the plans of happineſs, founded on virtue and principle, are illuſive and open inlets to miſery in a half-civiliſed ſociety." This laſt reflection, however, with others of a ſimilar caſt, we impute to the agitated ſtate of mind under which the letters appear to have been written, rather than to the author's cool and ſettled judgment. Notwithſtanding a few occaſional blemiſhes, the work has uncommon merit, and will not fail to be admired for the happy union which it preſents of refined ſenſe, vigorous fancy, and lively ſenſibility.

REMARK

REMARKS

ON THE ENGLISH PARTIALITY FOR THE ITALIANS.

IT is highly flattering and honourable for Italy, to obſerve how much that land of claſſic elegance and pre-eminence in the arts, her ingenious inhabitants and authors, have been in all ages eſteemed by the Engliſh nation.

Llanfranc of Pavia, of whom peculiar mention is made by Father Mabillon, in the fourth volume of his Annals of the Benedictines, and by Father Ceillier, in the twenty-firſt volume of his Hiſtory of Eccleſiaſtical Writers, after having propagated in France the ſtudy of the liberal arts and ſciences, where he conſtantly refuſed the archbiſhoprick of Rouen, which was offered to him in the year 1067, was induced to accept that of Canterbury, in England, 1070. In the writings of his cotemporaries we may learn how much he laboured for the reform of the clergy of his church, and the kingdom in general; as will alſo appear from the catalogue of the works which were left by him; among which ſhould be mentioned the ſtatutes he compoſed for the Engliſh monks, and the celebration of the offices of the church. About the ſame time lived another Italian, to whom both France and England are, in a great meaſure, indebted for the revival of polite literature: this was St Anſelmo; who, from the ſituation of Abbot of the famous monaſtry of Bec in France, was raiſed to the ſee of Canterbury in 1093. He has been celebrated, not only by the Benedictines of the Abbey of St Maure, and Count Mazzuchelli, but by Father Gerberon, in the beautiful edition which he publiſhed of the works of this learned man.

Theobald, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, after the year 1140, invited into England Vacario, whom Du Cheſne mentions in the ancient Chronicle of Normandy; and

concerning whom Father Sarti, in the first volume of his History of the Professors of Bologna, has written with much accuracy and erudition, and has examined and corrected the errors of Selden. Vacario introduced into this country, and promoted, with all his abilities, the study of the Roman law. From a letter, written by Pius II. while he was in Germany, it evidently appears, that several Italian professors were sent from Italy to England, where they publicly explained the works of the great orators and poets. Speaking in that letter of the Duke of Gloucester, who, in the year 1422, was declared Regent of England, he says—"*Huic tanta literarum est cura, ut ex Italia magistros asciverit poetarum et oratorum interpretes.*"

Henry VII. a short time after Polydore Vergil had been sent to England by Pope Alexander VI. commanded him to write the history of the kingdom; about which work he was for a considerable time employed, and at length published it, in 1534, in Basil. Great information respecting Polydore Vergil may be collected from Bayle's Dictionary. Vasari, in his fourth volume, mentions Giroloma da Trevigi, who was employed on many occasions by Henry VIII. as a civil and military architect; and who was killed by a cannon-ball in the year 1544, while he was in France with the English army, at the siege of Boulogne in Picardy. Pietro Aretin, in a letter to Jacopo Sansovino, asserts, that France owed her loss to the portable bridge made by him on that occasion. In the first volume, part the first, of Count Mazzuchelli on the Italian writers, we learn, that Queen Elizabeth employed, as her engineer, at a regular salary, Jacopo Aconzio, by whom there is a work, published at Geneva, entitled, *Ars Muniendorum Oppidorum.* The chair of Professor of Law in the University of Oxford, until the year 1608, was filled by Alberico Gentili, who printed various works on polite literature; and, among others, one on the interpreters of civil law, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester; and another, *De Jure Belli*, from

which

hich the celebrated Grotius derived much advan-
ge.

The delicacy of the ſubject prevents our mentioning
oſe Italians, who, in ſome degree, contributed to the
anges introduced into the kingdom, at a very me-
orable period of its hiſtory; nor do we feel at liberty
notice ſome others, who, under the preſſure of miſ-
rtunes, took refuge in the hoſpitality of the nation,
d gained renown for their acquirements in ſacred and
ofane literature.

Chaucer, the father of Engliſh poetry, held the poet
ante in the higheſt eſtimation. Shakeſpeare, the
odel of dramatic writers—whom, however, they can-
t hope to equal; Shakeſpeare, who, if he one while
ims the ſurface of the ground, does it with the inten-
on of boldly ſoaring afterwards, on eagle's wings, into
e boundleſs region of the heavens—did not diſdain to
rrow the ſubjects of ſome of his ſublime and gigantic
mpoſitions from Italian hiſtorians and noveliſts. Mil-
n, whoſe epic ſublimity proudly lifts its head, like the
onarch oak among the tender ſhrubs of the grove,
s embelliſhed his divine poem by ſome judicious and
ppy imitations of the beauties of the celebrated poets
Italy; beauties which, tranſplanted by his maſterly
nd, acquire new graces, and aſſume the appearance
originality. He always retained the higheſt eſteem,
d the moſt affectionate remembrance, of a country
which he travelled in the flower of his youth; and
aintained a conſtant correſpondence with thoſe *lite-
ti* by whom he had been entertained, with true Ita-
an, not to ſay patriarchal, hoſpitality. Pope, the
et of harmony and elegance, not only ſtudiouſly cul-
vated the language, but attained a moſt conſummate
owledge of the Italian claſſics.

Not leſs has been the enthuſiaſm of the Engliſh for
e muſic of Italy, which for ſome time was conſidered,
ith too great partiality, perhaps, to be alone worthy
attention. The anecdotes of the famous ſinger Bal-
daſſare

daſſare Ferri, who has been thought deſerving of par
cular mention, under the article *voix*, in the Muſic
Dictionary of the great Rouſſeau, are well know
Some perſons are of opinion, that there ſtill remai
in ſome compoſitions, the relics of that taſte which wa
introduced into Scotch muſic, in the time of the lov
ly, but unfortunate, Mary Stuart, by David Rizzi
whoſe tragical adventures are deſcribed by the eloque
and ſenſible pen of Robertſon.

This taſte for Italian literature, and eſteem for th
natives of that country, are not at all diminiſhed
preſent in England. The ſtudy of that moſt delightf
and elegant language forms one branch of the educ
tion of the youth of both ſexes. Muſic-maſters, a
teachers of the arts of deſign, are generally ſelecte
from among the Italians. The Italian theatre in th
metropolis, rivals in beauty and magnificence the mo
ſuperb national theatres, and is encouraged by the a
tendance of all the elegance and faſhion of the king
dom. The country-ſeats of the peers of the realm
and the rich land-holders, are for the greateſt pa
decorated with Italian pictures, ſtatues, and antiqu
ties. There is ſcarcely a lady of diſtinction, or gentl
man of fortune, who does not ardently deſire to mak
once at leaſt in their lives, the tour of Italy.

Laſtly, at this very time there are in London man
Italians, who, in their various departments, have ob
tained honourable ſituations, and the greateſt encou
ragement and protection. We will not take the indi
creet liberty of enumerating individuals, leſt we ſhou
irritate the envious, or offend the modeſt. Bartolozz
however, as an engraver and as a man, is one of who
Italy may be juſtly and particularly proud. It is t
this amiable and moſt excellent artiſt, that Englan
chiefly owes its rapid advancement in the graphic art

SINGULA

SINGULAR ACCOUNT

OF A MUSICAL PIGEON.

[Extracted from Mrs Piozzi's Travels.]

AN odd thing, to which I was this morning witneſs, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections on the animal race, and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent.

The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, ſo well known in London by his long reſidence among us, and from the undiſputed merit of his compoſitions, now inhabits this his native city; and, being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to *petting* a pigeon, one of the few animals which can live at Venice, where, as I obſerved, ſcarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exiſt, with any degree of comfort to themſelves. This creature has, however, by keeping his maſter company, I truſt, obtained ſo perfect an ear and taſte for muſic, that no one who ſees his behaviour can doubt for a moment of the pleaſure he takes in hearing Mr Bertoni play and ſing; for, as ſoon as he ſits down to the inſtrument, Columbo begins ſhaking his wings, perches on the piano forte, and expreſſes the moſt undubitable emotious of delight. If, however, he or any one elſe ſtrike a note falſe, or make any diſcord on the keys, the dove never fails to ſhew evident tokens of anger and diſtreſs, and, if teazed too long, grows quite enraged, pecking the offender's legs and fingers in ſuch a manner, as to leave nothing leſs doubtful than the ſincerity of his reſentment. Signora Cecilia Guiſiani, a ſcholar of Bertoni's, who has received ſome overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if ever ſhe arrives there, bear teſtimony to the truth of an aſſertion very difficult to believe; and to which I ſhould hardly

hardly myſelf give credit, were I not witneſs to it every morning that I chuſe to call and confirm my own belief. A friend preſent proteſted he ſhould feel afraid to touch the harpſicord before ſo nice a critic: and though we all laughed at the aſſertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting, or tormenting, thoſe who came to take muſical inſtructions.

With regard to other actions of life, I ſaw nothing particular in the pigeon, but his tameneſs and ſtrong attachment to his maſter; for, though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never ſeeks to range away from the houſe, or quit his maſter's ſervice, any more than the dove of Anacreon—

"While his better lot beſtows,
Sweet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe;
And, when feaſt and frolic tire,
Drops aſleep upon his lyre."

ACCOUNT

OF A SAVAGE SPECTACLE, COMMON AT VIENNA, CALLED THE HETZ, OR COMBAT OF WILD BEASTS.

[Extracted from Owen's Travels into different parts of Europe.]

IT was exhibited on a ſpacious amphitheatre, not built, like the ancient Roman amphitheatres, of maſſy ſtone, but of a light conſtruction. A triple row of galleries encircle that area which is allotted to the combats. The opening of the ceremony was announced by the firing of a piſtol, when the maſter of the beaſt proceeded to the centre of the arena, and cracked with great violence a long whip, which was the ſignal

nal for the keepers to throw open the mouth of the den, nd let out that beaſt which was to ſuſtain the firſt com- bat. The ſeveral dens are under the galleries, on a level with the arena, the mouths opening directly upon it. The animal that firſt entered was a bear, on whom two urious dogs were ſhortly let in. Theſe chaced him ome time, till at length they faſtened on him, and brought him to the ground, when the maſter and his rew entering, looſened the dogs from their prey, and he bear was remanded to his priſon.

To this ſucceeded many ſimilar engagements be- ween the dogs and other beaſts, which afforded vaſt liverſion to the ſpectators, who crowned every victory with ſhouts of triumph. The effect of theſe united cclamations reminded me of the ſingular ſtructure which the Romans have given theſe edifices appro- priated to the purpoſes of public ſpectacles. The walls n the circus of Caracalla are thickly ſown with urns, nd hollow earthen veſſels, doubtleſs to give the great- eſt poſſible effect to thoſe ſhouts which mark the ſpec- tators applauſe.

The ſcene which moſt amuſed me, in this repreſen- ation, was that in which the whole tribe of ſavages were let out together. Theſe were bears of all na- ions, Hungarian oxen, buffaloes, wolves, and wild oars, attacking each other in all directions, and enga- ging in a thouſand varied combats. There was a moſt noble lion let out, who exhibited a majeſtic ſpectacle. He regarded the ſpectators with a collected aſpect; nd, ſeating himſelf on his hind quarters, received all he attacks of dogs and beaſts with a frown of defiance, nd a roar which ſhook the theatre. At the cloſe of his repreſentation a ſuperb fire-work was played off from board, which was elevated to a conſiderable height in he air. To this board a bear clung with his paws; nd, aſcending with it, continued ſuſpended till the whole of the fire-work was played off. It was very extraordinary to ſee the beaſt, in this ſituation, enve-

loped

loped in ſparks and flames. I was curious to know how this was effected, and was informed, that the boar was ſmeared with blood; and as theſe animals are nearly ſtarved, in order to keep them furious, the ſcent of the blood fixes the animal. In addition to this, the actor of this great ſcene is conſtantly regaled when he deſcends, with a piece of fleſh prepared for the purpoſe. The neglect of this accuſtomed bounty is ſaid to have proved fatal to the former maſter of theſe animals. The bear deſcending from his frightful elevation, and not receiving inſtantaneouſly his expected morſel, fastened upon the maſter, and tore him mortally before he could be diſengaged.

As this is an exhibition humanity can find little to delight in, I was aſtoniſhed to ſee, in caſting my eye around, ſo many female ſpectators attending this bloody ſpectacle; which ſeems, indeed, ſcarcely compatible with the police of a civiliſed ſtate.

EXTRACTS FROM FILSON AND IMLAY,

ON THE WESTERN TERRITORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

AMERICA is ſo rapidly advancing into conſequence among the nations of the earth, that every thing reſpecting the riſe, population, and growing wealth of this extenſive region, is highly intereſting to the European reader. When the firſt edition of this work appeared, we gave an account of it, with large extracts, in vol. viii. p. 390. of our New Series; and the additions made to this new impreſſion are ſo conſiderable, that we muſt not paſs it over in ſilence. By only comparing the title of the former edition with this which we have juſt tranſcribed, the reader will perceive that the work is greatly ſwelled in bulk; and when he examines the Appendix to Mr Filſon, he will acknowledge

cknowledge the new matter to be very curious. This art, like Mr Imlay's, is written with an enthuſiaſtic dmiration of American climes and American manners; and it may ſerve to excite to emigration from Europe, and to the population of Kentucky, of which o enchanting a deſcription is given. To prevent the dea of the author having *coloured too highly* the adertiſement which accompanied the original work in merica, in 1784, is here prefixed, ſigned, *Daniel Boon, evi Todd, James Harrod;* in which theſe gentlemen eclare, that "it is an exceeding good performance, ontaining as accurate a deſcription of our (Kentucky) ountry as we think can poſſibly be given *." In the reface alſo, which is ſubſcribed by Mr Filſon himſelf, e declares his work to be a complete guide to the traeller into Kentucky, and aſſures us, that "there is othing mentioned, or deſcribed, but what will be found ue." After ſuch an aſſurance, and ſuch teſtimonies, e cannot pretend to queſtion Mr Filſon's veracity. n general, he agrees with Mr Imlay; and the two ccounts exhibited together throw light on each other. rom what theſe gentlemen relate of the rich ſoil, elightful climate, and numerous productions of Kenucky, it bids fair to be the moſt flouriſhing of the merican States; and, if the population extends weſtard with the rapidity that is predicted, we ſhould be ſpoſed to queſtion, with Mr Imlay, whether the ſituaon of the federal city be well choſen, did we not nſider, that Canada being in the hands of the Engh, and the navigation of the Miſſiſippi in the power Spain, the trade of the weſtern territory will be

F liable

* It muſt, however, be allowed that there is nothing natural in the ſuppoſition, that gentlemen may be mewhat intereſted in the recommendation of a work, e circulation of which may contribute towards the roſperity of a young ſettlement.

liable to interruptions to which the ſeat of empire ſhould not be equally expoſed.

Having, in our former article, given extracts from the deſcriptive parts of this work, we ſhall content ourſelves here with tranſcribing a page or two from the intereſting adventures of Col. Daniel Boon, the firſt ſettler in Kentucky.

" It was on the 1ſt of May, in the year 1769, that I reſigned my domeſtic happineſs for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderneſs of America, in queſt of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finlay, John Stewart, Joſeph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool. We proceeded ſucceſsfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderneſs, in a weſtward direction, on the 7th day of June following, we found ourſelves on Red River, where John Finlay had formerly been trading with the Indians; and, from the top of an eminence, ſaw with pleaſure the beautiful level of Kentucky. Here let me obſerve, that for ſome time we had experienced the moſt uncomfortable weather as a prelibation of our future ſufferings. At this place we encamped, and made a ſhelter to defend us from the inclement ſeaſon, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found every where abundance of wild beaſts of all ſorts through this vaſt foreſt. The buffalo were more frequent than I have ſeen cattle in the ſettlements, browzing on the leafs of the cane, or cropping the herbage on thoſe extenſive plains; fearleſs, becauſe ignorant, of the violence of man. Sometimes we ſaw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the ſalt-ſprings were amazing. In this foreſt, the habitations of beaſts of every kind native to America, we practiſed hunting with great ſucceſs until the 22d day of December following.

" This day John Stewart and I had a pleaſant ramble; but fortune changed the ſcene in the cloſe of

We had paſſed through a great foreſt, on which ſtood myriads of trees, ſome gay with bloſſoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a ſeries of wonders, and a fund of delight. Here ſhe diſplayed her ingenuity and induſtry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly ſhaped, and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with innumerable animals preſenting themſelves perpetually to our view.—In the decline of the day, near Kentucky River, as we aſcended the brow of a ſmall hill, a number of Indians ruſhed out of a thick cane-brake upon us, and made us priſoners. The time of our ſorrow was now arrived, and the ſcene fully opened. The Indians plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement ſeven days, treating us with common ſavage uſage. During this time we diſcovered no uneaſineſs or deſire to eſcape, which made them leſs ſuſpicious of us; but in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when ſleep had locked up their ſenſes, my ſituation not diſpoſing me for reſt, I touched my companion, and gently awoke him. We improved this favourable opportunity, and departed, leaving them to take their reſt, and ſpeedily directed our courſe towards our old camp; but found it plundered, and the company diſperſed and gone home. About this time my brother, Squire Boon, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country ſhortly after us, was wandering through the foreſt, determined to find me if poſſible, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithſtanding the unfortunate circumſtances of our company, and our dangerous ſituation, as ſurrounded with hoſtile ſavages, our meeting ſo fortunately in the wilderneſs made us reciprocally ſenſible of the utmoſt ſatisfaction. So much does friendſhip triumph over misfortune, that ſorrows and ſufferings vaniſh at the meeting, not only of real friends, but of the moſt diſtant acquaintances, and ſubſtitute happineſs in their room.

" Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John

Stewart, was killed by the ſavages, and the man th
came with my brother returned home by himſelf. W
were then in a dangerous, helpleſs ſituation, expoſ
daily to perils and death amongſt ſavages and wi
beaſts, not a white man in the country but ourſelve

"Thus ſituated, many hundred miles from our fam
lies, in the howling wilderneſs, I believe few wou
have equally enjoyed the happineſs we experienced.
often obſerved to my brother, you ſee now how litt
nature requires to be ſatisfied. Felicity, the compa
nion of content, is rather found in our own breaſt
than in the enjoyment of external things: and I firml
believe it requires but a little philoſophy to make
man happy in whatſoever ſtate he is. This conſiſts i
a full reſignation to the will of Providence; and a re
ſigned ſoul finds pleaſure in a path ſtrewed with briar
and thorns."

The author proceeds to relate his ſolitary ramble
his meeting with his brother after their having bee
ſeparated, and his return home with the reſolution t
bring his family to ſettle in Kentucky. He farthe
details the wars that he and the firſt ſettlers had with th
Indians, his captivity and eſcape, the various ſucceſſ
of the war, and at laſt their peace with the Indian n
tions, and quiet poſſeſſion of the new region.

In this narrative, Col. Boon ſeems to pride himſe
on the ſcore of his philoſophy: but, in his account o
the war, which he and the others carried on againſt th
Indians, the ſentiments of the ſoldier prevail over thoſ
of the philoſopher. He talks of the *brilliant* ſucceſs o
burning an Indian town. Ought he not to have re
flected on his queſtionable right to deal deſtruction a
mong theſe ancient inhabitants of the country, and t
deſtroy their ſcanty pittance of comfort? O cruel war
when will thy curſes be properly recorded! Whe
will hiſtorians deſcribe thee with thy appropriate epi
thets!

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The value of this ſecond edition is conſiderably advanced by the addition of maps, the want of which we remarked in the firſt.

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MONTHLY REVIEW ON THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

THEIR comments in this Number begin with Rouſſeau's animadverſions on the conduct of Mr Gibbon towards Mademoiſelle Curchod, which we ſhall quote for the amuſement of our readers.

"You have given me a commiſſion for Mademoiſelle Curchod, of which I ſhall acquit myſelf ill, preciſely on account of my eſteem for her. The coldneſs of Mr Gibbon makes me think ill of him. I have again read his book. It is deformed by the perpetual affectation and purſuit of brilliancy. Mr Gibbon is no man for me. I cannot think him well adapted to Mademoiſelle Curchod. He that does not know her value, is unworthy of her; he that knows it, and can deſert her, is a man to be deſpiſed. She does not know what ſhe is about; this man ſerves her more effectually than her own heart. I ſhould a thouſand times rather ſee him leave her, free and poor among us, than bring her to be rich and miſerable in England. In truth, I hope that Mr Gibbon may not come here. I ſhould wiſh to diſſemble, but I could not; I ſhould wiſh to do well, and I feel that I ſhould ſpoil all."

It is not for us, (ſay the Reviewers), to give judgement on this tranſaction: but it is impoſſible not to confeſs, that, if the opinion of Rouſſeau be tinctured with that wildneſs which marked his character, the conduct of Mr Gibbon does not altogether exempt him from the charge of coldneſs and inconſtancy. Submiſſion to the will of his father might have been his duty, but his conduct ſeems to juſtify the ſuſpicion, that he

would have felt more pain and reluctance in relinquish-
ing a wealthier or more noble miſtreſs. There will
be wanting many perſons, who will think the cor-
but cold prudence of Mr Gibbon leſs amiable, and ev
leſs reſpectable, than the generous extravagance of
citizen of Geneva. It is time, however, to ret
from a digreſſion into which we have been ſeduced
a combination of celebrated names, attached to a tra
action of almoſt romantic intereſt.

The period between the return of Mr G. from L
ſanne, and the appearance of his firſt work, is filled
with an account of his ſtudies, and with a narrative
of his "bloodleſs and inglorious campaigns," (as
himſelf calls them), as an officer in the Hampſhire m
litia. We extract the following remarks on Engl
authors:

"By the judicious advice of Mr Mallet, I was d
rected to the writings of Swift and Addiſon; wit a
ſimplicity are their common attributes; but the ſty
of Swift is ſupported by manly original vigour; th
of Addiſon is adorned by the female graces of elegan
and mildneſs. The old reproach, that no Britiſh alta
had been raiſed to the muſe of Hiſtory, was r
cently diſproved by the firſt performances of Robert
and Hume, the Hiſtories of Scotland and of the Stua
I will aſſume the preſumption of ſaying, that I w
not unworthy to read them; nor will I diſguiſe m
different feelings in the repeated peruſals. The peri
compoſition, the nervous language, the well turn
periods, of Dr Robertſon, inflamed me to the ambitio
hope that I might one day tread in his footſteps; th
calm philoſophy, the careleſs inimitable beauties of H
friend and rival, often forced me to cloſe the volu
with a mixed ſenſation of delight and deſpair."

The reader will not learn without wonder that Sw
and Addiſon were among the earlieſt models on whi
our celebrated hiſtorian laboured to form his taſte a
his ſtyle. If the compoſition of theſe writers contin

to be the object of his imitation, the history of literature does not exhibit so striking an example of a man of such great talents so completely disappointed in his purpose. It may be observed, that, even in the very act of characterising Swift and Addison, he has deviated not a little from that beautiful simplicity which is the peculiar distinction of those pure and classical writers. Nor can we think that Mr Gibbon, however he may have in some measure emulated the historical merit, has exactly trodden in the literary footsteps of Dr Robertson. Inferior probably to Mr Gibbon in the vigour of his powers, unequal to him perhaps in comprehension of intellect, and variety of knowledge, the Scottish historian has far surpassed him in simplicity and perspicuity of narration, in picturesque and pathetic description, in the sober use of figurative language, and in the delicate perception of that scarcely discernible boundary, which separates ornament from exuberance, and elegance from affectation. He adorns more chastely in addressing the imagination; he narrates more clearly for the understanding; and he describes more affectingly for the heart. The *defects* of Dr Robertson arise from a less vigorous intellect, the *faults* of Mr Gibbon from a less pure taste. If Mr Gibbon be the greater man, Dr Robertson is the better writer.

The concluding sentence of the above extract, which relates to Mr Hume, appears to us to be one of the most just and beautiful eulogiums that has ever been bestowed on the style of that great writer. It reminds us of what D'Alembert said of La Fontaine, whom of all French writers he considered as "*le plus desesperant pour le peuple imitateur*," "the most hopeless model for the rabble of imitators." With the same force did *De La Harpe* express himself, when he spoke of "*la perfection desesperante de Racine*;" and our readers will recollect a more ancient and celebrated example of a similar turn of thought and expression:

—— ut

—— ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem; ſudet multum fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem. Hor. Ep. ad Piſon. V. 240—142

In the Hiſtory of Mr G.'s ſervice in the militia, we cannot peruſe, without a ſmile, his brief account of the change of regimental quarters. We find exactly the ſame adorned geography as in his hiſtory. No town is without an epithet: "The pleaſant and hoſpitable Blandford," "the populous and diſorderly Devizes," &c. We ſcarcely recogniſe the familiar names of our Engliſh towns, when we find them thus diſguiſed with ſuch ludicrous pomp.—He thus ſpeaks of his military ſervice:

"The loſs of ſo many buſy and idle hours was not compenſated by an elegant pleaſure; and my temper was inſenſibly ſoured by the ſociety of our ruſtic officers. In every ſtate there exiſts, however, a balance of good and evil. The habits of a ſedentary life were uſefully broken by the duties of an active profeſſion: in the healthful exerciſe of the field, I hunted with a battalion, inſtead of a pack; and at that time I was ready, at any hour of the day or night, to fly from quarters to London, from London to quarters, on the ſlighteſt call of private or regimental buſineſs. But my principal obligation to the militia was, the making me an Engliſhman, and a ſoldier. After my foreign education, with my reſerved temper, I ſhould long have continued a ſtranger in my native country, had I not been ſhaken in this various ſcene of new faces and new friends; had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men, the ſtate of parties, the forms of office, and the operation of our civil and military ſyſtem. In this peaceful ſervice, I imbibed the rudiments of the language, and ſcience of tactics, which opened a new field of ſtudy and obſervation. I diligently read and meditated the *Memoires Militaires* of Quintus Icilius, (Mr Guichardt), the only writer who

who has united the merits of a profeſſor and a veteran. The diſcipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the Captain [afterwards Lieut. Col. Commandant] of the Hampſhire grenadiers (the reader may ſmile) has not been uſeleſs to the Hiſtorian of the Roman empire."

The following curious anecdote from this part of his Journal, deſerves a conſpicuous place in the next edition of Bubb Doddington's Diary.

"Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamſhire militia, dined with us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas (Worſley) and myſelf had begun with him at Reading. I ſcarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhauſtible ſpirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge. He told us himſelf, "that in this time of public diſſenſion he was reſolved to make his fortune!" On this principal he has connected himſelf cloſely with Lord Temple and Mr Pitt, commenced a public adverſary to Lord Bute, whom he abuſes weekly in the North Briton, and other political papers in which he is concerned."

About this period, Mr G. thus candidly delineated his own character, in his Journal.

"May 8. 1762. This was my birth-day, on which I entered into the 26th year of my age. This gave me occaſion to look a little into myſelf, and conſider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a baſe action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and diſagreeable in ſociety. Theſe qualities I muſt endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or reſtrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather ſtrong than pleaſing. My memory both capacious and retentive. The ſhining qualities of my underſtanding are extenſiveneſs and penetration; but I want both quickneſs and exactneſs. As to my ſituation in life, though I may ſometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the beſt adapted

adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniences of life, and I can command, too, that independence (that firſt earthly bleſſing) which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my ſituation, I muſt exclude that temporary one, of being in the militia. Though I go through it with ſpirit and application, it is both unfit for, and unworthy of me."

The mind of Mr Gibbon ſeems to have been early pointed towards hiſtory; and the various ſubjects on which he meditated hiſtorical works, before he fixed on the decline of the Roman empire, form a curious part of the Memoirs. The hints which grow into great ideas, and the imperfect ſketches which at length ripen into important works, are among the moſt intereſting parts of the hiſtory of literature. It is beſides of ſome conſequence, to thoſe who may be projecting hiſtorical compoſitions, to know what hiſtorical ſubjects were thought the moſt promiſing by one of the moſt celebrated hiſtorians. The expedition of Charles the Eighth into Italy, the cruſade of Richard the Firſt, the Barons' wars againſt John and Henry the Third, the hiſtory of Edward the Black Prince, the lives and compariſons of Henry the Fifth and the Emperor Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and that of the Marquis of Montroſe, ſucceſſively preſented themſelves to the mind of Mr Gibbon, and were ſpeedily rejected. On the life of Sir Walter Raleigh he meditated for a conſiderable time, and had even prepared materials for its execution: but that ſubject alſo he found reaſon to reject. Two other topics of hiſtory ingroſſed and divided his attention, after the rejection of theſe tranſient projects. One was, the adminiſtration of the Houſe of Medicis in the Florentine commonwealth, which was delineated by the maſterly pen of Machiavel, and which has lately employed the talents of an excellent writer among ourſelves. The other, to which the education and reſidence of Mr Gibbon ſeem to have given in his mind a na-

tion

onal and patriotic intereſt, was the hiſtory of the in-
ependence of the Helvetic Confederacy. When he had
eturned from his travels through France, Switzerland,
nd Italy, after he had, amid the ruins of Rome, con-
eived the deſign of his great work, he reſumed his
riginal ſcheme of Helvetic hiſtory. A part of it was
niſhed, and was ſubmitted to the judgement of Mr
lume. The letter of that great man to Mr Gibbon,
n his peruſal of the ſpecimen, is curious and inſtruc-
ve. In the midſt of the praiſes which were no doubt
many reſpects merited, of the candour with which
was diſpoſed to view the productions of a young ad-
nturer in literature, and of the politeneſs with which
might think himſelf obliged to ſpeak of a work to
s author, it is eaſy to ſee, that the ſagacity of the phi-
ſopher had traced the habits of Mr Gibbon's taſte to
eir genuine ſources. " Your uſe of the French tongue
ays he) has led you into a ſtyle more poetical and fi-
rative, and more highly coloured, than our language
ems to admit of in hiſtorical compoſitions; for ſuch
the practice of the French writers, particularly the
ore modern ones, who illuminate their pictures more
an cuſtom will permit us."

As France has attained, perhaps ſomewhat ſooner
an Great Britain, the Auguſtan age of pure taſte, ſo
r degeneracy was proportionably more early. Thoſe
genious and happy turns of thought which give an
caſional and unaffected brilliancy to the productions of
od writers, were purſued with ſuch avidity, that the
ges of French authors were crowded with ſhewy con-
its. That natural grandeur which belongs to the ef-
ions of genius, betrayed a rabble of inferior writers
o a perpetual effort, which produced nothing but a
d and inſipid ſuſtain. The paſſion for a degree of
ciſion, perhaps greater than the freedom of popular
courſe will admit, which is ſo natural in a ſpecula-
e age, infected language with falſe refinement, and
taſtic ſubtilty. Even the variety and the extent of
knowledge

knowledge were injurious to taſte; for it gave riſe to al
luſions and ſimilitudes drawn from ſciences which mu
ever be inacceſſible to the majority of readers, an
thus produced a deviation from that addreſs to the uni
verſal ſentiments and ſympathy of mankind, which i
the indiſpenſable quality of good writing. Style becam
an art, inſtead of a talent, and loſt its value, becauſe i
might be uſed without genius. The ornaments of com
poſition, when they appear to be ſuggeſted by the occa
ſion, and to flow from the imagination of the writer
are natural and charming: but, when they are perpe
tually repeated, they are viewed with indifference, an
even with diſguſt, as the eaſy tricks of a rhetorician.
In this ſtage of literary progreſs, the ear, rendered fa
ſtidious by the muſic of thoſe finiſhed periods which ar
artfully ſcattered throughout claſſical compoſitions, re
quires an effiminate preference of ſound to energy an
meaning, and produces a monotonous cadence, deſtruc
tive of that very harmony to which ſo many other ex
cellencies are ſacrificed. Such is the progreſs, per
haps the inevitable progreſs, to which the literatur
of nations is ſubjected; and ſuch are ſome of th
faults, which, to the ſimple and auſtere taſte of M
Hume, probably appeared to have infected, in ſom
degree, the compoſition of Mr Gibbon.

Between the period of our author's having reli
quiſhed theſe hiſtorical projects, and the appearanc
of the firſt volume of his Hiſtory in 1776, he was en
gaged in a literary Journal with his friend Mr Deyve
dun; and he publiſhed his moſt ingenious and elega
pamphlet againſt Warburton's interpretation of th
ſixth book of the Æneid. He quotes, with a natur
and proper ſelf-congratulation, the praiſes beſtowed
the laſt of theſe works by ſuch conſummate judges
Profeſſor Heyne and Dr Parr. He joins with the fo
mer of theſe illuſtrious writers, in generouſly condem
ing the acrimony with which he had treated Warbu
ton; 'a man who, with all his faults, was entitled
eſteem

esteem;' and he concurs with the latter in reprobating the malignant baseness, and creeping adulation, of Dr Hurd's Dissertation *on the Delicacy of Friendship*.

After the death of his father, our historian established himself in London:

"No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset, all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind; but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation; three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way, I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns from Commodus to Alexander: a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr Hume, in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the first judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject, no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

"By the friendship of Mr (now Lord) Elliot, who

had married my first cousin, I was returned, at the general election, for the borough of Leskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America; and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother-country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

"Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, and passions, of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by *Lord North*, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the Treasury Bench, between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the Minister might indulge in a short slumber, while he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of *Thurlow*, and the skilful eloquence of *Wedderburne*. From the adverse side of the House, an ardent and powerful Opposition was supported, by the lively declamation of *Barre*, the legal acuteness of *Dunning*, the profuse and philosophic fancy of *Burke*, and the argumentative vehemence of *Fox*. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentuous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament

parliament were a ſchool of civil prudence, the firſt and moſt eſſential virtue of an hiſtorian.

"The volume of my Hiſtory, which had been ſomewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a firſt ſeſſion, was now ready for the preſs. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr Elmſly, I agreed upon eaſy terms with Mr Thomas Cadell, a reſpectable bookſeller, and Mr William Strahan, an eminent printer, and they undertook the care and riſk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the ſhop, than from that of the author. The laſt reviſal of the proofs was ſubmitted to my vigilance; and many blemiſhes of ſtyle, which had been invifible in the manuſcript, were diſcovered and corrected in the printed ſheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impreſſion had been ſtinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taſte of Mr Strahan. During this awful interval, I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depreſſed by the apprehenſion of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were atteſted by my own conſcience. Hiſtory is the moſt popular ſpecies of writing, ſince it can adapt itſelf to the higheſt or the loweſt capacity. I had choſen an illuſtrious ſubject. Rome is familiar to the ſchool-boy and the ſtateſman; and my narrative was deduced from the laſt period of claſſical reading. I had likewiſe flattered myſelf, that an age of light and liberty would receive, without ſcandal, an inquiry into the human *cauſes* of the progreſs and eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity.

"I am at a loſs how to deſcribe the ſucceſs of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The firſt impreſſion was exhauſted in a few days; a ſecond and third edition were ſcarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookſeller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almoſt on every *toilette*; the hiſtorian was owned by the taſte or faſhion of the day; nor was

the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favourite is productive of those warm sensibilities, which a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr Hume overpaid the labour of ten years: but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians."

If our limits would permit, we should gladly have extracted the letter from Mr Hume here mentioned. It is marked by that style of polite ease, and graceful negligence, which distinguish all the letters of that great master; who understood so perfectly the art of varying his manner from perspicuous discussion in metaphysics, to pathetic description in history, and to elegant vivacity in familiar correspondence. One passage of it we shall extract, because, if any of the countrymen of Ossian still retain their prejudice against Dr Johnson for his *unbelief*, it may serve somewhat to mitigate the asperity of their resentment.

"I see you entertain a great doubt with regard to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. You are certainly right in so doing. It is indeed strange that a man of sense should have imagined it possible that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historical facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all the European nations, the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled. Where a supposition is so contrary to common sense, any positive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their passions and their national prejudices. I

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Mr Gibbon had particulariſed the time and place at which the idea of writing his Roman Hiſtory firſt occurred to him; and he thus feelingly deſcribes the period of its completion.

'I have preſumed to mark the moment of conception: I ſhall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the laſt lines of the laſt page, in a ſummer-houſe in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took ſeveral turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a proſpect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the ſky was ſerene, the ſilver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was ſilent. I will not diſſemble the firſt emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the eſtabliſhment of my fame. But my pride was ſoon humbled, and a ſober melancholy was ſpread over my mind, by the idea, that I had taken an everlaſting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatſoever might be the future date of my Hiſtory, the life of the hiſtorian muſt be ſhort and precarious. I will add two facts, which have ſeldom occurred in the compoſition of ſix, or at leaſt of five, quartos. 1. My firſt rough manuſcript, without any intermediate copy, has been ſent to the preſs. 2. Not a ſheet has been ſeen by any human eyes, excepting thoſe of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are excluſively my own."

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"The wretched Travis ſtill ſmarts under the laſh of the mercileſs Porſon.—I conſider Mr Porſon's anſwer to Archdeacon Travis as the moſt acute and accurate piece of criticiſm which has appeared ſince the days of Bentley. His ſtrictures are founded in argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit; and his adverſary neither deſerves nor finds any quarter at his hands."

The following is Mr Gibbon's judgement on thoſe great queſtions. which, after having divided ſpeculative and literary men, have at length deluged Europe with blood.

"I beg leave to ſubcribe my aſſent to Mr Burke's creed on the Revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almoſt excuſe his reverence for church-eſtabliſhments. I have ſometimes thought of writing a dialogue of the dead; in which Lucian, Eraſmus, and Voltaire, ſhould mutually acknowledge the danger of expoſing an old ſuperſtition to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude."

Here we muſt reluctantly take our leave of theſe moſt agreeable and intereſting Memoirs.—In another article, or perhaps in two, we ſhall examine the other parts of this collection; which, though inferior in intereſt to the *Memoirs*, furniſh ample matter for critical obſervation.

EXTRACT FROM CHANTREAU'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

(Ornamented with a very fine ENGRAVING.)

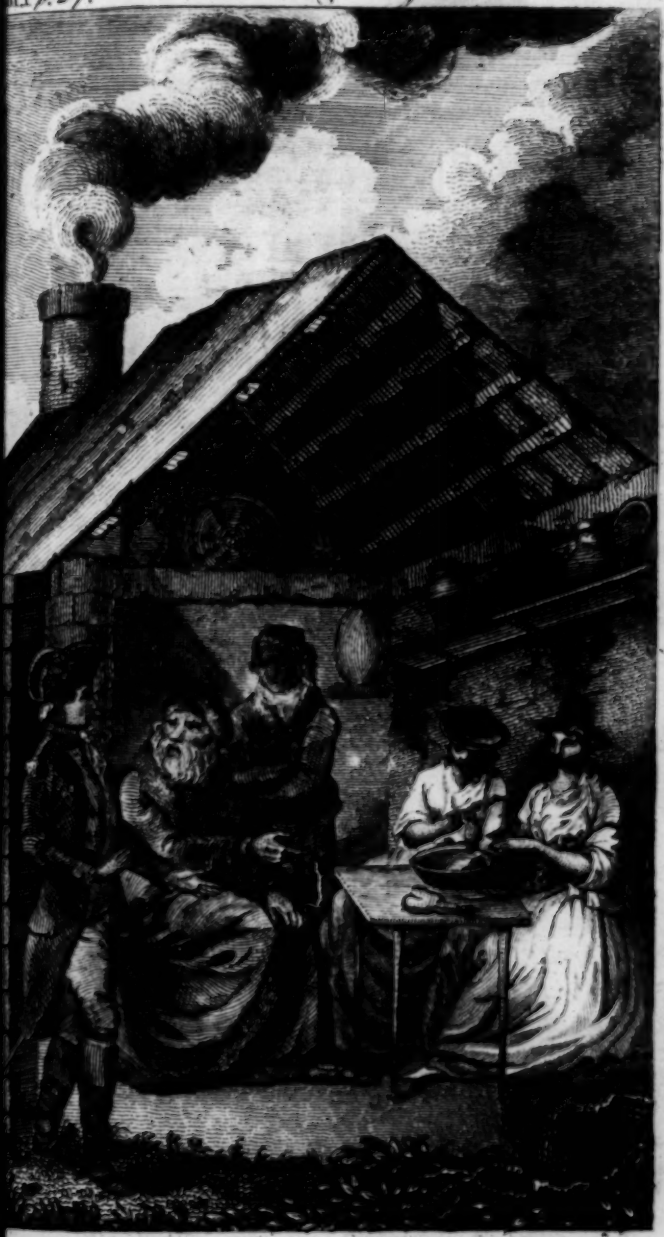
OUR entertaining author, after giving us a very ſatisfactory account of the diſgrace of Menzikoff, its cauſes, and the preceding events at the Ruſſian Court, relates the following anecdote, which is highly deſcriptive of the reſolution that great man ſhewed in his very ſevere trials.

Some days before he arrived at *Yakouſka*, he met with an occurrence which produced in him the higheſt emotion, and recalled the bitter remembrance of his diſgrace. He and his family had alighted at the cottage of a Siberian peaſant to take ſome repoſe, when he obſerved an officer of his acquaintance come in. He was returning from Kamſchatka, where he had been ſent under the reign of Peter I. with a commiſſion relative to the diſcoveries, which Captain Bering had been ſent to make on the Sea of Amur. This officer had ſerved under Menzikoff, who recollected him at once, and ſaluted him by his name. The officer, ſurpriſed to hear himſelf named in a country ſo diſtant, aſked how he knew him, and how he was himſelf? "I am Alexander," replied he, "I was very lately Prince Menzikoff." The officer had left him at the Court of Ruſſia, in ſuch an elevated and brilliant ſituation, that it appeared to him beyond all probability that it really was Menzikoff, whom he met in ſuch a ſtate of abjection. It ſeemed more natural to think, that it was ſome peaſant deprived of his reaſon. To undeceive him, Menzikoff took him to a kind of window, which let in a little light into the cottage. The officer conſidered him for ſometime with an attention mixed with aſtoniſhment; and at laſt thinking he recollected him, exclaimed quite confounded, "Ah! my dear Prince, by what ſeries of misfortunes has your Highneſs fallen into the deplorable ſtate, in which I ſee you." "Let us ſuperſede titles," interrupted Menzikoff: "I have already told you my name is Alexander." The officer, quite uncertain ſtill, obſerving in the corner a young man tying the ſole of his boots with cords, ſaid to him in a low tone, and pointing to Menzikoff, "Who is that extraordinary man?" "It is Alexander, my father," replied the young man aloud;" "Should you, who are under ſo many obligations to us, not know us in our misfortune?" Menzikoff, uneaſy to hear his ſon anſwer with ſo much pride, ordered him to be ſilent. "Excuſe," ſaid he, "the

" the rudeneſs of this young man's humour: it is he, whom in his infancy you deigned to careſs and dandle in your arms; theſe are his ſiſters, theſe are my daughters." While uttering theſe words, he ſhowed the officer two young women, dreſſed like country-girls, ſitting at a table, and ſoaking ſome cruſts of black coarſe bread with milk in a wooden bowl. " This one," added he, " had the honour of being betrothed to Peter II. our Emperor."

This converſation and ſcene, you may well believe, produced great aſtoniſhment in the officer who heard and ſaw them; but the name of Peter II. excited in him new ſurpriſe. Having been ſeparated from Ruſſia by an immenſe diſtance for four years, he was in the moſt abſolute ignorance of all the events which had changed the face of the empire. Menzikoff related them all, beginning with the death of Peter I. and ending with his own baniſhment. He announced to him, that he would find Dolgorouki and Oſtermann at the head of the government. " You may tell them," added he, " in what a ſtate you met me. Their hatred will be flattered with it. But aſſure them, that my ſoul is more free and calm than theirs, and than it ever was in the time of my proſperity." Perhaps he ſaid nothing, which was not very true, at leaſt his external appearance did not contradict his ſentiments. The officer could not ſee nor hear him without being much affected. With his tears he watered the hands of his old General, who was not a little moved with them, but ſhed none. He ſaw Menzikoff again mount his dull waggon, in the moſt deliberate manner, and for a long time, followed him with his eyes, uncertain whether he ſhould pity or admire him moſt.

LORENZO



This one had the honour of being betrothed to our Emperor Peter II.

BRITISH MUSEUM
JAN

LORENZO AND VIOLETTA.

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

FAMILY diviſions frequently ſpring from very immaterial accidents, which gather ſtrength by repetition, till they are augmented in ſo formidable a manner, as to ſweep before them all the domeſtic virtues, and aboliſh all the amiable tenderneſs, for which woman was originally intended by the Divine Creator. I have been a frequent ſpectator of ſuch ſcenes of infelicity. Where I was in moſt expectation of finding the celeſtial ſeeds of connubial happineſs flouriſhing in exquiſite beauty, there have I been the moſt diſappointed. Inſtead of beholding a paradiſe, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occaſions me to publiſh the following obſervations. For theſe may be of utility to ſociety; as, by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and Violetta have been married upwards of thee years: they were equally matched, both in reſpect of fortune and age; the one being ſufficiently affluent for the purchaſe, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleaſures of life. For ſome time after the celebration of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondneſs, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, inſtead of increaſing, diminiſhed their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the leſs attractive to his heart; and his converſation grew leſs engaging, the more ſhe partook of the natural levity of her ſex. He renewed his Bacchanalian acquaintance; ſhe found more pleaſure in diſcharging her viſits, than her domeſtic offices. In ſhort, both became unintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular; their converſation little; till, at laſt, their affection ſeemed dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonial complaiſance.

Nature

Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting the formality of reserve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other; which were productive of such disputes as often terminated in a shyness for two, and sometimes for three, days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, their disagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a recollection which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but still they were continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes surlily ill-natured, while she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly, yet they still persisted in their obstinacy: if he spoke warm, she reddened with the glow of anger; if he was desirous of tranquillity, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the ostentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she raised; and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their passions abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes: he grew mollified; and, after innumerable caresses, recomposed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness: they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for some time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate sallies;

ſallies; and were at laſt ſo habituated to ſuch an igno-minious cuſtom, as to give an unbounded looſe to their paſſion before company, till they are now become the derifion of all their acquaintance.

As I have regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an op-portunity of expatiating with him on his indiſcretion: e acknowledges his imprudence, profeſſes the ſtrongeſt ffection for his wife, and ſolemnly avows his fidelity o the nuptial bed. Violetta is alſo ſenſible of her rroneous behaviour, eſteems her huſband, and wears he throne of chaſtity on her brow. They are equally onſcious of their faults, are equally ſorrow for them, nd ſeem equally deſirous of correcting them: but ey are ſo abſolutely devoted to the ſtorms of paſſion, to be equally incapable of executing thoſe ſalutary ſolutions, which they are thoroughly ſenſible can one give pleaſure to the bridal-bed, happineſs to the ime of life, and comfort to the declenſion of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two per-ns once united by the ſilken band of love, ſhould ſo own its empire, for the gratification of ſome ridicu-us humour, is moſt aſtoniſhing! That two perſons, o could ſo eaſily enjoy the beatitudes of life, ſhould voluntarily baniſh themſelves from the flowery road happineſs, is amazing! But their conduct ſerves only evince this golden maxim, That reaſon is the beſt gift Nature; for, without her ſacred influence, monarchs their palaces are leſs happy than peaſants in their tages.

JUSTICE OBTAINED BY A SONG.

AN ITALIAN ANECDOTE.

tracted from Dr Burney's Memoirs of Metaſtaſio.]

HE poet having a law-ſuit on his hands, for part of the poſſeſſions bequeathed to him in the king-of Naples by the civilian, applied to the Princeſs Belmonte

Belmonte for her intereſt with the judge—an iniqui-
tous practice in almoſt every country, but England—
and ſhe told him, if he would firſt make her miſtreſs
the ſubject, by pleading his own cauſe himſelf, *all in-
proviſta*, and convince her that juſtice was on his ſid
ſhe would uſe her utmoſt influence in his favour. H
at firſt excuſed himſelf on account of want of practic
in a faculty which he had diſcontinued for many yea
But the Princeſs perſiſting in her wiſh, as the only co
dition on which ſhe ſhould intereſt herſelf in the bu
neſs, he at length began, and pleaded his cauſe *in
ſong*, with ſuch lively and inſinuating expreſſions, th
he ſoon drew tears from his patroneſs: and, while h
was in the act of *incantation*, other company came i
who were equally affected by his *enchantments*. Th
next day, Princeſs Belmonte applied to the judges, be
ged, prayed, and related, not only the merits of th
cauſe, but the extraordinary talents of her client; i
treating them to be preſent at a ſimilar exhibition.
day being fixed, and Metaſtaſio deſired to repeat h
pleadings to a new audience in the Princeſs's palace,
conſented; and, without repeating a ſingle verſe
what he had ſung before, ſuch were the fire, elegan
and enthuſiaſm, of his numbers, as left not a dry eye
the room. The cauſe was ſoon after judicially deter
ned in his favour.

We will ſuppoſe, from the innate probity and hon
of Metaſtaſio, that he had juſtice as well as poetry
his ſide; but when eloquence, or a ſyren voice, is e
ployed to confound right and wrong, *facts*, whi
ſhould alone determine legal right, are ſo conceal
diſguiſed, and perverted, that Juſtice, which ſhould
not only *blind*, but *deaf*, to all but facts, is totally
niſhed the court.

DREADF

DREADFUL DESCRIPTION

OF THE ENVIRONS OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.

IN human life there is no certainty, and much danger: but here uncertainty cannot expreſs how little certain all things are, nor danger how dangerous. All is hollow beneath us; wherever I ſtrike my foot, the earth returns a quivering ſound: hills and valleys are perpetually admitting ſome change; and mountains themſelves are but the growth of a night. On one hand, ſprings are boiling; on the other, liquid ſulphur is oozing through the parted ſoil: here are monuments of what earthquakes have ſcattered, the ruins of what eruptions have diſſolved; the roads are bottomed by maſſes of lava, and the lakes are incloſed in the craters of volcanoes!

This, though a dreadful, is nevertheleſs a true picture, of the vicinity of Naples, one of the gayeſt cities in Europe: and, to the eye of the moraliſt, it preſents a picture by no means leſs dreadful, of human nature in every part of the world!

.....

SKETCH OF THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF EGYPT, JUDEA, AND PHOENICIA.

[From Heron's Philoſophical View of Univerſal Hiſtory. Juſt publiſhed.]

IN the courſe of a ſeries of ſucceeding centuries, the Egyptians experience many revolutions in their national affairs, without any change in the form of their government, or any very remarkable improvement of their ſcience, arts, or manners. Internal convulſions,

at different times, altered the ſucceſſion of their kings. The more ſavage and martial Arabians and Ethiopians repeatedly overpowered the peaceful huſbandmen of Egypt, and uſurped the dominion of their country. Sometimes the Egyptian monarchs, perhaps of native, but more probably of foreign deſcent, were inflamed with the ambition of making diſtant conqueſts; and carried their victorious arms into Ethiopa, Arabia, Syria, and even through Chaldea and Perſia, to the remote regions of Indoſtan. Egyptian colonies, in the progreſs of conqueſt, or by peaceable emigration, were diffuſed through moſt of the circumjacent countries. Whether conquered, or conquering, they ſtill civilized more or leſs, and won to the imitation of their arts and manners; as well the invaders by whom they were ſubdued, as thoſe vanquiſhed tribes and nations who ſubmitted to their arms. But each ſucceſſive conqueſt of Egypt by barbarians, ſtill interrupted the progreſſive improvement of its ſcience, arts, and ſocial inſtitutions. Theſe had advanced with aſtoniſhing rapidity under its firſt native race of monarchs: They were fatally checked by that colliſion of barbariſm and civility, with which the firſt ſubjugation of the Egyptians to a foreign yoke was accompanied: Their progreſs was again renewed, after the reign of the conquerors had been firmly eſtabliſhed. Hardly had they begun to rear their heads, and reſume their march, when a new invaſion and a new conqueſt again laid them proſtrate. Similar viciſſitudes ſtill ſucceeded; and the parent country of ſcience, art, and civility, was thus for ever prevented from educating theſe, its illuſtrious offspring, beyond the premature promiſe of a forward childhood. While India, Perſia, Syria, Phœnicia, all the middle and weſtern regions of Aſia, and all the coaſts and iſles of the Mediterranean ſea, derived from Egypt their firſt elements of religion, laws, and arts, Egypt itſelf had begun to decline from its ancient refinement of manners, and ingenious induſtry; and as far as its local

local circumſtances would permit, was relaxing backward into barbariſm. When the hiſtorian, Herodotus, viſited Egypt, then a province of the Perſian empire; even the Egyptian prieſts could not give him any information concerning the ancient hiſtory of their country, or concerning the remains of its ancient arts, that can be eſteemed more ſatisfactory than the fabulous traditions of barbarians.

Yet, amidſt the wrecks of time, ſome remains, particularly of three remarkable arts practiſed among the ancient Egyptians, have been preſerved to our days. Placed in a low-lying territory, which had perhaps been gained from the ſea, by the gradual retroceſſion of its waters, and by the continual depoſition of earth conveyed from the Abyſinian mountains by the Nile and its tributary ſtreams; and being viſited by annual inundations, which, while they fertilized the earth, conſtantly threatened deſtruction to any petty works erected by human induſtry upon its ſurface. The Egyptians were induced, by the conſideration of theſe circumſtances in their local ſituation, to conſtruct ſome edifices,—to preſerve the aſhes of the dead, to ſerve for temples of their religion, and repoſitories of their ſcience, to be ſo many aſylums, in which they might ſeek refuge from the convulſions of nature, or the invaſion of enemies; and to make theſe ſo vaſt in bulk, and of a ſtructure ſo ſtrong and maſſy, that they might defy equally the ſilent dilapidations of time and nature, and all the aſſaults of artificial violence. Such were the celebrated PYRAMIDS, built of almoſt a mountainous magnitude, in the form of flame aſcending from a blazing pile, and compoſed of bricks and ſtones, the moſt durable materials that could be obtained. The hopes of their founders have been in part fulfilled: The pyramids ſtill ſtand, although their original uſes be no longer minutely known.—Within the dark receſſes of theſe vaſt monuments of Egyptian *architecture*, are found MUMMIES, the bodies of the dead preſerved

from corruption and decay, by the arts of embalming which the ancient Egyptians appear to have exercised even in the remoteſt ages of their hiſtory, with ſingular care and ſkill. Certain parts of animal bodies are leſs liable than the reſt to thoſe changes which are uſually induced upon them by putrefaction, after the extinction of life; and when the moiſt and fluid parts of a carcaſe have been evaporated by heat, the ſolids will often continue for a long while unchanged. That vegetable matter which is employed in tanning leather, is equally fit to preſerve almoſt any other animal ſubſtance from decay. Salts and Aromatics poſſeſs the property of retarding or counteracting putrefaction in almoſt all poſſible circumſtances. Theſe truths were well known to the ancient Egyptians, and guided them to that perfection in the art of embalming, which is diſplayed in the preſervation of the mummies.—In the *pyramids*, and upon the *mummies*, appear alſo HIEROGLYPHIC figures, ſuch as the Greek hiſtorians teſtify to have been employed, as a written language by the ancient Egyptians, before the invention of alphabetical writing. Inarticulate ſounds, looks, and geſtures, are the native language of uncivilized and uneducated man. Articulated words, regulated geſtures, and rude paintings, are his firſt artificial language. Paintings are his firſt means for commemorating his thoughts, by ſomething like manuſcript. Theſe paintings are quickly multiplied, and are continually abbreviated, till they form a peculiar language, intermediate in its nature between ſimple painting, and alphabetical writing. This was the progreſs of the Egyptian HIEROGLYPHICS; as is ſufficiently evinced by thoſe ſpecimens of them which have been preſerved. It is probable, that they fell into diſuſe, only in conſequence of the invention of alphabetical writing; which would inſenſibly ariſe from the continual abbreviation of the HIEROGLYPHIC characters.

While

While the Egyptian empire roſe to ſplendour and reatneſs, and again began to decline, there were, in e mean time, new ſtates formed, and other civil go-ernments eſtabliſhed, in the neighbouring countries Aſia, the JEWS or ISRAELITES, a *horde* of wanderers om Aſſyria, having been driven down into Egypt by mine, had long lived there in ſervitude. Becoming umerous and powerful, this nation of ſlaves were at ngth reluctantly diſmiſſed to freedom by their lords, ow fearing leſt they themſelves ſhould be overpower-d, and in their turn enſlaved by them. From Egypt e fugitives fled in haſte, through the Arabian deſarts, owards Syria. During nearly half a century of years, ey alternately hovered with a threatening aſpect on e verge of the Syrian territories, and retreated fearful-y back into the wilderneſs. Hardened courage, more eſperate neceſſity, or the command and the propitious uſpices of Heaven, determined them at laſt to invade e petty nations of Paleſtine. Diſmay and terror went before them; their march was the career of vic-ory. They drove into exile, extirpated, or enſlaved e ancient inhabitants of the land, in which they ought for themſelves new ſettlements. Eſtabliſhed hus in a country of fertility and abundance, they pro-feſſed a ſyſtem of *religious belief* and *worſhip*; which ſeems to have been partly the ſame that their remote nceſtors had entertained and exerciſed in Chaldea; in part a maſs of ceremonies and opinions borrowed from e vulgar religion of the Egyptians; and partly a new inſtitution, the invention of Moſes their lawgiver, or rather the revelation of God Moſt High. Their civil polity was placed in dependence upon the forms and miniſters of their religion; and their prieſts, in the name of Heaven, arrogated to themſelves the ſupreme government of the whole people; an authority greater even than that of the Egyptian prieſthood.

For ſeveral centuries, the JEWS dwelled together in the land of their conqueſts; combined by no other

bonds of civil union, but the alliance of kindred, the forms and obligations of their religion, and the abhorrence with which they agreed in regarding all their neighbours, and with which all their neighbours in return regarded them. In the midst of hostile nations who harassed them with continual warfare; in an inland situation, remote from the access of sea-faring strangers; possessing a territory of that mountainous nature, which is adverse to civilization: the Jewish tribes could, in these circumstances, make no rapid progress towards refinement of manners, or skill in the enriching arts of peace. Prone to superstition by their gross ignorance, and wanting in their own religion, a visible object of worship, they fell away from time to time, to the imitation of the wretched idolatry of their neighbours, who were still less enlightened than themselves. Their employments were to till the ground, to feed their flocks and herds, to repulse or invade their enemies. The valour and glory of their ancient conquests, were at length forgotten by the surrounding nations; but their cruelty and injustice were still remembered. The Jews were destined to be frequently defeated and enslaved, although often conquerors. At length, finding their social union to be too much relaxed, and to want that combination of force and counsels, which was necessary for their defence against the powerful and inveterate foes by whom they were on all sides encompassed. They, with one accord, resolved no longer to obey the supréme government of their priests alone; or of merely occasional leaders appointed by the priests; but to chuse a king, and to establish over themselves a series of monarchs, like those of the neighbouring nations.

The priests sullenly complied with the general will of the people. SAUL was selected to be the first sovereign of the tribes of Israel. Having been first secretly chosen by the chiefs of the hierarchy; he was next destined to the kingly office, by lots *skilfully cast*, in a solemn

blemn assembly of the tribes. The artifices of the riests, the favour of his own tribe, the acquiescence f the rest, and his own personal exertions, at length ave him, with the name, all the powers and honours f royalty. For a short while, Saul was gratefully obeient to the priests to whom he owed his elevation; d, as he was the creature of their influence, exerci- d only a shadowy authority, the substance of which, truth, still remained with them. But he soon be- an to endure with impatience the capricious severity f their controul. Intoxicated with grandeur, to hich his mind was unaccustomed, and betrayed by e insolence of inexperience; he rashly presumed to ght some of their dictates, and to encroach upon eir privileges. From that instant, his degradation, d the ruin of his family, were determined upon. A val was raised up against him, by the enraged priest- od; yet their intrigues were employed in vain, to pose the monarch whom they had exalted. Saul con- nued to reign. But his authority was continually insult- and undermined by the priests; the wishes of the eople were turned from him, to David; his temper was ured, and his domestic life embittered: fear, jealousy, loomy and hopeless ambition, exasperated his mind phrenzy, and converted him into a cruel and ca- icious tyrant. Unaided by the influence of the erarchy, and unable to command the eager and yal service of his subjects in general, he could not ccessfully resist those foreign enemies who were stir- d up, to attack the Israelites, amid their domestic ffentions. He fell, at last, with his brave sons, in a tal battle, in which the Israelites were totally routed y the Philistines.

DAVID, who was destined to succeed Saul, under ppier auspices, was indeed a hero. In his early outh, he had been chosen by the priests, to be their gine in disturbing the government of Saul. Even en was he eminently distinguished among his equals,

by

by perſonal ſtrength and beauty, by dauntleſs courage and intrepidity, by rare diſcretion. The ſuſpicions with which Saul was ſoon taught to regard him, the ambitious enterpriſes to which he was excited, the perils to which he was expoſed, and the ſtate of outlawed deſtitution into which he was driven, ſerved to try ſeverely, to exerciſe, and to improve all the great qualities in his character. While he was in exile, during the latter years of Saul's reign, he had been univerſally regarded as the deſtined ſucceſſor to the throne. His virtues were ſplendid and popular; there was ſomething generous even in his vices. In vain did the adherents of the family of Saul ſtrive to preſerve the kingdom to the ſurviving ſon of their fallen monarch. All the twelve tribes of Iſrael ſoon haſtened emulouſly to hail the ſon of Jeſſe as their king.

David was not, as Saul had been, new to power and to command, when he aſcended the throne. He had long before declared himſelf the humble diſciple and the protector of the prieſts: And he had now ſufficient prudence and diſcernment of his own true intereſt ſtill to cheriſh and to honour thoſe from whoſe favour all his fortunate pretenſions had ſprung. The ſtrength of the prieſthood had been ſo broken, and their ambition ſo humbled by the perſecutions of Saul, that they were no longer equally formidable to royalty. David, more zealouſly religious than even the prieſts themſelves, contrived to make them the beſt ſupport of his authority, and the moſt ſubſervient tools of his purpoſes; while he ſeemingly held the powers of ſovereignty only to defend and to obey them.—In the perils, the darings, and the eſcapes of his exile, he had been accompanied by a band of adherents, outlawed for their attachment or affinity to him; whoſe numbers were continually augmented by the acceſſion of new aſſociates, until the fall of Saul reſtored them all in honour to their country. Theſe men thus learned the art of war, in the ſame ſchool with David their chief; and became

ecame a body of disciplined soldiers, superior in mili-
ry prowess to any that had been formed among the
raelites, since their first conquest of Canaan.

Strong, when he ascended the throne, in the general
vour of the people, in the attachment and friendly
fluence of the priesthood, in possessing a small army
gallant veteran soldiers, and in a personal character
hich was esteemed and dreaded by the neighbouring
tions, David, with these advantages, could not well
l to reign with greater glory, and more prosperous
rtune than his predecessor. Enemies arose, however,
ainst him on every side. But they took arms only
wield them in vain. They led on the battle but to
rish in it. Surrounding nations came one after ano-
er, in hostile array, against the children of Israel;
d were successively discomfited, and driven as chaff
fore them. Fear and rage combined various tribes
d nations in one allied host, to oppose the victorious
ms of David. Their opposition was fruitless. Every
ny which his forces encountered was routed; every
y that they besieged was taken; from the Euphra-
to the coast of the Mediterranean sea, and from the
nfines of Egypt to the most northern limits of Syria,
was subdued by the armies of Israel. Of the van-
ished nations, some were almost wholly externina-
; others were reduced to prædial or domestic ser-
ude; and from some the victors were content
h exacting submission and tribute. Judea was
ghtily enriched with the spoils of so many conquer-
and tributary countries; and the arts began to spring
and the light of science to dawn upon it. In his
vate and domestic relations, the son of Jesse was less
tunate. His beloved wife, the daughter of Saul,
rning to treat her husband with unjust disdain, was
luded from his bed; his son Ammon ravished his si-
; Absalom, another of the king's sons, murdered his
ther Ammon, excited a rebellion against his father,
fell at last in battle, while he aspired to snatch
David's

David's crown from his head. A peſtilence, too, for a while deſolated the land; and the Philiſtines, and other neighbouring nations, occaſionally entered the Jewiſh territories, with acts of unforeſeen hoſtility. Yet David's reign, although not unchequered with calamities, was glorious; and his end was pious and happy.

He was ſucceeded on the throne by his favourite ſon, Solomon. Saul having humbled and weakened the prieſthood, even while they wrought the overthrow of his family; and David having ſubued thoſe neighbouring nations who had long vexed Iſrael with inceſſant hoſtilities; it remained for Solomon, to confirm the regal authority, by ſplendid eſtabliſhments, and wiſe civil inſtitutions; and to improve the condition of his ſubjects, by the diligent cultivation of the arts of peace. He built a magnificent temple, and many other ſtately edifices; encouraged induſtry and commerce; and fondly engaged in the purſuits of elegant literature and ſcience. Under his reign, the Jewiſh nation added the praiſe of comparative civilization and refinement, to their former martial glory. They had now attained the higheſt pitch of national greatneſs to which they were to riſe. Solomon reigned from early youth to a good old age, and died at laſt in peace.

After the death of Solomon, the tributary nations rebelled; and new kingdoms, and new dynaſties of princes, were founded among them. The tribes of Iſrael were alſo divided into two parts; one only of which owned the deſcendants of David for their kings. Judah and Iſrael gradually declined, till they became almoſt the two weakeſt principalities in Paleſtine or Syria. Barbariſm returning, ſettled upon their national manners, more ferocious, gloomy, and treacherous, than in former times. From that pure, ſublime, and ſpiritual religion, which had been the baſis and ſupport of their civil and political union, they often perverſely turned to the corruptions and abſurdi-

ties

ties of idolatry. They were often made the prey of conquering invaders; and were thus ſtripped of all the wealth which their forefathers had acquired, in the days of David and Solomon. At laſt, the ten tribes of Iſrael were carried away into captivity, out of their country, to a foreign land, from which they were never to return: and within no long time after, Jeruſalem itſelf, the capital city of the kingdom of Judah, was taken, and deſtroyed; and the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were likewiſe dragged away captives. Theſe two laſt tribes were to be afterwards reſtored to their native land, were to rebuild their temple, to renew the rites of their ancient worſhip, to inhabit Judea, till a late æra in the hiſtory of mankind, and to be at length diſperſed as ſtrangers and wanderers among all the nations of the earth.

The Jews are diſtinguiſhed, among ancient nations, ſtill more eminently, for the divine origin from which their inſtitutions of policy and worſhip are believed to have proceeded, than for any thing in the refinement of their manners, or in the grandeur of their dominion. Such records of their hiſtory, and ſuch remains of their literature, as have been preſerved to us, are either collections of laws and inſtitutions, ſacred or civil; hiſtorical chronicles; hymns, evidently compoſed for the ſolemnities of public worſhip; or other poetical compoſitions, paſtoral, ſatirical, didactic, and prophetic. Theſe appear to have been written, for the moſt part, by the prieſts and their diſciples. Of the code of the laws, the greater part muſt have been compoſed, as it ſhould ſeem, by Moſes and his contemporaries. The books which contain the earlier hiſtory of the world, and of the riſe of the Jewiſh nation, were undoubtedly written by Moſes, and his brother Aaron; and may be regarded, as containing the ſubſtance of that information recorded or traditional, concerning the creation of the world, and the firſt condition of mankind on the earth, which was known and believed

in

in Chaldea, In Egypt, and among the children of Israel. The other hiſtorical books of the Jewiſh ſcriptures ſeem to have been chiefly chronicles kept by the prieſts, for public records of the national tranſactions; and in ſome inſtances, probably, compilations made by private perſons, from thoſe public records compared with the memorials of unwritten tradition. By the prieſts themſelves, or by others with their approbation, were all thoſe hymns certainly compoſed which appear to have been employed by the Jews in the ſolemnities of their religious worſhip. The authors of the books of prophecies were, for the moſt part, prieſts, diſciples of the prieſts, or at leaſt men of worth and genius, who had imbibed ſomewhat of the ſpirit, and their learning. The book of *Job* is a dramatic poem, intended to vindicate the wiſdom and juſtice of Divine Providence, againſt thoſe objections which the exiſtence of evils, phyſical and moral, in the univerſe may ſeem to ſuggeſt in oppoſition to it. Solomon's writings are treatiſes of ethics, practical and ſpeculative; and an amatory paſtoral poem, the ſcope of which may poſſibly have been allegorical.

Yet, however we may trace the ſame chain of natural relations, and the ſame ſeries of ſecondary and human cauſes, in the hiſtory of the fortunes and manners of the Jewiſh nation, as in that of all the other kingdoms and nations of the earth, there are ſeveral things peculiar to the policy, the religion, the hiſtory, and the literary remains of the ancient Jews, which beſpeak them to have been eſtabliſhed, in a particular manner, under the viſible authority of Heaven, or to have been ſuggeſted or dictated by Divine inſpiration. Among all the political and religious inſtitutions, of equally remote antiquity, that of the Jews alone has been faithfully preſerved to our times; and it has been preſerved during a length of time, and amidſt a multitude of unfavourable circumſtances, in which, perhaps, nothing but the extraordinary care of Divine Providence

providence, could have ſaved it from periſhing. The Jewiſh code of policy and religion, alone of all that preceded the riſe of Chriſtianity, teaches principles of morality which are all formed to produce, in every inſtance of their application, the greateſt poſſible quantity of general and particular good. It alone communicates ideas of the perfections of the Author of nature, which are not leſs correct and exalted than thoſe which the moſt pious and enlightened philoſophy deduces from the contemplation of his works. We ſhall hereafter ſee, that the whole ſyſtem of the Jewiſh economy, with the writings in which it is commemorated, were to form the foundation of a religion, the divine authenticity of which is demonſtratively certain; and in the truth of which, the ſacred veracity of the ancient Jewiſh ſcriptures is, to a certain degree, neceſſarily involved. If difficulties and doubts ariſe, can it be otherwiſe with that which is preſented to human underſtandings, and through human media?

Maritime commerce, the firſt benignant compoſer of the general and mutual hoſtilities of ſavage and barbarous nations, was, in the mean time, creating and enriching new communities, on the eaſtern ſhores of the Mediterranean ſea, in a tract of country, conterminous with Judea, and extending both ſouthward, towards the confines of Egypt, and northward, through Paleſtine. In thoſe wanderings which ſucceeded the firſt diſperſion of mankind, from the plains of Chaldea, ſome of the tribes that travelled directly weſtward, advanced to the extreme verge of the land; and for the ſake of finding their ſubſiſtence by fiſhing, of drinking out of ſome contiguous ſprings of freſh water, or of obtaining ſhelter from the hoſtilities of enemies, fixed their dwellings in creeks, or on promontories, upon the immediate coaſt of the ſea. That fiſhing from which they probably ſought their principal means of ſubſiſtence, accuſtomed them to a life of more aſſiduous labour, required a greater fertility of contri-

vances, and left them less vacant time for savage contentions, than if they had still continued to roam about as hunters or shepherds. Adventurers or fugitives from Egypt and Chaldea, came from time to time, to annoy, or to join and instruct them. Feeling a want of various necessaries or conveniencies of life, which were to be procured only from Egypt, or from the inland regions of Arabia and Syria; and possessing a superfluity of some of the spoils of the ocean and its shores which were acceptable to their neighbours; they were hence induced to try the arts of barter and traffic; enlarging, by the communication of their superfluities, the number of the enjoyments of other tribes, and procuring from the abundance of distant lands, a plentiful supply of their own wants. The fertility of Egypt afforded to its inhabitants a plenty of the first necessaries of subsistence, in return for their happy agriculture, which rendered them at once indifferent to the advantages of commerce, and averse from the indolent and roaming life of the shepherd. The wandering and martial tribes of Arabia and Syria, were as yet far from having attained to the ingenuity, industry, and civility which would have been requisite to induce them to become the agents of commerce. No rivals therefore appeared, to check, by competition, the growing industry and opulence, or the rising commercial spirit of the fortunate communities which were scattered along the sea coast of Syria. Policy and military prowess enabled them to protect their wealth and industry from all the attacks of their hungry and rapacious neighbours. They extended their commercial intercourse, by degrees, as far inland as to the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris. By sea, their vessels soon began to adventure, not only around the Egyptian coasts, but northward, along the shores of Asia Minor and even to the isles of what was afterwards to be named the Egean Archipelago.

Such was the first rise of the famous commercial state

ſtates of PHOENICIA. While the Egyptians were enriched by agriculture, while the Iſraelites wandered from Chaldea to Egypt, and multiplied into a nation, the Phœnician fiſhermen, in the mean time, aſſociated into communities, and learned to practiſe the varied induſtry of the artiſan, the adventurous toils of the mariner, and the ſupple ingenuity of the merchant. Already trading with their neighbours of Syria, they travelled frequently eaſtward, in numerous caravans, or companies, as far as Aſſyria: Balm, myrrh, and ſpices, the produce of oriental herbs, trees, or ſhrubs; ſlaves, the victims of the fate of war, or of the inhuman avarice of relations or friends, were the favourite articles of commerce, imported by the Phœnician traders from the inland parts of Arabia and Syria, and from the countries bordering on the Perſian Gulph. Camels, aſſes, and dromedaries, were the beaſts of burden which they employed for the carriage of their merchandiſe. Cloths for raiment, which the Phœnicians wove with peculiar ſkill, and which they alone knew to colour with happy art; weapons for war, utenſils for domeſtic accommodation, and almoſt all the implements of peaceful induſtry, were, in return, diſtributed by them, among the inhabitants of Syria, Arabia, and Chaldea. The corn and the linen of Egypt, which the Egyptians themſelves ſcorned to export to foreign lands, while the barbarous tribes of Arabia and Syria were too little civilized to ſeek them in peaceful commerce; were profitably purchaſed by the Phœnicians, from the people among whom they were produced, and were conveyed, for ſale, into all the ſurrounding countries, into which theſe induſtrious and inſinuating traders penetrated. Gold, ſilver, and braſs, were ſoon adopted by the Phœnicians, as important engines of the mechanic arts, and to be univerſal ſigns of value and commerce.

At the æra of the firſt conqueſts of the children of Iſrael, in the land of Canaan, their exterminating pro-

greſs, for a time, checked the proſperity, and interrupted the inland trade of the Phœnician ſtates. But the Phœnicians were now too powerful, by the reſources of their induſtry, wealth, ingenuity, and knowledge, to be wholly deſtroyed or enſlaved by the undiſciplined, ill-armed, and uncertain attacks of the invaders. Nay, the ſtrength and adventurous commerce of the Phœnicians were ſoon conſiderably augmented, by a conſequence naturally reſulting from the ſucceſſes of the Jews in Canaan. Many fugitives from among thoſe Syrian nations, which were now ſubdued, ſought refuge in the fortified towns, which remained impregnably ſecure upon the ſea-coaſt. Others embarking on board Phœnician veſſels, ſailed to coloniſe the coaſts of Cilicia and Phrygia, the iſles, in the Egean ſea, the Grecian peninſula, or even the more diſtant regions of Africa and Italy. Confined for a while, on the ſide of Syria, by the implacable hoſtility of the Jews, the Phœnicians now turned themſelves more aſſiduouſly to the purſuits of maritime commerce. Ill checked, and inſecure, towards the eaſt, they could however, explore the unknown regions, and rifle the native treaſures, of the weſt.

The commerce, wealth, and power of the inhabitants of Phœnicia, ſtill continued, by theſe means, to increaſe. They were, at this time, enlightened by knowledge, and civiliſed, probably above all other nations on the earth, a multitude of ingenious mechanic arts, unknown to the reſt of mankind, were ſkilfully practiſed among them. By their wide commercial intercourſe with the inhabitants of many different lands they acquired a ſingularly correct and extenſive knowledge of the phenomena and the general laws of nature, and of the condition of mankind in ſocial life. The habits of contemplating, and of accommodating themſelves to the cuſtoms, manners, inſtitutions, and widely diverſified circumſtances, of ſo many different nations, enlarged their minds from thoſe narrow prejudices

ces which ſtill foſtered the mutual rancour, and retarded the civilization of the Jews, and moſt of the other rude tribes and communities of contemporary antiquity. Whatever arts, ingenious and uſeful, yet hitherto unpractiſed in Phœnicia; whatever ſcience, truly fitted to enlighten the arts, and to perfect the inſtitutions of civil life; were diſcovered by the Phœnicians, among the nations which they viſited, in the adventures of their commerce; theſe they ſeized with eager ingenuity, and introduced into their native ſtates; which were thus enriched, not leſs by art and knowledge, than by groſſer opulence, collected from almoſt every region of the many-peopled earth. The art of alphabetical writing, if invented among the Egyptians, by the continual abbreviation of their hieroglyphics, was, however, by the Phœnicians, firſt freely enlarged from the myſterious ſervice of ſuperſtition, and applied to its numberleſs happy uſes in common life. Except perhaps the Egyptians, and their fugitive ſlaves the Hebrews, every other nation of antiquity appears to have acquired the uſe of letters from the Phœnicians. They, too, firſt taught the nations an architecture, neither mountainous and maſſy, as that of the pyramids of Egypt, nor yet humble and rude, like the caves and huts of ſavages. While the Chaldeans and the Egyptians ſtudied the phaſes and the motions of the ſtars, chiefly for the purpoſes of aſtrology and idolatry, by the Phœnicians aſtronomy was cultivated for the nobler purpoſe of employing it as the guide of navigation. Phœnicia was, at this time, to the reſt of the inhabited world, nearly what the heart is to the living organiſed animal body, the centre of civility, knowledge, induſtry, and art; from which they were ſtill poured in a thouſand channels of circulation throughout all the range of Phœnician commerce, to which their ſtreams ſtill returned, and in which every new impulſe that tended to alter or increaſe the motions of the current had ſtill its natural origin.

When the Hebrew King, David, extended his conquests over Syria, the interests of their trade led the Phœnicians to cultivate his friendship. They wisely leagued not with his enemies, to oppose his victories; and he does not appear to have ever thought of turning his arms against them. Enriched with the spoils of so many nations, and awakened by their newly acquired wealth and dominion, to feel the wants of luxury, and to study the arts of refinement, the Hebrews now eagerly encouraged the commercial intercourse of the Phœnicians. HIRAM, King of TYRE, which was at this time the principal state in Phœnicia, became the friend and ally of David. The arts and manners, with the merchandise of the Tyrians, were fondly introduced and imitated among the Jews. It is probable, that the traffic which the Tyrians still continued to carry on with the countries lying on the Euphrates and the Tigris, rendered it now of the utmost importance to them to cultivate, by every art, the amity of the Jews, who were masters of all the intermediate regions. With these views, no doubt, they instructed the subjects of David and Solomon in architecture, and others of the Phœnician arts, made them occasionally even partners in their traffic, and taught them to prefer the sumptuous accommodations of commercial wealth, to the splendour of military glory. Solomon, in building the city of *Tadmor* in the wilderness, which which was afterwards to become more opulent and famous, under the name of *Palmyra*, was probably guided by the enlightened counsels of Hiram, who thus sought to provide a resting-place in the desart, for the Jewish and Phœnician merchants, on their journies between Palestine and Assyria. At the same time, the Phœnicians of SIDON were less powerful and opulent indeed, than those of Tyre, yet sufficiently so to carry on also a very extensive commerce. By the permission and aid of Solomon, too, whose dominions extended over Arabia Petræa, to the shores of the Red Sea, the Phœnicians

cians were encouraged to attempt the navigation of this ſea, and, in conjunction with the Jews, to proſecute their commercial adventures, weſtward along the ſouthern coaſt of Africa, and eaſtward around the ſhores of Arabia Felix, to the Perſian gulph, or perhaps even as far as India.

The Phœnicians continued to flouriſh in induſtry and opulence, long after the momentary ſplendour of the Jewiſh empire had faded. Thoſe tribes which, in the firſt diſperſion of mankind, after the deluge, had wandered into the northern regions of Aſia and Europe, gradually diffuſed a population of ſavage hordes through the vaſt countries extending between the Mediterranean and the northern ſeas, and on the weſt, ultimately bounded by the great Atlantic Ocean; but the ſea-coaſts of all theſe countries were viſited, from time to time, by Tyrian and Sidonian merchants, and were in many inſtances firſt occupied by Phœnician colonies. Wanderers from Egypt firſt penetrated into Ethiopia, and ſpread themſelves, at length, through the middle and weſtern parts of Africa; but the Phœnicians likewiſe frequented the African coaſts, and ſcattered colonies around them. From Spain, from Italy, from Britain, they procured tin, ſilver, iron, braſs, and other materials of luxury or primary uſe. Carthage was founded by them, almoſt on the weſtern extremity of the African continent, that it might ſerve as a middle ſtation between the harbours of Phœnicia, and the remoteſt limits of their weſtern navigation. Moſt of the iſles in the Mediterranean ſea, were by them either firſt occupied, or at leaſt conquered, and reduced under the laws of civility. Greece was afterwards to deduce from Phœnicia, the origin of her letters, government, and arts. Even the diſtant ſhores of the Euxine ſea, were explored and civiliſed by Phœnician commerce. The opulent kingdoms of Lydia and Phrygia, owed almoſt all that was curiouſly elegant in their arts, or intrinſically uſeful in the materials

terials of their opulence, to the intercourſe of the Phœnicians. Nor was their commerce with the eaſt, in the mean time, interrupted. They ſtill conveyed the wealth of the weſtern world into all the middle countries of the eaſt, and brought the ſpices and other rich productions of oriental lands, to be diffuſed through the weſt. By cultivating the alliance of the Egyptians, they were enabled ſtill to retain the commerce of the Red Sea. At the command of Necho, King of Egypt, a Phœnician fleet ſailing from that ſea, circumnavigated Africa, and returned, through the Mediterranean, into the harbours of Tyre. Around all theſe coaſts, their firſt voyages and journies of diſcovery, might be often little gainful; but they had fixed their marts, they had planted their colonies, they had ſettled their modes of intercourſe, they knew what were the wants, and what the ſuperfluities of each particular country; and, amid theſe circumſtances, their commmerce was now in its higheſt proſperity, and they were the wealthieſt among the nations of the earth.

So widely extended in its operations, was the commerce of the Phœnician ſtates and their colonies, at leaſt from the æra of the inſtitution of regal government among the Jews, to the time at which we are are hereafter to ſee, that Tyre was deſtroyed by the Grecian conqueror of Aſia. But their opulence allured the rapacity of ſeveral of thoſe martial kings whoſe ambitious enterpriſes, from time to time, interrupted the career of civilization, and checked the growth of the generous arts which ſerved to poliſh and enrich mankind. When the fury of conqueſt occaſionally ſeized the ſovereigns of Egypt, they haraſſed or ſubjugated the Phœnicians, with the other inhabitants of Paleſtine. Nebuchadnezzar, the victorious monarch of Babylon, beſieged and took the city of Tyre, and, for a time, deprived the Phœnicians of all the advantages of their inland trade with the coun-

Morison's Edition of Dryden's Virgil

A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man:
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began.
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at Heav'n's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Mean time the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought:
And which for us with their own blood they bought.
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send:
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom,
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust; and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound,
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:

First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
Unhappy youth! When Fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosp'rous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for the Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded alters burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war,
A bloody breathless body; which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care.
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishoneſt wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has the Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief;
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)

Of

Of oaken twigs they twiſt an eaſy bier;
Then on their ſhoulders the ſad burden rear.
The body on this rural herſe is born,
Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dreſs the bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green ſtem ſhall owe.
Then two fair veſts, of wond'rous work and coſt,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboſs'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought.
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One veſt array'd the corpſe, and one they ſpread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:
That when the yellow hair in flame ſhou'd fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Beſides, the ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain,
When he deſcended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horſes, by the herſe he led
In long array, (th' atchievements of the dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood, the fun'ral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inſcriptions fix'd and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpſe attends,
With feeble ſteps, ſupported by his friends:
Pauſing at ev'ry pace, in ſorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he ſinks upon the ground.
Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep deſpair,
He beats his breaſt, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is ſeen to roll,
Beſmear'd with hoſtile blood, and honourably foul.
To cloſe the pomp, Æthon, the ſteed of ſtate,
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.

Stripp'd

Stripp'd of his trappings, with a ſullen pace.
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimſon creſt,
Are born behind; the victor ſeiz'd the reſt.
The march begins: The trumpets hoarſely ſound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus, while the Trojan and Arcadian horſe,
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their courſe,
In long proceſſion rank'd, the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
The public care, he ſaid, which war attends,
Diverts our preſent woes, at leaſt ſuſpends:
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
Hail, holy relics, and a laſt farewell!
He ſaid no more; but, inly tho' he mourn'd,
Reſtrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

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REMARKS

ON THE LAZARONI OF NAPLES.

IN Naples, there are between thirty and forty thouſand idle people, who have no ſtated buſineſs to follow, and likewiſe require none. They need only a few ells of linen for all their clothing, and about a pence a-day for their ſupport. For want of beds, they ſleep every night upon benches; and are thence called, in deriſion, Banchieri, or Lazaroni. With a ſtoical indifference, they deſpiſe the conveniencies of life. Such a number of vagrants muſt always be a great nuiſance in a ſtate; but, at the ſame time, it is very difficult to alter the genius and temper of a nation, and to give a ſpirit of induſtry to people who have ſo ſtrong a propenſity to idleneſs. It requires time and unwearied application, in order firſt to rouſe them to a kind of emulation; and a king who reſides in the country, who is loved and feared by his ſubjects, and is capable of boldly proſecuting a prudent

and judicious plan to that effect. Naples, in that caſe, might become a far more powerful kingdom than it is. Its maritime ſituation preſents the faireſt occaſion for giving employment to ſo many thouſand hands, by manufactures, commerce, and navigation. Among ſuch a multitude of idle vagabonds, there muſt neceſſarily be many looſe and diſorderly perſons, by whom the nation is brought into diſcredit, though in fact, it is no worſe than the reſt of Italy." I have taken the above extract from the third volume of Hiſtorical and Critical Accounts of Italy, by Folkman.

Indeed, I could not but obſerve, at Naples, a very great number of ill-clothed people; but I ſaw none that were unemployed. I accordingly inquired of ſeveral of my friends after the forty thouſand idlers, whom I wanted to be acquainted with; and, as they could give me no information on the ſubject, I went in purſuit of them myſelf, as a ſtrict examination into the matter was ſo neceſſary for forming a notion of the ſtate of the government.

For gaining ſome knowledge, then, of the confuſed maſs of people that are ſeen in the ſtreets and public places, I began by judging and claſſifying the various figures, according to their dreſs, their aſpect, their behaviour, and their occupation. I found this operation much eaſier here than any where elſe, as the people are more left to themſelves, and their outward appearance ſhews their ſtation.

I entered on my obſervations early every morning; and all the men I ſaw here and there ſtanding ſtill, or repoſing themſelves, I found to be people whoſe callings neceſſarily implied ſuch momentary ſituations.

The porters, who have their ſettled ſtations in various parts of the city, and were only waiting till ſome body wanted their ſervice—

The caleſſari, the fellows and lads, who ſtand in the great

great ſquares with caleſhes, looking after their horſes, and ready to attend any body that calls them out—

Sea-faring men, ſmoking their pipes in the molo—

Fiſhermen, who lie baſking in the ſun, becauſe perhaps the wind is unfavourable for putting off to ſea. I remarked likewiſe numbers, paſſing and repaſſing; but moſt of them bore with them the tokens of their activity. Of beggars there were none to be ſeen, except ſuch as were complete cripples, or rendered infirm by age, or impotent by diſeaſe. The more I looked about me, the more accurately I obſerved, the fewer I could perceive, either of the lower or of middling claſſes, either in the morning, or through the greater part of the day, of any age, or of either ſex, that could properly be called idle vagabonds.

But, for rendering what I advance more credible and apparent, I muſt enter a little into particulars. The very children are buſied in various ways. A great number of them bring fiſh for ſale to town from Santa Lucia; others are very often ſeen about the arſenals, or wherever carpenters are at work, employed in gathering up the chips and pieces of wood; or by the ſea-ſide, picking up ſticks, or whatever elſe is drifted on ſhore; which, when their baſket is full, they carry away. Children of two or three years old, who can ſcarcely crawl along on the ground, in company with boys of five or ſix, are employed in this petty trade. From hence they proceed with their baſkets into the heart of the city, where in ſeveral places they form a ſort of little market, ſitting round with their ſtock of wood before them. Labourers, and the lower orders of citizens, buy it of them, to burn in the tripods for warming themſelves, or to uſe it in their ſcanty kitchen.

Other children carry about for ſale the water of the ſulphureous wells, which, particularly in the ſpring-ſeaſon, is drank in great abundance. Others, again, endeavour to turn a few pence, by buying a ſmall

matter of fruit, of preſſed honey-cakes, and comfits; and then, like little pedlars, offer and ſell them to other children, always for no other profit than that they may have their ſhare of them free of expence. It is really curious to ſee how ſuch an urchin, whoſe whole ſtock and property conſiſts in a board and a knife, will carry about a water-melon, or a half-roaſted gourd, collect a troop of children round him, ſet down his board, and proceeds to divide the fruit into ſmall pieces among them. The buyers keep a ſharp look-out, to ſee that they have enough for their little piece of copper; and the Lilliputian tradeſman acts with no leſs caution, as the exigencies of the caſe may require, that he be not cheated out of a morſel. I am convinced, that, during the courſe of a longer ſtay in this place, many more examples of ſuch childiſh trafficking might be collected.

A vaſt number of perſons, partly of the middle ages, and partly boys, that are, generally ſpeaking, very badly clothed, employ themſelves in bringing dung to town on the backs of aſſes. The country lying cloſe about Naples is one continued kitchen-garden; and it is a pleaſure to ſee what an inexpreſſible quantity of greens are brought hither every market-day; which, again, employs the induſtry of mankind in carrying back again the waſte and refuſe of the kitchens, for accelerating the circle of vegetation. From the incredible conſumption of vegetables, the ſtalks and leaves of cauliflowers, brocoli, artichokes, cabbages, ſallad, and garlic, really make a great part of the Neapolitan compoſt; all this is, therefore, carefully looked after. Two large pliant panniers hang acroſs the aſs; and are not only filled quite to the top, but are piled up with great art, till the heaps meet over the back of the beaſt. No garden can ſubſiſt without one or more of theſe uſeful animals. A ſervant, a lad, and frequently the maſter himſelf

himſelf, go backwards and forwards as often as they can in the day, as they find the city at all hours a mine of wealth. How attentive theſe collectors are to the dung of horſes and mules may eaſily be imagined. Very reluctantly do they leave the ſtreets at the coming on of night; and the gentry, who return from the opera after midnight, little think that already, before day-break, ſome diligent man is carefully tracing the ſteps of their horſes. I have been credibly aſſured, that a couple of theſe people, who, joining to buy an aſs, hire themſelves to a capital proprietor of cabbage-grounds, by perſevering induſtry in this happy climate, where vegetation is never interrupted, will ſoon be in a condition to purchaſe a conſiderable poſſeſſion for themſelves.

It would lead me too far out of my way, were I here to ſpeak of the various wares and commodities, and the different kinds of traffic, that are ſeen with ſatisfaction in Naples, as well as in other places; but I muſt take notice of the venders that ply the ſtreets, as it particularly relates to the inferior claſs of the people. Some go about with glaſſes of ice-water, and lemons, for making lemonade for their cuſtomers; a drink which even the very loweſt perſons cannot do without; others, with hand-waiters, on which are ſet flaſks of various liquors, with drinking-glaſſes broke in the ſhank, and ſtuck in pieces of wood to keep them from falling; others carry baſkets of all kinds of paſtry, ſweetmeats, lemons, and different fruits; and it ſeems as though every one was inclined to indulgence, and to augment the grand feſtival of enjoyment which is every day kept at Naples.

As theſe peripatetic dealers are always occupied, ſo there are likewiſe a great number of petty tradeſmen, who carry on an ambulatory trade in the ſame way, and offer their trifling commodities, without ceremony, on boards, or in open boxes; and, in the ſquares, ſpread forth their whole ſhop on the even ground.

We are not here ſpeaking of wares that are to b found in the moſt reſpectable ſhops, bnt merely o the fripperies. Not a particle of iron, leather, clot h linen, thread, that is not brought again to market as frippery, and that is not again bought and ſold by others. There are, again, numbers of the lower orders of people, who act as runners and labourers to tradeſmen and mechanics.

It is true, that one cannot advance many ſteps without meeting with an ill-dreſſed, or even a ragged fellow; but this poor fellow is not, therefore, a vagrant or a ſcoundrel. Nay, I might almoſt venture to affirm, what will appear a paradox, that at Naples there is proportionably, perhaps even the moſt induſtry, to be found in the very loweſt claſſes. This induſtry, indeed, is not to be compared with that of the northern countries; which has not only to provide for the preſent day and hour, but, on fair and fine days for the dark and rainy, in ſummer for winter. Hence the Northlander is compelled by nature to make particular proviſions and arrrangements; the houſewife muſt look after her ſaltings, her dryings, and ſmokings, that the kitchen may be ſupplied in the winter; the huſband muſt ſee to the cutting down of wood for firing, to the laying up a ſtore of fruits of the earth, getting proper fodder for the cattle, &c. All this robs them of the enjoyment of the fineſt days and hours, which are neceſſarily devoted to labour. A great part of the year, a man chuſes to keep himſelf at home, as the air without is unpleaſant and rude; he is obliged to ſhelter himſelf from the ſtorm, from the rain, from the ſnow, from the froſt; the ſeaſons are inceſſantly ſucceeding each other, and every man who will not come to ruin muſt be a good economiſt. For the queſtion here is not, whether he will diſpenſe with all this. It does not depend on his choice to diſpenſe with it; it would be needleſs to reſolve to diſpenſe with it, for he cannot, if he would; Nature herſelf

ſelf compels him to provide work for himſelf. Certainly theſe natural effects, which remain unaltered for thouſands of years, have determined the character of the northern nations, which is ſo reſpectable in ſuch a variety of regards. On the other hand, we judge of the ſouthern nations, which have the benefit of ſo mild and benign an atmoſphere, with too much ſeverity, from the point of view in which we behold them. What M. de Paw, in his *Recherches ſur le Grecs*, takes occaſion to advance, when ſpeaking of the cynic philoſophers, ſuits perfectly with the ſubject we are on. We do not form juſt ideas, he thinks, of the wretched condition of ſuch men; their maxim of diſpenſing with all things was favoured by a climate that ſupplied them with all things. A man in our opinion poor and wretched, could, in thoſe countries, not only ſatisfy the neceſſary and firſt wants of life, but might enjoy the world to the beſt advantage; and ſo may a pretended Neapolitan beggar look down with contempt on a viceroy of Norway, and reject with diſdain the government of Siberia, if the Empreſs of Ruſſia were diſpoſed to make him the offer of it.

.....

LENORA.

A BALLAD.

AT break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora ſtruggled ſore:
My William, art thou ſlaine, ſay'd ſhe,
Or doſt thou love no more?

He went abroade with Richard's hoſt,
The Paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were ſick or well.

With

With ſowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-ſoldyers come;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They ſeeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladſome toung.

"Thank God!" their wives and children ſaide,
"Welcome!" the brides did ſaye:
But greete or kiſs Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She aſkte of all the paſſing traine,
For him ſhe wiſht to ſee;
But none of all the paſſing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the ſoldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And caſt herſelf upon the growne
In furious deſpaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And claſped in her arme,
"My child, my child, what doſt thou ail?
God ſhield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone!
What's all beſyde to me!
There is no mercye, ſure, above!
All, all were ſpar'd but hee!"

"Knell downe, thy paternoſter ſaye,
'Twill calm thy troubled ſpright:
The Lord is wiſe, the Lord is good;
What he hath done is right."

" O mother, mother! ſay not ſo;
Moſt cruel is my fate.
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avayl'd?
'Tis now, alas! too late."

" Our heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a ſuff'ring childe:
Go take the holy ſacrament;
So ſhall thy grief grow milde."

" O mother, what I feel within,
No ſacrament can ſtaye;
No ſacrament can teche the dead
To bear the ſight of daye."

" May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William falſe doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

Then wherefore ſorrow for his loſs
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his ſoul and body parte,
His falſehode brings him paine."

" O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorne;
The grave mie onlye ſafeguarde is—
O, had I ne'er been borne!

Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
In griſlie darkneſs die:
There is no mercye, ſure above!
For ever let me die."

" Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguiſh makes her wilde.

My

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliſs;
For ſo, at leaſt, ſhall not thy ſoule
Its heavenly bridegroom miſs."

" O mother, mother! what is bliſſe,
And what the fiendis celle?
With him'tis heaven any where,
Without my William helle.

Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
In endleſs darkneſs die:
Without him I muſt loathe the earth,
Without him ſcorne the ſkye.

And ſo deſpaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Againſt the providence of Heaven
She hurlde her impious ſtrains.

She bet her breaſte, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearleſſe eye,
From riſe of morn, till the pale ſtars
Again did freeke the ſkye.

When harke! abroade, ſhe hearde the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed ſteede;
She herde a knighte with clank alighte,
And climb the ſtaire in ſpeede.

And ſoon ſhe herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And through her door, that open'd not,
Theſe words were breathed in.

" What ho! what ho! thy dore undoe;
Art watching or aſleepe?
My love doſt yet remember mee,
And doſt thou laugh or weepe?

" Al

"Ah! William here ſo late at night!
Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
Whence doſt thou come? For thy return
My hearte has ſorely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and ſea:
I mounted late, but ſoone I go;
Aryſe, and come with me.

"O, William! enter firſt my bowre,
And give me one embrace,
The blaſts athwarte the hawthorne hiſs;
Awayte a little ſpace."

"The blaſts athwarte the hawthorne hiſs,
I may not harboure here;
My ſpurre is ſharpe, my courſer pawes,
My houre of flighte is nere.

"All as thou lyeſt upon thy couch,
Aryſe, and mount behinde;
To-night we'll ride a thouſand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

"How ride to-night a thouſand miles?
Thy love thou doſt bemocke:
Eleven is the ſtroke that ſtill
Rings on within the clocke."

"Looke up, the moone is bright, and we
Outſtride the earthlie men:
I'll take thee to the bridal bed.
And night ſhall end but then."

"And where is, then, thy houſe and home;
And where thy bridal bed?"
"'Tis narrow, ſilent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I reſt my head."

"And

"And is there any room for mee,
Wherein that I may creepe?"
"There's room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that we may ſleepe.

All as thou ly'ſt upon thy couch,
Aryſe, no longer ſtop;
The wedding gueſts thy coming waite,
The chamber-dore is ope."

All in her ſarke, as there ſhe lay,
Upon his horſe ſhe ſprung;
And with her lily hands ſo pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-ſkurry forth they go
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blow;
And ſparkling pebbles fly.

How ſwift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they paſs,
But earthlie ſowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede;
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſee:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt feare to ride with mee?

The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
Doſt quake the blaſt to ſtem;
Doſt ſhudder, mayde, to ſeeke the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them!

How glumlie ſownes yon dirgye ſong!
Night-ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth ſlowlie tong ding-dong?
The pſalmes of death who ſing?

It creeps, the ſwarthie funeral traine,
The corſe is onn the beere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chaunte doth meet the eere."

"Go, bear her corſe when midnight's paſt,
With ſong, and tear, and wayle;
I've gott my wife, I take her home,
My howre of wedlocke hayl.

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
To ſwell our nuptial ſong:
Come, preaſte, and reade the bleſſing ſoone;
For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and huſht the ſowne;
The beere was ſeen no more;
And followde him oré field and flood
Yet faſter than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe.
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe;
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

How ſwifte the hill, how ſwifte the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede;
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſſe the ſee:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt feare to ride with mee?

Look up, look up, an airy crew;
In roundel daunces reele:
The moon is brighte, and blue the nyghte,
Mayſt dimlie ſee them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye goſtlie crew,
Come to, and follow mee,
And daunce for us the wedding-daunce,
When we in bed ſhall be."

And bruſh, bruſh, bruſh, the goſtlie crew,
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All ruſtling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the wirlwinds ſpreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe:
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonſhyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar;
And backwarde ſcudded overhead
The ſky and every ſtar.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede:
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſee:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt fear to ride with mee?

I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The ſand will ſoone be runne:
I ſnuffe the early morning aire;
Downe, downe! our work is done.

The dead, the dead can ride apace;
Our wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
Our endleſſe union knit."

And lo! an yren-grated gate
Soon biggens to their viewe:
He crackte his whippe; the clangynge boltes,
The doores aſunder flewe.

They paſs, and 'twas on graves they trode:
"'Tis hither we are bounde:"
And many a tombſtone, goſtlie white,
Lay in the moonſhine rounde.

And when hee from his ſteede alytte,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked ſkull;
Nor haire nor eyne had hee:
His body grew a ſkeleton,
Whilome ſo blythe of blee.

And att his drye and boney heele
No ſpurre was left to be:
And inn his witherde hand you might
The ſcythe and hour-glaſſe ſee.

And, lo! his ſteede did thin to ſmoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vaniſh'd quite
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
And ſhrekes from vaults aroſe.
Then knew the mayde ſhe mighte no more
Her living eyes uncloſe.

But onwarde to the judgment-ſeat,
Through myſte and moon-lighte dreare,
The goſtlie crew their flyghte perſewe,
And hollowe inn her eare:—

"Be patient; though thine herte ſhould breke,
Arrayne not Heven's decree;
Thou now are of thie body reſte,
Thie ſoul forgiven bee!"

ADVENTURES IN A WELCH COTTAGE.

WE took ſhelter at a moſt miſerable looking hut, at the ſide of the heath; and accepted the protection it offered, with as entire good will as if it had been an eaſtern palace. My horſe was obliged to crawl into a kind of outhouſe, where a ſwine-driver and his pigs had the inſtant before taken refuge; and while I was reconciling my ſteed to this ſociety, a Jew pedlar and his pack, and another traveller with his dog, crowded. Neceſſity, as Shakeſpeare ſays, brings one acquainted with ſtrange company; not that theſe are the words of that immortal bard, and of courſe my memory has injured the ſentiment; but you, who have literally his works by heart, can do him juſtice.

A being, ſcarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I entered. Its inhabitants—How ſhall I deſcribe them? Fancy ſomething which aſſembles the extremes of filth, penury, health, and felicity; perſonify theſe among men, women, and children; give to each of them forms and features, which confer a ſort of grace and beauty on the houſehold of the barber of Barmouth, by compariſon. Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity, into motion; and having formed a groupe, imagine that you ſee it unſhod, unſtockinged, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated, and unbreeched. Young and old were buſied in counting the fineſt and freſheſt herrings I ever ſaw, that inſtant brought in from the fiſhing-boat. The father of the family, to whom the boat belonged, declared he had never had ſo proſperous a voyage; and though he was almoſt blown away, he would hazard twice as much danger for ſuch another drag. "Look! what a ſize they are of; and how they ſhine, my boys and girls! I'faith, they ſeemed plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in ſhoals to the nets, as if they took ſhelter in them; little thinking, poor fools! that the

was a jump from the water to the fire! And, now I talk of that—here, put half a dozen of them into the pan, for I am deuced hungry; and, mayhap, this gentleman may be ſo too; and if ſo be that he is, he ſhall be as welcome to a freſh herring and a brown biſcuit as myſelf.—What ſay you, my heart of oak," continued he, clapping me as familiarly on the ſhoulder as if I had been his meſſmate; and, indeed, treating me as hoſpitably as if I had been ſo, and we had both eſcaped from a wreck to his cabin. Perceiving my dripping ſituation, he ſaid,—" Come, ſhipmate, doff your jacket; put on this rug; come to anchor in that corner; warm your ſhivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fiſh ſpeak like an orator. There, another ſwig!—Don't be afraid of it! One more. And now you will do, while your rigging and canvaſs are rigging."

All this time, mine hoſt of the hovel ſtood in his ſea-drenched apparel? on my reminding him of which, he cried out, ſmilingly—" Ah! you are a freſh-water ſailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of ſeaſoning before you were good for any thing: but, for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can get good fiſh abroad, and good fleſh at home—ſo fry away, Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a ſhark; and, though I have drank like a whale, I ſhall now eat like a lion—and I hope you will do the ſame, meſſmate."

By this time, mine hoſteſs ſet before us our diſh of herrings; which, with oat-meal cakes, potatoes, and butter-milk, furniſhed one of the heartieſt dinners I ever ate: after which, the ſailor made me partake of a can of flip; ſung a ſong about the dangers and hardſhips of the ſea-faring life; and made me take notice, that he was the happy father of a cabin full of children; that I might ſee another was on the ſtocks; and that, if it pleaſed God to ſend him a dozen ſuch pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen of ſea-

ſons, he ſhould be as able, as he was willing, to procure a ſnug birth for every one—"And meantime, Maſter, we will have another ſip of grog, and drink ſucceſs to the herring-fiſhery."

Our regale was ſoon interrupted by the ſudden exclamations from without doors, of—"She's loſt! ſhe's loſt! ſhe can't weather it!—ſhe muſt go to the bottom! There is not water enough for her to come in, and the wind blows like the devil in her teeth!—ſhe's ſinking! the next ſea will finiſh her!" All the cottagers ran to the beach, which was within a few paces. I followed inſtinctively. The hurricane was again renewed, the ſeas ran mountain-high, and a ſmall coaſting veſſel was ſtruggling with them. In a few minutes, the ſtrand was covered with ſpectators, but not idle ones. The whole of the villagers hurried to give aſſiſtance. Among the crowd, I diſcovered both the pig-driver and the pedlar, whoſe ſituation I had began to relate to my kind-hearted hoſt: but the moſt aſſiduous of the whole multitude, was a young woman; who, while the tears ran down her cheeks, was amidſt the firſt to leap into a ſmall boat, which had been anchored on the beach, and in which the maſter of our cottage, and three others, reſolved to truſt themſelves, to offer ſuch aſſiſtance as was in their power. The wind did not abate of its fury, but ſhifted a few points more in ſhore: this, perhaps, in a veſſel of greater burden, might have been fatal; but was, in ſome ſort, favourable to the little bark in diſtreſs. She had, by tacking, gained a ſtation parallel to a part of the harbour, where ſhe might run aſhore; which ſhe did, at length, without much damage: and the only thing now to be apprehended, was the loſs of the boat that had gone out to her ſuccour. The people on board the veſſel were almoſt inſtantly on land; and one of them being ſhewn the boat, and told, at the ſame time, that ſhe went out to the relief of the crew, was among the moſt active to throw out a rope, and try to return the

the favour intended him in kind. The ſame circumſtance, however, which brought in the veſſel, preſently befriended the boat; who, venturing to ſet her ſail, was, after a few deſperate rolls, impelled over the billows, and driven, as it were, headlong on ſhore: but not before the ſailor, who had been handing out a rope, perceived the female in the boat, on which he threw himſelf to the ground, in the eagerneſs of catching her in his arms. You already feel they were lovers. They were more. The bands of matrimony had united them the week before. The very fiſhing boat, which was driven on ſhore, was the mutual property of the two fathers, who had agreed to give up each his ſhare, to their ſon and daughter, as the wedding portion: two of the men in the little ſkiff were the fathers: the profits of the herring ſeaſon were to be the children's fortune. How thin are the bounds that ſeparate the extremes of happineſs, from the exceſſes of miſery! The former, however, were now realized: the veſſel brought in a good freight, the fathers were ſaved, and the children were happy. They all reſided, and were, indeed, natives of the village; but mine hoſt, whoſe houſe was neareſt to the place of landing, and had a heart ſufficiently expanded to fill a palace with people that ſtood in need of hoſpitality, inſiſted, that as ſoon as the Little Sally and Jack, which it ſeems was the name of the fiſhing-boat, could be left for half an hour, they ſhould paſs it with him: this being agreed to, all hands went to work upon the Little Sally and Jack; and, if I had not been apprehenſive that my ignorance in what was to be done would rather have confuſed than aſſiſted, my poor aid ſhould not have been with-held.

Matters being put to rights, and leſs miſchief done than might have been expected, the company ſet off for the hut of my generous hoſt; who took a hand of each of the married lovers, walking between them, and told them, he hoped, that as they had ſo well eſcaped Davy's

vy's Locker this time, they would tumble in a ham-mock together theſe fifty years. A freſh ſupply of fiſh was immediately ordered into the pan; my land-lord ſwearing a terrible oath that on this occaſion—for there was a ſtrict friendſhip between him and the par-ties preſerved—the old ſaying ſhould be verified, as to their ſwimming thrice: accordingly, for their ſecond ocean, it was determined that the bowl, which, ſome years before, had commemorated an eſcape from a ſhipwreck in his own fortunes, ſhould now be filled to the brim, to celebrate the ſucceſs of the Little Sally and Jack. I was preſſed to ſtay and take my ſhare, on pain of being deemed too proud to be happy among poor people; and on obſerving, that my ſteed all this time was in a ſtate which reproached me for faring ſo ſumptuouſly, he ſtarted up, declaring, that, though he could not ride, he loved a horſe next to a man, and that if mine would put up with a meſs of bran, inſtead of hay, of which he had none, and a draught of ale, in-ſtead of water, he ſhould be as welcome as his own foal. I took him at his word, and ſtaid to witneſs and join in the feſtivities, till there was juſt enough of the evening left to reach Abdereſtdwith. I would have of-fered a ſmall token of acknowledgement for what I had received, but that I ſaw a tremendous frown ga-thering on the brow of my hoſt, and an oath quivering on his lip, which frightened me from my deſign, and made me only take his hand, with an aſſurance, that I would never paſs his houſe without ſtopping to ſee if all was well on board, and how the herring fiſhery ſuc-ceeded. This ſo pleaſed him, that he made the bowl go round to my health, and wiſhing another gale of wind would blow me into his hovel, as often as I ſhould come along aſide of it; then led out my horſe, held my ſtirrup while I mounted, and huzza'd me in three hearty cheers, till I was out of ſight.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF THE DRUIDS.

[From ADAM's Summary of Geography.]

THE religious principles of the Druids are thought to have been ſimilar to thoſe of the Gymnoſophiſts and Brahmans of India, the Magi of Perſia, and the Chaldeans of Aſſyria, and therefore to have been derived from the ſame origin. Cæſar thinks that the doctrine of the Druids was transferred from Britain into Gaul; and therefore, in his time, ſuch Gauls as wiſhed to underſtand their doctrines more accurately, repaired to Britain for inſtruction, Ib. But Pliny ſuppoſes Druidiſm to have croſſed from Britain into Gaul, xxx. 1. ſ. 4. The Druids, like the other prieſts juſt now mentioned, kept ſome of their opinions ſecret, and taught others publicly, Mela. iii. 2. The education of youth was one of their moſt important charges. They taught their ſcholars a great number of verſes; and ſome ſpent twenty years in learning them. They thought it unlawful to commit their tenets to writing; although, in other public affairs, and in their private accounts, they uſed the Greek letters, Cæſ. ib. Whatever opinions the Druids privately entertained, in public they worſhipped a multiplicity of deities, Cæſar, B. G. The names of their two chief divinities were Teutates and Heſus, to whom they offered human victims, Lucan. i. 445. Lactant. de falſ. relig. i. 21. It was an article in their creed, that nothing but the life of man could atone for the life of man. On ſolemn occaſions they reared huge images, whoſe members, wrought with oſiers, they filled with living men, and, as Strabo ſays, with other animals, Strab. iv. 198.; then ſetting fire to the images, they burnt theſe miſerable creatures, as an offering to their cruel divinities. Thieves, and robbers, and other malefactors, were preferred for this purpoſe; but if theſe were wanting, innocent

innocent perſons were taken, Cæſar, ibid. Diodorus ſays, that condemned criminals uſed to be reſerved for five years, and on a certain day burnt all together. Captives in war alſo uſed to be immolated in the ſame manner, v. 32.

The Druids performed all their acts of worſhip in the open air; for they thought it derogated from the greatneſs of the gods, to confine them within walls, or to reſemble them to any human form, Tacit. Mor. G. 9. Several circles of ſtones are to be ſeen in different parts of Britain and the weſtern iſles, which ſtill go by the name of *Druid Temples*; of which thoſe at Stonehenge, about ſix miles from Saliſbury in Wiltſhire, and at Stennes, a ſmall lake near Stromneſs in Pomona, one of the Orkney iſlands, are the moſt remarkable.

The moſt ſacred ſolemnities of the Druids were uſually held on the ſixth day of the moon, which was always the firſt day of their months, Plin. xvi. fin. To be excluded from theſe ſacred rites (*ſacraficiis interdici*) was eſteemed the moſt grievous puniſhment, which the Druids inflicted on ſuch as they judged proper. Thoſe againſt whom this ſentence of excommunication was pronounced, were conſidered as impious and wicked, and avoided by every one as if affected with a contagious diſeaſe. They were denied the protection of law, and rendered incapable of any honour or truſt, Cæſar, ib. The Druids enforced their authority by holding forth to their votaries the rewards and puniſhments of a future ſtate; and thus inſpired them with a contempt of danger and of death, Mela iii. Cæſar and Diodorus ſay, that the Druids taught the Pythagorean doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſoul into other bodies, Ib. But Lucan and Marcellinus repreſent them as teaching, that the ſoul after death aſcended into an higher orb, where it enjoyed a more perfect happineſs. Thus, Lucan i. 455: *Umbra non tacitas Erebi ſedes, Ditiſque profundi Pallida regna petunt*

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regit idem ſpiritus artus Orbe alio.—Certe populis, quos deſpicit Arctos, Felices errore ſuo quos ille timorum Maximus, haud urget leti metus,—inde ruendi in ferrum mens prona viris, &c. So Marcellinus, xv. 9. The Druids alſo taught their diſciples many other things, about aſtrology, aſtronomy, geography, phyſiology, and theology, Cæſar, ib.

The great power of the Druids brought upon them the vengeance of the Romans, who, in other inſtances, were ſeldom intolerant. The pretext for this was, the cruelty committed by the Druids in their ſacred rites; but the true reaſon was their influence over the people. The authority of the Druids in Gaul was, by various means, ſo much reduced in the time of Claudius, that that emperor is ſaid to have deſtroyed them altogether, about A. D. 45. Suet. Cl. 25. And, in Britain, Suetonius Paulinus, the governor of that country under Nero, having taken the iſland Angleſey, not only cut down the ſacred groves of the Druids in that place, and overturned their altars, but alſo burnt many of the Druids themſelves, in thoſe fires which they had kindled for ſacrificing the Roman captives, if the Britons had gained the victory, Tacit. Annal. xiv. 30. So many of the Druids were deſtroyed on this occaſion, and in the ſubſequent revolt under Queen Boudicea or Boadicea, that they never afterwards made any figure. Their ſuperſtition, however, continued, and prevailed, even long after the introduction of Chriſtianity.

Although the Romans, by diſarming the Britons, reduced them to a very defenceleſs ſtate, as appeared when the Roman legions were withdrawn, yet they greatly improved the country by the introduction of arts and civilization. To ſecure their conqueſts, and accuſtom the vanquiſhed to the Roman manners, they planted colonies in different parts, as at York, Lincoln, and Cheſter. The firſt colony planted in Britain was at *Camelodunum*, Tacit. Annal. xii. 32. which Camden and Horſely think was the ſame with Malden in

in Eſſex; ſome ſuppoſe it to have been at Colcheſter. Other places they made *municipia*, that is, they granted to the inhabitants the privileges of Roman citizens, as to London, and Verulam near St Alban's, which, in conſequence of this advantage, ſuddenly increaſed in opulence and population; to ſuch a degree, that, in the great revolt under Boadicea, in theſe two towns alone no fewer than ſeventy thouſand were ſlain, on account of their attachment to the Romans, Tacit. Annal. xiv. 33. So great progreſs did the Britons make in agriculture, and the other arts, under the Romans, that they did not recover the effects of the devaſtation which ſucceeded the departure of the Romans, for ſeveral hundred years.

The Britons called by the name of city a thick wood, fortified by a rampart and ditch, to ſecure them againſt the incurſions of an enemy, Cæſ. b. G. v. 17. ſ. 21. Having cut down the trees, they formed a circle where they built cottages for themſelves, and hovels for their cattle, Strab. iv. 200. The houſes of the Britons, like thoſe of the ancient Germans, conſiſted only of a few ſtakes driven into the ground, interwoven with wattles, and covered over with the boughs of trees, Tacit. de Mor. G. 46. According to Diodorus they were conſtructed of wood, and covered with ſtraw, v. 21. as it is thought, in a circular form, with high tapering roofs, and an opening at top, as thoſe of the Gauls, Strab. iv. 197. Hence the firſt ſtone edifices, of which there are ſtill ſome remains in the Weſtern iſles, were built in the form of a circle, and have a large aperture at the top. The inhabitants of Cantium had learned from the Gauls to build houſes ſomewhat more ſubſtantial and convenient, Cæſ. b. v. 10. ſ. 12.

Tacitus repreſents the ſoil of Britain as fertile in grain, and all kinds of fruits, except the olive and vine, and ſuch fruits as require a warmer ſun. Vegetation, he obſerves, is quick in ſhooting up, but ſlow in

ming to maturity; both owing to the great moiſture of the ground and of the atmoſphere, Agric. 12.

All the Britons painted their bodies with woad (*vitrum* vel *glaſtum*), which gave them a bluiſh appearance, and a more dreadful aſpect in battle They wore their hair long, and ſhaved all the other parts of their body, except the head and upper lip. There was a community of wives, eſpecially among brothers and other near relations. The children were ſuppoſed to belong to thoſe by whom each had been married when a virgin. Dio Caſſius ſays, their children alſo were brought up in common, lxii. 6. lxxvi. 12. and 16. They uſed either braſs or iron rings, adjuſted to a certain weight, for money. Cæſar mentions neither gold nor ſilver in Britain, B. G. v. 10. s. 12. And Cicero ſays, he had been informed, probably by his brother Quintus, that there was none in it, Ep. Fam. vii. 7.; Att. iv. 16. But Strabo ſays, it produced both iv. 199. So Tacitus, Agric. 12. Suetonius imputes Cæſar's invaſion of Britain to his hope of obtaining pearls, (*margaritæ* v. *uniones*) 57. which Pliny informs us, were found on different parts of the coaſt, ix. 35. but, as Tacitus obſerves, of a dark and livid colour, Agric. 12. There was plenty of timber of all kinds, except the beech and fir. Moſt of the country indeed was covered with wood. It was reckoned unlawful to taſte of hare, fowl, (*gallina*) or gooſe; although they bred theſe animals for the ſake of fancy and pleaſure. Dio Caſſius relates, what is hardly credible, that they in like manner abſtained from fiſh, lxxvi. 12. The climate of Britain is ſaid to have been more temperate than that of Gaul, Cæſar, ib.

The Britons were remarkable for their ſize, according to Strabo, (who mentioned his having ſeen them, 200.), exceeding the talleſt perſons at Rome by half a foot; but ill ſet on their limbs, and clumſy in their make. They had blue or azure-coloured eyes, (*Cærulea lumina*), and yellow hair, Ib. as the Germans, Juvenal.

nal. xiii. 164. but less yellow (ἧσσον ξανθοτριχες) than the Gauls, Strab. ib. The Caledonians had ruddy hair, which, with their large limbs, Tacitus observes, indicated a German origin. The swarthy or olive-coloured complexion, and curly hair of the Silures, together with the situation of their country, opposite to Spain, rendered it probable that they were sprung from a colony of Iberians. Similarity of customs, temper, and language, shewed that the parts of Britain next to Gaul were peopled from thence, Tacit. Agric. 11. The remarkable figure of the Britons, as well as their being a newly conquered enemy, seems to have induced the Romans to exhibit them in the scenery on the stage, Virg. G. iii. 25. being represented on the purple curtains, (*intexti*, interwoven in the cloth) which, on the Roman theatre, contrary to our custom, used to be raised (*tolli*) from the flooring to the top, where the figures appeared to rise gradually with the curtain, as it is beautifully described by Ovid. Met. iii. 111.; whence the Britons themselves are said to raise these curtains, Virg. ib. Possibly some captives or slaves of that nation were also employed for this purpose; for the words of Virgil, in the opinion of Servius, convey both these senses. Servius, however, is mistaken in ascribing to Augustus the conquest of Britain.

"Cæsar, in describing the British mode of fighting from chariots, B. G. iv. 29. s. 33. appears to differ somewhat from Tacitus. The ancient Britons, except the Druids, were all trained to arms; and even their youthful diversions were usually of a martial kind. Solinus informs us, c. 22. that when a woman in Britain brought forth a male child, she laid its first food upon the husband's sword, and with the point gently put it within the infant's mouth, praying to her country deities, that his death might, in like manner, be in the midst of arms. But this must be understood of the dirk, or dagger, Dio. lxxvi. 12. for the Britons, as

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leaſt the Caledonians, uſed a broad ſword without a point. Tacit. Agric. 36.; Veget. i. 12. Beſides the ſword and dirk, they had alſo a ſpear, with which they ſometimes fought hand to hand, and ſometimes uſed it as a miſſile weapon, with a thong fixed to it for recovering it again; and at the butt-end a round ball of braſs, filled with pieces of metal, to make a noiſe when they engaged with cavalry, Dio. ib. et Herodian, iii. and 46. Some, inſtead of ſpears, were armed with bows and arrows. They had no defenſive armour, but ſmall light ſhields or targets, (*breves cetræ*), made of oſiers or boards, covered over with leather, Ib. et Tacit. Agric. 36.

"The troops of the ancient Britons were not divided into diſtinct corps, conſiſting each of a certain number of men, and commanded by officers of different ranks, like the Roman legions, or our modern regiments; but the warriors of each clan or *gens* formed a ſeparate band, commanded by its own chieftain (*dux gentis*), Tacit. Ann. xii. 34. The ſeveral clans of one ſtate were commanded by the ſovereign (*princeps* vel *rex*) of that ſtate. When ſeveral ſtates formed a confederacy, they choſe, by common conſent, a generaliſſimo of the combined army. Such were Caſſivellaunus, or Caſſibellanus, againſt Cæſar, Cæſ. B. G. v. 9. ſ. 11.; Caractacus againſt Oſtorius, Tacit. Ann. xii. 33.; Boadicea againſt Suetonius, Ib. xiv. 31.; and Galgacus againſt Agricola, Id. Agric. 29. Before battle, the general uſed to harangue his troops; after which they commonly expreſſed their alacrity by ſongs, yells, and loud ſhouts, Ib. 33. Then they ruſhed forward to the attack with great fury, Tacit. Agric. 16. ſinging the war ſong, as the Germans; Id. de mor. G. 2. But the impetuous courage of the Britons could not withſtand the ſuperior arms and diſcipline of the Romans. They were all, therefore, after a long and obſtinate conteſt, obliged to yield, one ſtate after another, except the Caledonians, who likewiſe, notwith-

ſtanding their ferocity, muſt finally have been ſubdued, had not the death of Severus fortunately preſerved to them their independence."

DESCRIPTION OF ATHENS.

[FROM THE SAME.]

THE city of Athens at firſt conſiſted of nothing but the citadel, built on the top of a high rock, ſixty ſtadia, or ſeven miles and a half round, called *Cecropia*, from Cecrops, the firſt king of Athens, afterwards *Athenæ*, as it was thought, from the Greek name or Minerva (*Athenæ*), and by way of eminence, *polis* or *aſtu*, the city, Strab. ix. p. 396. When, from the increaſe of inhabitants, the lower grounds were built on, the citadel was called Acropolis, or *he ano polis*, the upper city; and the buildings in the plain *he kato polis*, the lower city.

The citadel was, in after times, ſurrounded with a ſtrong wall, of which one part was built by Cimon, and another by ſome Pelaſgi, who lived at the bottom of the citadel, Pauſan. i. 28. There was but one entrance to the citadel by ſtairs. The veſtibules to it, called *Propylæa*, were built of white marble; and are ſaid to have coſt 2012 talents, i. e. L. 452,700, Suidas in *Propul.* Their ſplendid ornaments are deſcribed by Pauſanias, i. 22.

In the citadel were ſeveral magnificent edifices; the chief of which was the temple of Minerva, called Parthenon (quaſi ædes virginum), either becauſe that goddeſs was a virgin, or becauſe it was dedicated by the daughters of Erectheus, who were virgins *parthnoi*, Pauſan. i. 24. viii. 41. It was burnt by the Perſians, and repuilt with the fineſt marble by Pericles, ib. et Strab. ix. 39.

A. 395. It is ſtill ſtanding, and juſtly eſteemed one of the nobleſt remains of antiquity, about two hundred and twenty-nine feet long, one hundred and one feet broad, and ſixty-nine feet high.

In this temple was the celebrated coloſſal ſtatue of Minerva, made by Phidias, under the direction of Pericles, twenty-ſix cubits, or thirty-nine feet high, of gold and ivory; forty talents of gold were uſed in making it, ſuppoſed to be worth L. 123,500 of our money; others make it more.

On the ſhield of Minerva, Phidias made a portrait of himſelf, Cic. Tuſc. i. 15. ſo artfully, that it could not be removed without deſtroying the whole, Or. Orat. 71.

There was in the citadel a number of ſtatues in honour of Minerva; among the reſt, one which was believed to have fallen from heaven. It was ſhapleſs, and made of olive wood, Pauſ. i. 26. This image was held in the greateſt veneration. The different diſtricts or boroughs (*demoi*) of Attica had each gods peculiar to themſelves; but they all concurred in worſhipping Minerva, Ibid. There was an image of braſs erected to Minerva, after the battle of Marathon, from the ſpoils of the Perſians, which was alſo the work of Phidias, C. 28.

The Athenians erected ſtatues in the citadel and other parts of the city, not only in honour of the gods, but alſo of their moſt diſtinguiſhed citizens; as, Miltiades, Themiſtocles, Ariſtides, Cimon, Xanthippus, Pericles, Conon, Alcibiades, Thraſybulus, Timotheus, Iphicrates, Phocion, &c. which was a great incentive to virtue.

In the veſtibule of the Parthenon was to be ſeen the throne, with ſilver feet, on which Xerxes placed himſelf to view the battle of Salamis, Demoſth. in Timocr.

Adjoining to the Parthenon was the public treaſury, called Opiſthodomos, becauſe built behind the temple.

It was surrounded with a double wall; and treasurers, chosen annually by lot, deposited there the sums entrusted to them by the senate. The chief of the Prytanes, or the president of the senate, who was changed every day, had the charge of the key, Pollux, viii. 8. The treasurers, having once embezzled the public money, burnt this edifice to the ground, to conceal their villainy, Demosth. in Timocrat. et Scholiast.

The Athenians at first paid the chief attention to husbandry, particularly to the cultivation of the olive, but afterwards also to commerce. They therefore built a joint temple to Minerva and Neptune, with a chapel consecrated to each. On the one side was the olive-tree, which sprang out of the earth at the command of Minerva; and on the other a fountain of salt-water, said to have been produced by the stroke of Neptune's trident. These alluded to the contest recorded in fable between these two divinities, about giving name to the city, Hygin. 164. and this common temple to the joint homage which the Athenians afterwards paid to both, Herodot. viii. 55. Pausan. i. 26.

In this temple, before the statue of Minerva, was suspended a famous golden lamp, the work of Calimachus, who hurt his performances by striving too much to make them perfect, Pausan. ibid. et Plin. xxxiv. 8. s. 19. fin.

The numerous temples, statues, and other monuments in the citadel, have been described by various authors, particularly by Pausanias, i. 22. 23. &c.

Of the temples in the lower city, the most remarkable, and indeed one of the most magnificent in the antient world, was that of Jupiter Olympius, Liv. xli. 20. It was supported on marble columns, the first that were built in Athens, and which Sylla afterwards carried to Rome, Plin. xxxvi. 6. s. 5. The temple was four stadia, or half a mile in circuit. It was founded by Pisistratus; some say, by Deucalion, Pausan. i. 18. but not finished till after the time of Adrian, about seven

ſeven hundred years after. That emperor, who greatly favoured Athens, completed it, and added to it a library and gymnaſium, in which laſt were one hundred columns of Lybian marble. He alſo adorned the city with ſeveral other works, ib.

Some veſtiges of the temple of Jupiter Olympius are ſuppoſed to remain; but antiquarians differ about their ſituation. Thucydides ſays, it ſtood on the ſouth of the citadel, ii. 15.

Among the principal edifices in Athens was the temple of Theſeus, built by Cimon, ſome years after the battle of Salamis, of the Doric order, in the form of an oblong ſquare, with a beautiful portico around it. Its ornaments are deſcribed, Pauſ. i. 17. It is ſtill ſtanding entire; ſo alſo, in a great meaſure, is the Pantheon, or temple dedicated to all the gods; a magnificent building, ſupported by one hundred and twenty marble pillars: on the outſide was engraved the hiſtory of the gods, and above the principal gate ſtood two horſes, carved by Praxiteles.

Near the citadel was the temple of Caſtor and Pollux, where ſlaves were expoſed to ſale; and juſt at the bottom of the citadel was the temple of Apollo and Pan, Pauſan. i. 28.—In the ſame quarter were the Prytaneum, a place where thoſe who had merited well of the ſtate were ſupported at the public expence, Cic. Orat. i 54.; ſee alſo Liv. xli. 20.—the Odeum, or muſical theatre, built by Pericles, where the competitions between the different performers for pre-eminence were held, Pauſan. i. 20.—and the Theatre of Bacchus, at the ſouth-eaſt angle of the citadel, in which tragedies and comedies were repreſented. The ruins of it ſtill exiſt. It ſtood at the termination of what was called the Street of the Tripods, from brazen tripods dedicated there by the victors, each with an inſcription, Pauſan. i. 20.

Near the citadel was a fountain called Callirrhoe, the water

water of which they uſed before marriage, and in other ſacred rites, Thucydid. ii. 13.

On an eminence, at a ſmall diſtance from the citadel, was the place of meeting of the Areopagus, Herodot. viii. 52. the moſt ancient tribunal of judges at Athens, famous for its upright deciſions, Cic. Att. i. 9. et 13. ſ. 14. ſaid to be ſo called, becauſe Mars was the firſt criminal tried before it. It was inſtituted by Cecrops, and its power enlarged by Solon. Pericles leſſened its authority, to the great hurt of the ſtate, Plutarch. in vita ejus.

Oppoſite to the Areopagus, or the Hill of Mars, was another eminence called *Pnyx*, where the aſſemblies of the people uſed ſometimes to meet.

But the diviſion of Athens moſt frequently mentioned, was that called *Ceramicus*, from the pottery-work or earthen ware made in that place, Plin. xxxv. 12. ſ. 45. ſaid to have been invented by Corœcus, ib. vii. 56.; or from Ceramicus, the ſon of Bacchus and Ariadne, Pauſan. i. 3.: but there was another place of this name without the city.

In the Ceramicus was the Forum or market-place, a large ſquare where the people uſed to aſſemble, and where commodities were expoſed to ſale. It was ſurrounded with temples and various public buildings. Of the porticoes, two were remarkable; the one called the Portico of the Hermæ, from three ſtatues of Hermes or Mercury; and the other *Poecile*, (*pockile*. ſc. *ſtoa*, varia porticus) from the various engravings and pictures on it. In the latter, Zeno, the philoſopher, uſed to teach, whence his followers were ſtyled Stoics.

Collectors attended in the forum to receive the duties laid on every thing that was ſold, and magiſtrates to ſuperintend what paſſed. If any one reproached another with the meanneſs of his trade, or uſed falſehood for the purpoſe of exaction, he was puniſhable by law.

A certain part of the city, from its wetneſs, was called

called the Marſhes (*limnai*) where was a temple of Bacchus, Thucydid. ii. 13. on the eaſt ſide, oppoſite to that part where the river Iliſſus ran near the walls. On the weſt of the city, at ſome diſtance, ran the Cephiſſus v. Cephiſus, or Eridanus, Pauſan. i. 19. Both theſe ſtreams united below the city.

THE BRITISH CRITIC

ON D'ISRAELI'S MISCELLANIES.

MR D'ISRAELI has already received a conſiderable ſhare of public approbation; and not undeſervedly, for his works certainly rank very highly among thoſe which are ſatisfied with the leſs ambitious claim of contributing to general entertainment. As long as he does not attempt to ſoar above the ſphere of his accomplishments, and ſhall refrain from delivering dogmatical axioms on ſubjects remote from his purſuits, and too elevated for any but the moſt exalted talents, we may be aſſured of our hearty approbation and zealous aſſiſtance in the attainment of his wiſhes. The preſent very much reſembles the preceding volumes of our author; it is the reſult of miſcellaneous reading, and carries with it evident marks of good ſenſe, judgement, and taſte. We may add alſo, that, with few exceptions, Mr D'Iſraeli improves in his ſtyle, and apparently writes with greater facility and elegance than heretofore. Writing well is not, indeed, the unavoidable conſequence of writing much; yet, where the baſe is a good underſtanding, the ſuperſtructure, although it may not have all the embelliſhments of art, will not diſguſt from its frequent or enormous deformities. Under the title of Miſcellanies, or, Literary Recreations, this author has produced a volume of Eſſays on the following ſubjects: Of Miſcellanies; On

On Professions of Art; On Style; Historical Characters are false Representations of Nature; On Prefaces; Some Observations on Diaries, Self-biography and Self-characters; On the Character of Dennis the Critic; On Erudition and Philosophy; On Poetical Opuscula; On the Enlightened Public, and the Age of Reason; Of Licensers of the Press; On Reading; On Poetical Expression; On habituating ourselves to an individual Pursuit; On Literary Genius; On Literary Industry; On the Influence of Climate on the Human Mind; On Novelty in Literature; The Influence of the Female Character in Politics and Religion; The Alliance between Love and Religion; On French and English Poetry, and on some French Words; Addenda.

Mr D'Israeli's merits as a writer certainly receive no diminution, in our opinion, nor will they in that of the public, from this additional specimen of his abilities. We meet indeed with some examples of turgid and some of inaccurate expression; but, on the whole we sincerely recommend the perusal of the volume which has given us much amusement, to the attention of all who are satisfied with miscellaneous reading with that kind of reading where there is no necessity for previous study, or for severe thinking in its progress. We were most pleased with the Essay on Reading; and from this we select our specimen of the work.

"The numerous class of readers of taste, who only prefer a book to the odd trick at whist, have therefore, no reason to murmur, if that which is only taken up as an amusement should terminate, like all amusements, in temporary pleasure. To be wise and better, is rarely the intention of the gay and the frivolous; the complaints of the gay and the frivolous are nothing but a new manner of displaying gaiety and frivolity; they are lamentations full of mirth.

"There

"There are secrets in the art of reading, which tend to facilitate its purposes, by assisting the memory, and augmenting intellectual opulence. Some our own ingenuity must form, and perhaps every student has an artificial manner of recollection, and a peculiar arrangement; as, in short hand, almost every writer has a system of his own. There are, however, some regulations which appear of general utility; and the few my own observation have produced, I shall venture to communicate.

"It is an observation of the elder Pliny (who having been a voluminous compiler, must have had great experience in the art of reading), that there was no book so bad, but which contained something good. It is necessary, however, to observe, that just and obvious as this reading axiom may appear, it requires a commentary to be understood. To read every book, would be fatal to the interest of most readers; they who only seek in study for mere pleasure, would be continually disappointed; for the observation is only adapted to that phlegmatic perseverance which seems to find pleasure in mere study. He who only seeks for information, must be contented to pick it up in obscure paths, to mount rugged rocks for a few flowers, and to pass many days bewildered in dark forests and wild deserts. The reader of erudition may therefore read every book. But he who only desires to gratify a more delicate sensation, who would only fill his heart with delicious sentiment, and his fancy with bright imagery, in a word, the reader of taste, must be contented to range in more contracted limits, and to restrict himself to the paths of cultured pleasure-grounds. Without this distinction in reading, study becomes a labour painful and interminable; and hence readers of taste complain, that there is no term to reading; and readers of erudition, that books contain nothing but phrases. When the former confine themselves to works of taste, their complaints cease; and, when

the latter keep to books of facts, they fix on the proper aliment for their insatiable curiosity.

"Nor is it always necessary, in the pursuits of learning, to read every book entire. Perhaps this task has now become an impossibility, notwithstanding those ostentatious *erudits*, who, by their infinite and exact quotations, appear to have read and digested every thing; readers artless and honest have conceived from such writers an illusive idea of the power and extensiveness of the human faculties. Of many books it is sufficient to seize the plan, and to examine some of its portions. The quackery of the learned has been often exposed; and the art of quoting fifty books in a morning, is a task neither difficult nor tedious. There is a little supplement placed at the close of every volume, of which few readers conceive the utility; but some of the most eminent writers in Europe have been great adepts in the art of index-reading. An index-reader is, indeed, more let into the secrets of an author, than the other who attends him with all the tedious forms of ceremony; as those courtiers, who pay their public devoirs at court, are less familiar with the minister than the few who merely enter the chamber of audience, and who generally steal up the back-stairs, and hold their secret consultations with the minister himself. I, for my part, venerate the inventor of indexes; and I know not to whom to yield the preference, either to Hippocrates, who was the first great anatomiser of the human body, or to that unknown labourer in literature, who first laid open the nerves and arteries of a book.

"It may be unnecessary also to read all the works of an author, but only to attach ourselves to those which have received the approbation of posterity. By this scheme we become acquainted with the finest compositions, in half the time those employ, who, attempting to read every thing, are often little acquainted with, and even ignorant of the most

intereſting performances. Thus of Machiavel, it may be ſufficient to read his Prince, and his Hiſtory of Florence; of Milton, nearly all his poetry, little of his proſe, and nothing of his hiſtory; of Fielding's twelve volumes, ſix may be ſufficient; and of Voltaire's ninety, perhaps thirty may ſatisfy. Of Lord Cheſterfield's letters, the third volume is the eſſential one, and concentrates the whole ſyſtem. A reader is too often a priſoner attached to the triumphal car of an author of great celebrity; and when he ventures not to judge for himſelf, conceives, while he is reading the indifferent works of great authors, that the languor which he experiences ariſes from his own defective taſte. But the beſt writers, when they are voluminous, have a great deal of mediocrity; for whenever an author attains to a facility in compoſition, the ſucceſs of his preceding labours, not only ſtimulate him to new performances, but prejudice the public in their favour; and it is often no ſhort period before the public, or the author, are ſenſible of the mediocrity of the performances.

"On the other ſide, readers muſt not imagine, that all the pleaſures of compoſition depend on the author; for there is ſomething which a reader himſelf muſt bring to the book, that the book may pleaſe. There is a literary appetite which the author can no more impart, than the moſt ſkilful cook can give an appetency to the gueſts. When Cardinal Richilieu ſaid to Bodeau, that he did not underſtand his verſes, the honeſt poet replied, that it was not his fault. It would indeed be very unreaſonable, when a painter exhibits his pictures in public, to expect that he ſhould provide ſpectacles for the uſe of the ſhort-ſighted. Every man muſt come prepared as well as he can. Simonides confeſſed himſelf incapable of deceiving ſtupid perſons; and Balzac remarked of the girls of his village, that they were too ſilly to be deceived by a man of wit. Dulneſs is impenetrable; and there are hours when

the liveliest taste loses its sensibility. The temporary tone of the mind may be unfavourable to taste a work properly; and we have had many erroneous criticisms from great men, which may often be attributed to this circumstance. The mind communicates its infirm dispositions to the book; and an author has not only his own defects to account for, but also those of his reader. There is something in composition like the game of shuttlecock, where, if the reader does not quickly rebound the feathered cork to the author, the game is destroyed, and the whole spirit of the work falls extinct." P. 192.

We could easily controvert various assertions in the texture of this volume; but having given a sort of general opinion with respect to its value and importance, this seems to be the less necessary. In his preface, the author observes, that miscellanies are a kind of preface, and rather introductions to subjects, than subjects themselves: in contradiction to which may be produced, Essays by Addison and Johnson, as didactic compositions, perfect in their kind. In p. 85. we have the strange and ungrammatical expression, "He has already received the approbation of the discerning, that is to say, five or six gentleman, *who* he admits to his manuscript recitatives." There is something rather bombastical in the following sentence in p. 103. "If, however, another Rousseau appears, one in whom imagination is a habit, he will no doubt express feelings *tremblingly alive*, with a correspondent delicacy in language; he will *effuse his inflammable soul in burning periods*." See also p. 201. "There are some mechanical aids in reading, which may prove of great utility, and form a kind of *rejuvenescene* of our early studies." A mistake, probably, of the press for *rejuvenescence*. In p. 209. we have this ridiculous phrase, "And if the fancy of the Latin should fall," where we hardly know what the author would be understood to mean.

After having said, that the Essay on Diaries is dull, and

the Diſcuſſion on Literary Genius as much the contrary as poſſible, Mr D'Iſraeli muſt not be diſſatisfied, that we have paſſed the ſame ſentence upon him which has been aſſigned, by the univerſal opinion of mankind, to the moſt exalted examples of human genius. The moſt perfect compoſitions are marked with occaſional defects. Thoſe which occur in the preſent publication are certainly not very numerous, and we, for our parts, ſhall rejoice in an early opportunity of again examining the effuſions of this writer's pen.

ANECDOTES.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY,

Anceſtor to the preſent MARQUIS of LANSDOWNE.

THIS very ingenious and indefatigable character in the various purſuits of literature and mechanics, was one of the firſt formers of the Royal Society, and was one of the members of the firſt Council on its eſtabliſhment. The philoſophical meetings, likewiſe, which preceded the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Society were held at his houſe in the city, ſince known by the name of *Tokenhouſe-yard.*

He likewiſe preſented to the Royal Society, ſome years after its eſtabliſhment, a model of his *double-bottom ſhip*, which was calculated to ſail againſt wind and tide, and which actually performed one voyage with ſucceſs from Dublin to Holyhead, though upon further experiments it miſcarried. This model is ſtill to be ſeen in the repoſitory of the Society.

It was a maxim of this great man, in all matters of ſcience, (and which he inculcated into the Royal Society on its earlieſt inſtitution),—"Never to talk of any thing in the *general*—but always to mention the

time and *place*, the *measure* or the *weight*, in precise terms."

EARL OF BATH.

Two old French Ladies, whose humanity kept pace with a very extensive fortune, amongst other liberalities, kept an open table two days in the week, for a certain number of reduced persons of fashion. Lord and Lady Bath, hearing of this, sent a letter to the Ladies, and after expressing many compliments on the liberality of the institution, said they should like to be present at so amiable and praise-worthy a meeting. This honour was very readily accepted of, and they both attended on the appointed day; which answered so much to their expectation, that they begged permission to come again. In short, they became such constant visitors to this *eleemosynary* banquet, that many people of that day (knowing the characters of the noble personages) imagined their visits to proceed more from substantial motives, than merely to enjoy——

"The *feast of reason*, and the flow of soul."

SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

When the Duchess was in the highest favour with Queen Anne, her Majesty, amongst other valuable presents, gave her her picture, richly enamelled and set round with diamonds. When the Duchess quarrelled with the Queen, and was leaving England, about the year 1712, by way of insulting her royal patroness, she took off the diamonds, and gave the picture to a Mrs Higgins, (an old intriguing woman, well known about the court at that time), to make the most of it. Mrs Higgins hawked the picture about for some days, without any body coming up to her price; at last Lord Oxford heard of it, and, not wishing the picture to fall into

into improper hands, ſent for Mrs Higgins, and purchaſed it for one hundred pounds.

The impeachment of Lord Oxford was carried on principally by the intrigues of the Ducheſs of Marlborough. The Duke her huſband, and the members of the Secret Committee, judged they could make little of it, and therefore would have let it go by; but the Ducheſs, who mortally hated Oxford for his attachment to Lady Maſham, and general oppoſition to her intereſts, ſpirited up the proſecution by every ſpecies of intrigue. On the day of Lord Oxford's being brought up for trial, (after two years confinement in the Tower), the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Coningſby, ſeeing that the impeachment would be diſcharged, withdrew themſelves, before the majority of the Lords came into Weſtminſter-hall; upon which the Ducheſs was ſo diſtracted, that ſhe fell into fits, and did not dine with the Duke for a fortnight afterwards.

LORD OXFORD.

Two circumſtances occurred in the impeachment and acquittal of this noblemen, which ſhould be a memento to all ſtateſmen and others, of the very great uncertainty of popular favour. Lord Oxford being out of town on the day of his being impeached by Lord Coningſby, he took his ſeat on the next day, and appeared at firſt very ſerene and unconcerned; but obſerving all the Lords, as they came in, paſs off from the Earls bench, where he ſat, on purpoſe to avoid him; it was too much for his ſpirits, and he retired.

Two years afterwards, when this nobleman was brought from the Tower to be tried, and was acquitted on the ſame day, the ſhoutings and huzzas of the public who took the horſes from his carriage, and drew him to his own houſe) were ſo great, that Eraſmus Lewis, his quondam ſecretary, writing to a friend of this circumſtance

cumſtance, ſays, "At preſent Lord Oxford has more friends than ever he had in his life."

DAVID HUME.

HUME having aſſerted, in his H ſtory of England, that if ever the national debt came up to *one hundred millions*, this country would be ruined, was aſked by a friend, how he could make ſuch a miſtake, ſeeing that the debt was then far above that ſum, and likely to be much more? "Owing to a miſtake, Sir, (ſays he), common to *writers by profeſſion*, who are often obliged to adopt ſtatements on the authority of other people."

When Hume was complimented by a noble Marquis now living, on the correctneſs of his ſtyle, particularly in his Hiſtory of England—he obſerved, "If he had ſhewn any peculiar correctneſs, 'twas owing to the uncommon care he took in the execution of his work, as he wrote it over *three times* before he ſent it to preſs."

On the appointment of the late Field-mareſchal Conway to be Secretary of State, in the year 1766, Hume was aſked, if he was not much ſurpriſed that a *general officer* ſhould have that promotion? "Not at all, Sir, (ſays Hume);—conſider the political intereſts of Great Britain are always beſt ſupported by *men of war*."

The following picture of fanaticiſm, as given by Hume, is perhaps the beſt key to the character of Cromwell, and the leading perſons of that age, that has yet been given:

"Hypocriſy (ſays he) quite pure, and free from fanaticiſm, is perhaps as rare, as fanaticiſm entirely purged from all mixture of hypocriſy: ſo congenial to the human mind is all religious ſentiment, that 'tis impoſſible to counterfeit long thoſe holy fervours, without feeling ſome ſhare of the aſſumed warmth;—and, on the other hand, ſo precarious and temporary, from the frailty of human nature, is the operation of thoſe ſpiritual

ritual views, that the religious extaſies, if conſtantly employed, muſt often be counterfeit, and muſt be warped by the moſt familiar motives of intereſt and ambition, which inſenſibly gain upon the mind."

LATE LORD GUILDFORD.

This very amiable (though politically unfortunate) nobleman went into buſineſs very early in life, and attached himſelf to the duties of his office with unremitting care and aſſiduity. To an excellent claſſical education, and many ſocial qualities, he joined a knowledge of the German, French, and Italian languages, with a temper of that naturally conciliating diſpoſition, that the ſevereſt of his parliamentary opponents were no longer ſuch, out of the ſphere of politics.

When he was young in office, as one of the Lords of the Treaſury under the old Duke of Newcaſtle, he was met one morning by the late George Grenville, and another gentleman, walking in the Park, and muttering ſomething to himſelf, ſeemingly as if rehearſing an oration. "Here comes blubbering North, (ſays the latter to Mr Grenville), I wonder what he is getting by heart, for I am ſure it can be nothing of his own." "You're miſtaken, (ſays the other), North is a young man of great promiſe, and high qualifications; and if he does not relax in his political purſuits, is very likely to be the prime miniſter of this country." This prediction was fulfilled twelve years afterwards."

Of his political acumen in the conduct of the American war, a ſubject that nearly ingroſſed the whole of his adminiſtration, the beſt that can be ſaid of it is, that he was *miſtaken*:—if otherwiſe, it cannot be denied, even by his moſt intimate friends, it was his duty to reſign. The arcana of ſo recent and complicated a tranſaction, as they reſpect the interior of this great queſtion, however, are difficult at preſent to unravel.

Hiſtory

Hiſtory will have better materials to work with, and leſs partialities to encounter.

Of his wit and good humour we have too many inſtances to doubt—He never ſtrained for either: like the great Earl of Bath, he had them always at command; nor had he the ſordid vices of avarice and ambition, to balance thoſe pleaſing qualities. Mr Burke paid a juſt tribute to the former, one day coming out of the Houſe of Commons, after his Lordſhip had kept them in a roar of laughter for ſome minutes before. "Well, there's no denying it,—this man has more wit than all of us (meaning the Oppoſition) put together."

One day, when the late Alderman Sawbridge was haranguing on his annual motion in favour of annual parliaments, looking over to the Treaſury Bench, (the day being extremely hot), he obſerved Lord North with his head reclining on his left ſhoulder, ſeemingly aſleep; upon which he ſtopped ſhort, and cried out, "But what ſignifies my endeavours to come at the root of this political evil, when the Noble Lord in the blue ribband is ſo little attentive to me, that he has fallen into a profound ſleep?" This raiſed a laugh with the Alderman's party, which his Lordſhip immediately turned againſt them, by obſerving loud enough to be heard, "No, I was not aſleep, but I wiſh to God I had been."

Coming up to the door of the Houſe of Commons, one evening rather late, Pearſon, the late door-keeper, ſtopped him, and in his laconic free manner of ſpeaking, ſaid, "No, my Lord, you can't come in here." "Why ſo?" ſaid his Lordſhip, ſomewhat ſurpriſed. "Becauſe they are now balloting for an Election Committee, and the doors of courſe are locked." "Aye, (ſays his Lordſhip with a ſmile), and yet this is rather hard, conſidering ſome people call this *my Houſe of Commons.*

Having had ſome preſcience of a fit of the gout coming upon on him, he deſired his man to get him his large

large outy ſhoes. The man looked for them for ſome time, but, not finding them in the uſual places where he generally put them, concluded they were ſtolen, and began curſing the thief. "Poh, (ſays his Lordſhip, ſeemingly very gravely, though at the ſame time agitated with ſome pain), how can you be ſo ill natured, John?—Now all the harm I wiſh the poor rogue is, that *my ſhoes may fit him.*

Lord North being one of the Governors of the Charter-Houſe, a formal complaint was made to him by one of the penſioners of that hoſpital, that the victuals were not ſo good as they ſhould be, particularly the beef, which at times was not eatable. This complaint being renewed, his Lordſhip went privately one morning to the Charter-Houſe, and aſking the houſe-ſteward, whether he had any cold beef in the houſe, ſuch as the penſioners uſually eat, deſired he would bring it up. The beef was accordingly introduced, the look of which ſo pleaſed his Lordſhip, that he immediately aſked him, if he could provide him with muſtard, bread, and ſmall-beer; which being likewiſe brought, his Lordſhip took a chair, and eat a very hearty luncheon: after this he ordered the complainant to be brought up, and then aſked him, whether that was the ſame kind of beef uſually ſerved? The man ſaid, "Yes." "And the ſame ſmall-beer, bread, muſtard, &c.?" "Yes, (ſays the man), I believe pretty much the ſame." "Why then, (ſays his Lordſhip), all I have to ſay is this: If you have any complaint to make in future, about ſuch proviſions, you muſt apply to another Governor, and, as *there is no diſputing taſtes*, he might perhaps redreſs you; but as for my part, as you may ſee, my friend, (pointing to his plate), I have decidedly given it againſt you."

When his brother, the preſent Biſhop of Wincheſter, was married to his preſent Lady, who was a Miſs *Banniſter*, a confidential friend was aſking his Lordſhip, what could be his brother's motive for the match? "She

"She is no profeſſed beauty, no great fortune, or no great family." "Why, in reſpect to her beauty and fortune, I have not much to ſay of either; but I muſt beg your pardon in reſpect to blood, as I hear ſhe is very nearly related to the *Stairs*.

Towards the cloſe of the American war, a Noble Lord in the other Houſe, having, in the warmth of debate, called Lord North "this *thing* of a miniſter," ſome injudicious friends exaggerated the matter to him, wanted to make it a perſonal quarrel, and ſaid they thought his Lordſhip ſhould reſent it. "And ſo I will, (ſays his Lordſhip very coolly), by *continuing in office*; as I know his Lordſhip has no other reſentment againſt me, than wiſhing to be *the thing I am*."

On the evening of that day, when he moved an adjournment of the Houſe for a few days, for the purpoſe of reſigning his office, coming through the lobby of the Houſe, arm in arm with one of his friends, he aſked him to go home and dine with him; the other told him, he would with pleaſure, but was partly engaged. "Come, come, (ſays his Lordſhip), put off your engagement, and have the virtue to ſay, you dined with a fallen miniſter on the very day of his diſmiſſal." The friend aſſented, and went home with him.

Upon his retirement from office, he went down to Bath, for the recovery of his health, and particularly for his ſight, which was nearly loſt. The converſation turning one day, after dinner, on the periſhable condition of party zeal and and political enmity, his Lordſhip thoroughly agreed in the principle; and, as a proof of it, ſays he, "There is Colonel Barre, (who by the by was as blind as his Lordſhip), no man has oppoſed me more in the Houſe of Commons than he has, and I, of courſe, him; and yet I can fairly anſwer for myſelf, and I dare ſay I may equally do ſo for him, we ſhould be both very glad to *ſee one another* at this moment.

The cauſe of Lord North's blindneſs, it is ſaid, originated

ginated from the frequency of *fanding* his diſpatches. He was naturally very near-ſighted, and carried up every paper he looked at immediately under his eye; the papers which were freſh written he ſanded in the ſame poſition; which being ſo frequently repeated, the duſt ſettled in his eyes, and ultimately produced a total blindneſs.

The natural civility and good humour of this nobleman, left him no enemies out of the Houſe of Commons.—Even the principals of Oppoſition knew theſe qualities to be ſo predominant in his Lordſhip, that they frequently petitioned him as Firſt Lord of the Treaſury, for little favours and indulgencies for their friends and conſtituents, which he as readily granted, when he could do it with propriety; and this they frequently acknowledged.

To the brother of one of his principal opponents in the Houſe of Commons, he continued a very valuable Collection in the Colonies, almoſt during the whole of his adminiſtration. He was often ſpoke to about diſplacing him, and he as conſtantly anſwered, "Why ſhould I viſit the ſins of the brother upon a man who does his duty, and has given me no particular offence."

In ſhort, like his predeceſſor, Sir Robert Walpole, though very much baited during his adminiſtration, he had no enemies as a man; he lived long enough out of office to be reconciled to all his political oppoſers, who, when the cauſe of contention ceaſed, had candour enough to acknowledge his private worth and integrity.

He met his blindneſs and increaſing infirmities with great firmneſs in the boſom of his family, and even with a good humour, and flaſhes of wit and merriment, that made his table one of the moſt deſirable places to be a gueſt at.

In his laſt moments, he only regretted not having it in his power to ſee his favourite and youngeſt ſon, who,

the

the morning of his father's death, landed at Dover from his travels, but could not be in town time enough to receive the bleſſing of an affectionate and indulgent parent.

The ſon above alluded to, is the preſent Honourable Frederick North, now Secretary of State under his Excellency Sir Gilbert Elliot, Viceroy of Corſica; a gentleman, who unites to the moſt amiable and ſeductive manners, a travelled knowledge, an extenſiveneſs of learning, and an induſtry of mind, that we think cannot fail of rendering him an ornament to his country.

LORD LOVAT.

It is moſt certainly no mark of aſſured virtue and goodneſs to meet death with intrepidity. It often happens, that the moſt pious and excellent perſons (as knowing how much better they probably might have acted) cloſe the laſt ſcene with much difficulty and trepidation. Lord Lovat, upon having the axe turned againſt him, as is uſual, when the dreadful ſentence, in caſes of treaſon, is pronounced againſt a Peer, ſmiled, and behaved throughout the courſe of his trial with great lightneſs and careleſsneſs, aſking ſeveral improper queſtions.

He reſigned himſelf to death with great fortitude on the ſcaffold, ate a meat-breakfaſt the morning of his execution, and not long before he died exclaimed, "Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori."

The late Duke of Orleans, M. l'Egalite, met his fate with apparent unconcern; he went to the guillotine the day before he was ſentenced to ſuffer by it; and it has been ſaid, that on the executioner's offering to take off his boots, before he put him under the infernal engine, he ſaid, "Il vaut miex les oter du carcaſe," "You had better take them off from the dead body."

COUNT

COUNT OXENSTIERN.

The following conciſe and whimſical account of England, was given ſome years ſince, by Count Oxenſtiern, after his departure from London: "England is really the queen of Iſles—the metropolis and arſenal of Neptune—it is the treaſury of Europe—the kingdom of Bacchus—the ſchool of Epicurus—the academy of Venus—the country of Mars—the receſs of Minerva—the ſupport of Holland—the ſcourge of France—the purgatory of thoſe who are advocates for ſlavery—and the Paradiſe of thoſe who are lovers of liberty."

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Paſcal ſays, that there are ſome men who believe in the miracles of Veſpaſian, and deny thoſe of the goſpel. Lord Bolingbroke had one day in company, before Marivaux, the celebrated French novel writer, talked againſt religion; who told him, "At leaſt, my Lord, if you are not a believer, it is not for want of faith."

MARSHAL SAXE.

"I have no great opinion (ſaid he) of thoſe generals, who are always aſking after detachments to attack the enemy. They are like the ſtatue of a horſe, whoſe foot is always lifted up, and yet he never ſtirs a ſtep."

To the celebrated Father Caſtel, who wrote to congratulate him upon his ſucceſſes, and upon the very excellent manner in which his military operations were carried on, he anſwered, "Nothing, my reverend Father, can flatter me more, than that I ſhould have attracted your attention, upon the manner in which I have had the honour to conduct the King's troops. Very few perſons ſee ſo far as you do, and I am in no

hurry to take off the veil from their eyes. It would be an uſeleſs and an impertinent behaviour in me to do ſo. The generality of mankind are ſatisfied when affairs go on tolerably well, and the number you know of common perſons in the world is very great."

AMBROSIO, MARQUIS DE SPINOLA,

Was one of the greateſt generals of his time; he commanded the forces of Philip the Second, againſt the United Provinces, revolted from his dominion.

When ſome one told him, that John de Ver, a famous commander of his time, died of having nothing to do, he anſwered, "Upon my word, that is ſufficient to kill any general."

MAURICE DE NAUSSAU, PRINCE OF ORANGE,

Was one day aſked, who was the firſt general of his time? "The Marquis of Spinola (ſaid he) is the ſecond."

At the battle of Nieuport he thus haranged his troops, after having ſent away his ſhips: "My friends, behind you is Nieuport, in the poſſeſſion of your enemies; the ſea is on your left-hand, and the river on your right, and the enemies are before you. There is of courſe only one road left to you, to paſs over the dead bodies of your enemies." This ſpirited harangue contributed, perhaps, not a little to the victory which followed, and which ſaved the ſtate of Holland.

LORD CHANCELLOR KING,

Who was a man of honeſty and of diligence, though not a man of very great parts, took for his motto, "Labor ipſe voluptas." A friend of his thus turned it into verſe.

'Tis not the ſplendour of the place,
The gilded coach, the purſe, the mace,

Not

Not all the pompous train of ſtate,
The crowds that at your levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But whilſt mankind you ſtrive to bleſs
With all the talents you poſſeſs,
Whilſt the chief pleaſure you receive
Comes from the pleaſure which you give;
This takes the heart, and conquers ſpite,
And makes the heavy burden light,
For pleaſure rightly underſtood,
Is only labour to be good.

SIR THOMAS CLARKE

Was for a long time Maſter of the Rolls, where he preſided with great ability. He might have been Lord Chancellor, had he not inſiſted on being made a peer, when that office was offered to him on the reſignation of Lord Hardwicke. Lord Greville uſed to ſay of him, that he was the beſt Greek ſcholar amongſt the lawyers that he had ever known.

LORD GRENVILLE

Was a moſt excellent Greek ſcholar, and patroniſed learning from his love of it Dr Taylor, the editor of Demoſthenes, was an eminent inſtance of it. He was a man of a very eaſy temper, and exceedingly well fitted to be a politician. When he was in place, of courſe he laughed; and when he was out of place, he laughed at the arts of thoſe who had driven him from it. He held his partizans very cheap; and when ſome one told him in what danger he was, now the Duke of ——, the Earl of ——, &c. &c. were going to quit him, he ſaid, laughingly, "I warrant you I ſhall be able to get Duke for Duke, Earl for Earl, &c. &c. His mortifications did not oppreſs him ſo much as thoſe of ———, who was taken ill when he was turn-

ed out of place. The perſon that went for the phyſician, being aſked what ailed ———, he anſwered, "He has a *bilious* complaint." "Faith, (replied the Doctor), I never knew a miniſter out of place who had not a bilious complaint."

MELANCTHON.

So neceſſary ſeems authority even in matters of opinion to the maſs of mankind, that when the leaders of the reformation in religion were about to ſeparate from the power of the Pope, the learned, gentle, and honeſt Melancthon himſelf, fairly confeſſes, and expreſſes, his doubts about the propriety of that meaſure; "The Church (ſays he) muſt have ſome ſuperiors in it to keep up order, to have an eye upon eccleſiaſtics, and the doctrines they hold; ſo that (ſays he) even if at preſent we permit no biſhops in our communion, we muſt have them at laſt. The maſs of mankind can neither think nor act for themſelves; and if they are not under the authority of ſome perſons appointed by the ſtate, they will look out for perſons who will take the trouble to lead them.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

"In the latter end of Henry the Eighth's time, (ſays Puttenham in his Art of Poetry), there ſprung up a courtlie company of *Makers* (Poets), of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftanies, who having travelled into Italie, and there taſted the ſwete meaſures of the Italian poeſie, as novices newly crept out of the ſchooles of Dante, Arioſto, and Petrarch, they greatly poliſhed our rude and homelie manner of vulgar poeſie, from what it had been before, and for that cauſe may juſtly be ſaid the firſt rhymers of our Engliſh metre and ſtyle. In the ſame time, and not long after, was the

Lord

Lord Warden Vaux, a man of much faciiitie in vul gar *makings*. Afterwards, in King Edward the Sixth'-time, came to be in reputation for the ſame facultie, Thomas Sternehold, who firſt tranſlated into Engliſh certain Pſalmes of David, and John Heywood, the epigrammatiſt."

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INTERESTING SCENES

FROM PRESIDENT KOTZEBUE'S CELEBRATED GERMAN PLAY OF THE INDIANS IN ENGLAND.

(An Engliſh tranſlation of which R. Moriſon & Son have juſt publiſhed, in a volume of Miſcellanies from the German.)

GURLI and SAMUEL.

Gurli. (*In a negligee, dreſſed after the Engliſh taſte; her locks, without any kind of ornament, hang a little looſely about her ſhoulders; and her whole dreſs very clean, but here and there a little negligently put on:—ſhe enters talking to ſomebody behind her.*) No, I will not: ha, ha, ha! that is excellent!—here have the people, without aſking my leave, hung up a clock upon a high tower; and when the thing tinkles ſo many times, then Gurli muſt breakfaſt. But Gurli will not breakfaſt—Gurli is not hungry.

Samuel. (*Aſide, while turning about*) Quite alone! Excellent! The beſt opportunity to ſound her with caution. (*Aloud.*) Fair Gurli, I wiſh you a good morning.

Gurli. Good morning, thou fooliſh man.

Samuel. (*Confuſed*) Fooliſh man! how muſt I underſtand that! You are impolite, Miſs.

Gurli. Don't be peeviſh! Gurli means not to offend

thee; but Gurli cannot help laughing when ſhe ſees thee.

Samuel. Laugh at me! Then I muſt aſk wherefore? Anſwer.

Gurli. That I know not myſelf; I think it is becauſe thou look'ſt always as if the welfare of all Bengal reſted entirely upon thy ſhoulders; and becauſe thou mak'ſt as many preparations before ſtepping over a ſmall puddle, as if thou hadſt the river Ganges before thee.

Samuel. I obſerve that the education in Bengal is yet very much neglected. Children talk of things which they do not underſtand.

Gurli. My pretty gentleman, Gurli is no longer a child. Gurli is very ſoon to be married.

Samuel. (With ſurpriſe) Married! indeed!

Gurli. Yes! yes! my father ſays ſo.

Samuel. To whom then?

Gurli. That I don't know.

Samuel. And ſo your father has choſen a huſband for you?

Gurli. Not at all. Gurli will chuſe one for herſelf.

Samuel. Indeed! Is the choice left entirely to you? May I then aſk you, fair Miſs, have you already caſt your eye upon any one! Anſwer.

Gurli. I turn my eye, indeed, here and there, but my heart reſts as little as a quail in its neſt.

Samuel. Admirable! excellent! may I then aſk you, moſt amiable Gurli, how do you like me? Anſwer.

Gurli. Thee! not remarkably.

Samuel. You are always by far too precipitate. Muſt one tell a man directly to his face, that one ſees nothing agreeable in him?

Gurli. Thou put'ſt the queſtion to me.

Samuel. What though I did? and then that booriſh *thou* of yours, I adviſe you as a friend, Miſs, to give over that cuſtom.

Gurli. My father has often forbid me to do ſo; but Gurli

Gurli muſt always laugh, if Gurli muſt talk with a ſingle perſon, as if there were half a dozen of them.

Samuel. It is, however, the cuſtom with us.

Gurli. Well then, I can call thee likewiſe *you*, if thou wilt abſolutely have it ſo.

Samuel. If, perhaps, ſweeter bands ſhould unite us, then it will always be time enough.

Gurli. Ay, time enough.

Samuel. (*Aſide*) I muſt approach nearer.

Gurli. (*Yawning*) I have not ſlept enough.

Samuel. (*Aſide*) But cautiouſly, cautiouſly.

Gurli. Oh, what a tireſome man!

Samuel. (*Aloud*) Happy! thrice happy! will be the fortunate man who is deſtined to pluck the faireſt flower that ever the breath of the ſweet zephyr drew forth from its modeſt bud.

Gurli. (*Laughing*) My good friend, this language is Sanſcrit to me; and it is underſtood only by our Brahmins.

Samuel. (*Peeviſhly*) I ſpoke in the Oriental ſtyle; but I ſee that one muſt converſe with you ſo plainly, that it may be felt with the hand.

Gurli. Ay, Gurli liſtens then with moſt pleaſure.

Samuel. It is only a pity that true prudence abſolutely forbids the uſe of ſuch a language.

Gurli. But prudence does not forbid Gurli to run away from it, and leave thee ſtanding here, for ſhe is now heartily tired of thee. (*Going.*)

Samuel. Only a moment, fair Gurli—I would talk quite plainly with you—declare myſelf more plainly—expreſs myſelf moſt plainly—if—if I knew only—whether your father ſtood in need of ſupport.

Gurli. Troubleſome man! my father is not old, my father walks nimbly without a ſtaff; yes, thou may'ſt cauſe the fineſt palanquin to be placed immediately before his door, and yet he will prefer going on foot.

Samuel. Not ſo; that is not what I mean: I meant to

to ſay, that I wiſhed to help him if he were any way unfortunate!

Gurli. (*Suddenly, and with ſerioufneſs*) Unfortunate!

Samuel. (*With great curioſity*) Ay, ay, unfortunate. May I aſk, how it is with him in that reſpect? Anſwer.

Gurli. (*Weeping*) Ah, yes, my poor father is unfortunate.

Samuel. (*Aſide*) Now we have it.

Gurli. And it is thy wiſh to help him! For that I muſt kiſs thee. (*Kiſſes him.*)

Samuel. (*Much confuſed*) I mean to do ſo, only if it did not exceed my abilities. Such aſſiſtance is very good; but one cannot know how ſoon they may need it themſelves.

Gurli. Ah! thou canſt not help him; neither can the poor Gurli help him.

Samuel. (*Aſide*) Heaven be praiſed! how ſoon might I have buckled myſelf to a beggar? (*Aloud*) I hope, however, that matters are not yet ſo bad with him, but that he will be able to pay, as uſual, the houſe-rent for the month that is paſt; not on my account, but my father, he is a little too ſevere.

Gurli. The houſe-rent!

Samuel. Yes, yes, the houſe-rent.

Gurli. Art thou dreaming?

Samuel. I ſhould not think ſo.

Gurli. Doſt thou know what it is, my good friend? if thou giveſt my father a good word, he will pay thee not only the rent, but the whole houſe too, and a dozen ſuch fools as thou to the bargain.

[*Slips off laughing.*

Samuel. This is already the ſecond time to-day that I have been branded with the title of fool. It was only by female tongues, however, both times; and it would not be ſeemly for a reaſonable man to take offence at it.

GURLI, KABERDAR, and MUSAFFERY.

Gurli. (*Yawning*) Father, the time hangs heavy on Gurli.

Kaberdar. Have I not pointed out to thee many ways by which thou may'ſt leſſen the tedioufneſs of time?—ſewing, embroidering, reading.

Gurli. Yes, father, Gurli does theſe things—but Gurli is ſo awkward, that ſhe mars every thing—When I ſew, my thread cracks; and next minute my needle breaks: when I embroider, I drop the bodkin: and whenever I read, I fall aſleep.

Kaberdar. Well then, kill the time in prattle.

Gurli. Prattle! with whom ſhould Gurli prattle? My father is ſeldom at home; Muſaffery is dumb; the old naſty mother yonder is always ſcolding; Samuel is a fool; and Liddy——

Kaberdar. (*Haſtily interrupting her*) Well, Liddy——

Gurli. Ah! I love Liddy as if ſhe were my ſiſter—ſhe is ſo good, ſo very good; ſhe is much better than Gurli; but ſhe dares not talk much with Gurli.

Kaberdar. Why not?

Gurli. That naſty woman the mother has forbidden her; but though Gurli could be all day beſide Liddy, ſtill Gurli would want ſomething.

Kaberdar. What then.

Gurli. That Gurli knows not herſelf.

Kaberdar. You may deſcribe it at leaſt.

Gurli. Father, it is not, it cannot be deſcribed:—I think ſometimes I want a parrot or a cat.

Kaberdar. Thou haſt both of them already.

Gurli. Gurli has indeed both; and yet a longing often ſeizes me: then I take up firſt the cat, and then the parrot, and kiſs them by turns, and preſs them to my breaſt, and am ſo fond of them; and yet I feel always, as if I ſtill wanted ſomething:—my father muſt purchaſe another cat for Gurli.

Kaberdar. (*Smiling*) Indeed!

Gurli.

Gurli. Then I went yesterday to walk in the little wood, which the people call the Park; there a bird sung so sweetly, so touchingly—only think, father,—Gurli was obliged to weep at it: I felt so sorrowful, so afflicted: it rose and fell so strangely here; I felt so warm, and looked always round, as if I had been looking for something; and at last—at last, I could not help plucking a rose, and kissing it a thousand, and a thousand times, and wetting it all with my foolish tears. This was very droll, was it not, father?

Kaberdar. Very.

Gurli. My father must buy such a bird for his Gurli.

Kaberdar. Yes, indeed.

Gurli. Ah! Gurli knows not herself rightly what is the matter with her.

Kaberdar. Be easy; thy father has more experience; he sees already where this will end: but let us talk of something else. Hast thou reflected on the proposal which I made to thee lately?

Gurli. Thou knowest very well, father, that Gurli is not much given to reflection: but if my father thinks it proper, then Gurli will marry.

Kaberdar. Yes, Gurli, thy father is of opinion, that the sooner Gurli takes a husband the better. Hast thou met with no body that has pleased thee particularly?

Gurli. No: there is that Samuel, he is always prating and chattering about his love; and yet his love is not of my liking. But why then must it be a man? I will marry his sister Liddy——

Kaberdar. (With astonishment) Whom? his sister?

Gurli. Yes.

Kaberdar. Liddy?

Gurli. Yes, yes.

Kaberdar. But she is a woman.

Gurli. Well, what's the matter!

Kaberdar (Smiling) No, Gurli, that won't do; that is not permitted by Brama.—Thou art a girl, and must

marry

marry a man—Liddy is a girl too, and muſt alſo marry a man.

Gurli. Well then, I will marry Muſaffery.

Muſaffery. *(Who had till now ſtood ſunk in deep meditation on the ſubject of his late converſation, comes to himſelf, and anſwers in ſome confuſion, but with his accuſtomed dryneſs)* Me? fair Gurli! that won't do!

Gurli. Won't do, again? Why not—thou art a man ſurely!

Muſaffery. I am ſo.

Gurli. Well then.

Muſaffery. I am an old man.

Gurli. What matters that?

Muſaffery. Fair Gurli, an old man muſt not marry a young girl.

Gurli. Why not?

Muſaffery. Becauſe that would be moſt unmerciful, carrying a roſe-bud in the midſt of the ſnow.——

L. Smith (Within) You think, let me tell you, very nobly.—Becauſe you have been a fiſhmonger yourſelf, you would have your children to be ſo too.

Kaberdar. God protect us! the dragon approaches.—I am ſo fond of this hall, *(pointing to the window)*, I like the view of the open ſea; but this evil ſpirit always drives me back to my ſolitary apartment—Come away.

Gurli. Father, Gurli will ſtay here: Gurli will laugh at the old woman.

Kaberdar. As thou wilt: but ſhe is inquiſitive.---Do not diſcover to her the ſecret of our rank: I wiſh neither to be an object of curioſity, nor compaſſion. [*Exit with Muſaffery into his apartment.*

Gurli. Ah, no! Gurli likes only to hear the old woman; ſhe talks ſuch a deal of ſtupid ſtuff.

Lady SMITH and GURLI.

L. Smith. *(Still roaring to ſomebody behind while ſhe enters)* What is the gout? a noble ſpirit ſcorns the pain, and deſpiſes the palſy: though all my anceſtors, in

in their twenty-fifth year, were always sure of having the gout; none of them ever behaved like you.... *(Perceiving Gurli)*---Ah! Miss Gurli, *(making her a low curtsey, Gurli laughing in her face.)* Well, upon my honour, such impertinence I have never met with.

Gurli. Be not offended, old motherkin.

L. Smith. Old motherkin! better and better!

Gurli. Gurli is very fond of laughing: thou must not take it ill of Gurli.

L. Smith. Always *thou* at every other word. My God! how and where can this *pauvre creature* have had her first education?

Gurli. Can'st thou not then suffer the *thou?* well then I will thee *you.*

L. Smith. Call me whatever you please. A woman of a family such as mine, is beyond the reach of every affront.

Gurli. Of what family art *you* then?

L. Smith. Of the Quirliquitsch family.

Gurli. Ay! Gurli never heard it mentioned; it must be a new family.

L. Smith. (With contempt) New! my good Miss Gurli: run over whole centuries in your thoughts, and still you will not be at the root of it. I know not indeed where you could have an opportunity of getting acquainted with old families.

Gurli. I! I myself am descended from one of the oldest families in the world.

L. Smith. (With contempt) You! Ha, ha, ha!

Gurli. Yes, yes, I.—Gurli is of the family of the Rajahs.

L. Smith. (Tossing up her nose) Rajah! Rajah! I will for my amusement, as soon as I come home, turn over Rupner's book of heraldry, and see whether the Lords of Rajah ever have existed? the family is entirely unknown to me.

Gurli. The family of the Rajahs is many thousand years old.

L. Smith. Many thousand years! Ha, ha, ha!

good child! you have forgotten that the world itſelf is only 1789 years old—Ha, ha, ha! I have always thought you a little ſilly; but I now find that you are perfectly crazy. *(Makes her another low, but diſdainful curtſey, and then exit by the middle door.)*

GURLI alone.

Ha, ha, ha! the old fooliſh Beldame! How ſhe bends and diſtorts her body, and looks as bold as a Bayadere. Hold, Gurli muſt ape her, for a little paſtime. *(Steps to the glaſs, and practiſes curtſies.)* Oh, one might die laughing at this! Gurli muſt let her father ſee it.

The two Lawyers, MR STRUSSEL and MR STAFF, complimenting one another at the door.

Struſſel. Unexpected pleaſure.

Staff. Agreeable ſurpriſe.

Struſſel. To meet Mr Staff in my way.

Staff. To find Mr Struſſel here.

Struſſel. Pleaſe to walk in.

Staff. Cannot do it.

Struſſel. Muſt do it, muſt do it.

Staff. I am not ſo impolite: I know very well, that the firſt place among the learned in law, belongs to my worthy friend, Mr Struſſel.

Struſſel. Nonſenſe! nonſenſe! but wherefore any ceremony between two ſuch cordial friends? *(Hauls him in with him.)*

Staff. Yes, indeed cordial friends! *(They ſhake one another's hands, and both aſide at the ſame time, ſay)*, Devil fetch you!

Struſſel. How goes all at home? all well I hope?

Staff. At your ſervice: whenever I come home, they aſk me whether I have not ſeen my excellent friend Mr Struſſel? and how goes it with your family? how is Jemmy, my little godſon?

in their twenty-fifth year, were always ſure of having the gout; none of them ever behaved like you.... *(Perceiving Gurli)*---Ah! Miſs Gurli, *(making her a low curtſey, Gurli laughing in her face.)* Well, upon my honour, ſuch impertinence I have never met with.

Gurli. Be not offended, old motherkin.

L. Smith. Old motherkin! better and better!

Gurli. Gurli is very fond of laughing: thou muſt not take it ill of Gurli.

L. Smith. Always *thou* at every other word. My God! how and where can this *pauvre creature* have had her firſt education?

Gurli. Can'ſt thou not then ſuffer the *thou?* well then I will thee *you.*

L. Smith. Call me whatever you pleaſe. A woman of a family ſuch as mine, is beyond the reach of every affront.

Gurli. Of what family art *you* then?

L. Smith. Of the Quirliquitſch family.

Gurli. Ay! Gurli neve heard it menticned; it muſt be a new family.

L. Smith. (With contempt) New! my good Miſs Gurli: run over whole centuries in your thoughts, and ſtill you will not be at the root of it. I know not indeed where you could have an opportunity of getting acquainted with old families.

Gurli. I! I myſelf am deſcended from one of the oldeſt families in the world.

L. Smith. (With contempt) You! Ha, ha, ha!

Gurli. Yes, yes, I.—Gurli is of the family of the Rajahs.

L. Smith. (Toſſing up her noſe) Rajah! Rajah! I will for my amuſement, as ſoon as I come home, turn over Rupner's book of heraldry, and ſee whether the Lords of Rajah ever have exiſted? the family is perfectly unknown to me.

Gurli. The family of the Rajahs is many thouſand years old.

L. Smith. Many thouſand years! Ha, ha, ha!

good child! you have forgotten that the world itself is only 1789 years old—Ha, ha, ha! I have always thought you a little silly; but I now find that you are perfectly crazy. *(Makes her another low, but disdainful curtsey, and then exit by the middle door.)*

GURLI alone.

Ha, ha, ha! the old foolish Beldame! How she bends and distorts her body, and looks as bold as a Bayadere. Hold, Gurli must ape her, for a little pastime. *(Steps to the glass, and practises curtsies.)* Oh, one might die laughing at this! Gurli must let her father see it.

The two Lawyers, MR STRUSSEL and MR STAFF, complimenting one another at the door.

Strussel. Unexpected pleasure.

Staff. Agreeable surprise.

Strussel. To meet Mr Staff in my way.

Staff. To find Mr Strussel here.

Strussel. Please to walk in.

Staff. Cannot do it.

Strussel. Must do it, must do it.

Staff. I am not so impolite: I know very well, that the first place among the learned in law, belongs to my worthy friend, Mr Strussel.

Strussel. Nonsense! nonsense! but wherefore any ceremony between two such cordial friends? *(Hauls him in with him.)*

Staff. Yes, indeed cordial friends! *(They shake one another's hands, and both aside at the same time, say)*, Devil fetch you!

Strussel. How goes all at home? all well I hope?

Staff. At your service: whenever I come home, they ask me whether I have not seen my excellent friend Mr Strussel? and how goes it with your family? how is Jemmy, my little godson?

Struſſel. A funny rogue! I am preaching to him daily that he ſhould form himſelf entirely after the model of his excellent godfather, Mr Staff---*(Both making bows to each other: Struſſel aſide.)* What an aſs!

Staff. *(Aſide.)* What an ox!

Struſſel. *(Aſide.)* What wants he here?

Staff. *(Aſide.)* What the devil brings him hither!

Struſſel. My dear colleague has probably buſineſs here?

Staff. Well gueſſed! and my worthy colleague may perhaps be in the ſame predicament?

Struſſel. At your ſervice---may one be ſo bold, as to aſk what ſort of buſineſs?

Staff. A trifle; only a marriage-contract.

Struſſel. *(Whoſe choler begins to riſe.)* So! a marriage-contract? ay, ay! a mere trifle! I am here on the ſame account.

Staff. Ay, ay! then there is a bleſſing fallen on this houſe? Mr Samuel Smith, ſurveyor of the cuſtoms appointed me to come hither.

Struſſel. Ay, ay! the ſame gentleman ſent for me.

Staff. Ay, ay! curious enough; and ſcarcely credible.

Struſſel. *(In a paſſion.)* Credible or not credible, it is yet true, Mr Staff.

Staff. You muſt be miſtaken, Mr Colleague.

Struſſel. I am never miſtaken, Mr Colleague, and once for all, Mr Staff, you are a perſon without conſcience, who lays himſelf out for nothing elſe, but to ſnatch away the bread from his neighbour's mouth.

Staff. How, Colleague, have you the boldneſs?

Struſſel. Yes, Colleague, I have the boldneſs.

Staff. You will repent of this, Colleague.

Struſſel. We ſhall ſee that juſt now, Colleague.

Staff. The beſt thing you can do, Colleague, is to return to the place from which you came.

Struſſel. And the beſt thing you can do, is to go to the devil.

Staff. Now I muſt inſiſt upon ſeeing you home.

Struſſel. I ſhould be aſhamed to walk the ſtreets with you.

Staff.

Staff. People might indeed wonder to ſee you once more in honeſt company——

Struſſel. I am always in honeſt company, unleſs when I am in your's.

Staff. Sir, you grow impertinent——

Struſſel. And you are ſo already.

Staff. If you do not quickly talk in a ſofter tone, I will let you feel the weight of my fiſt.

Struſſel. So much the better—come away; it is long ſince I wiſhed for one boxing-bout with ſuch a ſad dog as you.

Staff. Excellent! though it will not be much honour to tread under foot ſuch a hog as you. *(Both of them throws off their coats and wigs, and put themſelves in the attitude of boxers.)*

TIDEWAITER, STRUSSEL, and STAFF.

Tidewaiter. (Running inſtantly betwixt them.) How! how! what the devil! Gentlemen, I believe you mean, in all haſte, to have a little bout at boxing.

Struſſel. (Pointing to Staff.) You are the guardian angel of that fellow.

Staff. (Pointing to Struſſel.) He is obliged to you for his life. *(They put on their coats and their wigs again.)*

Struſſel. But we ſhall meet again, Mr Staff.

Staff. Yes, yes, we ſhall meet. Mr Struſſel.

Tidewaiter. Will you not have the goodneſs to tell me how it came into your heads here to fall foul of each other, with all precipitation?

Struſſel. (Crying as loud as he can bawl.) He aſſerts, that Mr Samuel Smith, ſent for him on account of a marriage-contract, which he committed to me alone to make out, with all its neceſſary points and clauſes.

Staff. (In the ſame tone.) He is ſo audacious as to aſſert, that his unpractiſed quill was intruſted with a contract, the heads of which, but a few hours ago, Mr Samuel Smith dictated to me.

Tidewaiter. (*Stopping both his ears.*) Have mercy, gentlemen, have mercy upon me: the drums of my ears muſt infallibly crack!

SAMUEL, STAFF, STRUSSEL, and the TIDEWAITER.

(*Both Lawyers ruſhing upon Samuel.*) Here is the contract, Sir.

Samuel. Cautiouſly, gentlemen! cautiouſly! you had almoſt run me down.

Struſſel. Am I not here by your command?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Staff. Did you not appoint me to come hither?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Struſſel. Did you not order me to make a marriage-contract for you?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Staff. Was not I to bring a marriage-contract for you?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Struſſel. Well, Mr Staff?

Staff. Well, Mr Struſſel?

Struſſel. But, may I aſk, Sir, why you have thought proper to trouble two of the moſt eminent lawyers, in a matter in which, at all events, even half a one would have been ſufficient?

Samuel. Why! might not one of you have met with an accident, which might have prevented his appearing at the time appointed?

Staff. Raſhly done, Sir, raſhly done! By this means you had well nigh been the cauſe of a very bloody combat, betwixt me and my worthy Colleague, Mr Struſſel.

Struſſel. Very imprudent in you, Sir, thus, for nothing, or leſs than nothing, to make a couple of old cordial friends fall to loggerheads with one another.

Staff. If we did not love one another ſo dearly.

Struſſel. And eſteem one another ſo highly. (*Both holding*

holding out their hands.) Ha, ha, ha! we are the old thing again.

Staff. Our friendſhip is as firm as a rock.

Tidewaiter. Quickly provoked, and ſpeedily reconciled. Such precipitation is praiſe-worthy.

Samuel. Where are the contracts?

Both. Here.

Samuel. I intreat ye to read ſlowly and diſtinctly.

Struſſel. Read, Mr Staff.

Staff. I beg you would read, Mr Struſſel.

Struſſel. God forbid. I know my duty.

Staff. And, I know mine.

Struſſel. Wherefore ſo much ceremony? a couple of eminent men, like us, muſt make out a marriage-contract in the ſame way; it is then the ſame thing which of us reads.

Staff. Quite the ſame.

Struſſel. Well, if you abſolutely command me to do it. *(Takes out his ſpectacles and reads.)* "Be it known "hereby to all to whom the knowledge may be ne-"ceſſary."

Staff. (Conſulting his own manuſcript.) With your leave, Colleague, It ought to be: "Be it known "hereby to all whom it may concern."

Struſſel. (In a rage.) Why ſo, Colleague?

Staff. Becauſe it is poſſible that a caſe may occur, in which the knowledge may be neceſſary to many, who yet may not have any concern to know. No body, on the contrary, can be concerned to know, to whom that knowledge will not be neceſſary.

Struſſel. A very nice diſtinction.

Staff. (In a paſſion.) Not indeed for the brain of every one.

Struſſel. You are an ignoramus, Mr Colleague.

Staff. How? what? I am an ignoramus? If I were to divide my learning among ninety-nine men, they would all be as learned as Mr Struſſel.

Struſſel. Ay, provided they were ſo before-hand.

Samuel. Pardon me, Mr Struſſel, I think Mr Staff is right?

Struſſel. How? Is he right?

Samuel. Prudence always commands us to chooſe thoſe expreſſions which are the moſt appropriated.

Struſſel. You are a fool with your prudence.

Staff, Samuel, and the *Tidewaiter.* (*All at once*) A fool! a fool! You rude fellow—pack off—march down ſtairs.—(*All three fall upon him together, and puſh him towards the door.*)

Struſſel. (*While he is turned out.*) And I ſay, it ought to be: "Be it known hereby, to all to whom the "knowledge may be neceſſary."

Samuel. Well, Mr Staff, we ſhall now be in quiet, and may examine the contract with proper caution. Do you read.

Staff. (*Putting on his ſpectacles and reading.*) "Be it "known hereby, to all whom it may concern."

Struſſel. (*Shewing his head at the door.*) "To all, to "whom the knowledge may be neceſſary."

Tidewaiter. (*Driving him off.*) Begone, begone; off, off, off.

THE MAGPIE.

A TALE.

LET others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praiſe the tuneful choir,
The Linnet, Chaffinch, Goldfinch, Thruſh,
And every warbler of the buſh:
I ſing the mimic Magpye's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.
In Fleet-ſtreet dwelt in days of yore
A jolly tradeſman, nam'd *Tom Moore.*
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But paſſionately fond of play,

N

No ſounds to him ſuch ſweets afford
As *dice-box* rattling o'er the board;
Bewitching *hazard* is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.
In *baſket priſon* hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite *Magpye* ſees the play,
And mimics ev'ry word they ſay:
Lord! how he nicks us, Tom Moore cries,
Lord! how he nicks us, *Mag* replies;
Tom throws, and eyes the glitt'ring ſtore,
And as he throws, exclaims *Tom Moore!*
Tom Moore, the mimic bird replies;
The aſtoniſh'd gameſters lift their eyes,
And wond'ring ſtare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceed the ſound.
This diſſipative life of courſe
Soon brought poor *Tom* from bad to worſe;
Nor prayers nor promiſes prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.
And now between each heart-felt ſigh
Tom oft exclaims, *Bad company!*
Poor *Mag*, who ſhares his maſter's fate,
Exclaims from out his *wicker grate*,
"Bad company! Bad company!"
Then views poor *Tom* with curious eye,
And cheers his maſter's wretched hours
By this diſplay of mimic pow'rs.
Th' impriſon'd bird, tho' much careſs'd,
Is ſtill by anxious cares oppreſs'd,
In ſilence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his *priſon grate*,
Obſerve thro' life you'll always find
A *fellow-feeling* makes us kind.
So Tom reſolves immediately
To give poor *Mag* his liberty;
Then opes his cage, and with a ſigh
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now

Now *Mag*, once more with freedom bliſs'd,
Looks round to find a place of reſt;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighb'ring ſpray.
The gard'ner now with buſy cares
A curious ſeed for graſs prepares,
Yet, ſpite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.
A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly ſpreads the wily ſnare;
The feather'd plund'rers come in view,
And *Mag* ſoon joins the *thievish crew.*
The watchful gard'ner now ſtands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye;
The birds begin their ſtol'n repaſt,
The flying net ſecures them faſt.
The vengeful clown, now fill'd with ire,
Does to a neighb'ring ſhade retire,
And, having firſt ſecur'd the doors
And windows, next the net explores.
Now, in revenge for plunder'd ſeed,
Each felon he reſolves ſhall bleed,
Then twiſts their little necks around,
And caſts them breathleſs on the ground.
Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
Knew ſomething more than common bird;
He therefore watch'd with anxious care,
And ſlipt himſelf from out the ſnare,
Then, perch'd on nail remote from ground,
Obſerves how deaths are dealt around.
Lord! how he nicks us, Maggy cries:
The aſtoniſh'd gard'ner lifts his eyes,
With fault'ring voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, "Who's there?"—All ſtill as death.
His murd'rous work he does reſume,
And caſts his eye around the room
With caution, and at length does ſpy
The *Magype* perch'd on nail ſo high!

The wond'ring clown, from what he heard,
Believes him ſomething more than *bird*,
With fear impreſs'd, does now retreat
Towards the door, with trembling feet;
Then ſays—"Thy name I do implore?"
The ready bird replies—"*Tom Moore.*"
"O Lord!" the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and ſtaring eyes;
Half-op'ning then the hovel door,
He aſks the bird one queſtion more:
"What brought you here?"—With quick reply
Sly *Mag* rejoins—"*Bad company.*"
Out jumps the gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And as he runs, impreſs'd with dread,
Exclaims, "*The Devil's in the ſhed!*"
The wond'rous tale a Bencher hears,
And ſoothes the man, and quells his fears,
Gets *Mag* ſecur'd in *wicker* cage
Once more to ſpend his little rage:
In *Temple Hall* now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—"*Bad company!*"

MATRIMONY.

[From the CITIZEN of the WORLD. Embelliſhed with a moſt beautiful Engraving.]

THE gentleman dreſſed in black, who was my companion through Weſtminſter-Abbey, came yeſterday to pay me a viſit; and after drinking tea, we both reſolved to take a walk together, in order to enjoy the freſhneſs of the country, which now begins to reſume its verdure. Before we got out of the ſuburbs, however, we were ſtopped in one of the ſtreets by a crowd of people, gathered in a circle round a man and his wife,

wife, who ſeemed too loud and too angry to be under-ſtood. The people were highly pleaſed with the diſ-pute, which, upon inquiry, we found to be between Dr Cacafogo, an apothecary, and his wife. The doctor, it ſeems, coming unexpectedly unto his wife's apart-ment, found a gentleman there in circumſtances not in the leaſt equivocal.

The doctor, who was a perſon of nice humour, re-ſolving to revenge the flagrant inſult, immediately flew to the chimney-piece, and taking down a ruſty blun-derbuſs, drew the trigger upon the defiler of his bed: and the delinquent would certainly have been ſhot through the head, but that the piece had not been charged for many years. The gallant made a ſhift to eſcape through the window, but the lady ſtill remain-ed; and as ſhe well knew her huſband's temper, un-dertook to manage the quarrel without a ſecond. He was furious, and ſhe loud; their noiſe had gathered all the mob, who charitably aſſembled on the occaſion not to prevent, but to enjoy, the quarrel.

"Alas," ſaid I to my companion, "what will be-come of this unhappy creature thus caught in adul-tery! Believe me, I pity her from my heart; her huſband, I ſuppoſe, will ſhew her no mercy. Will they burn her as in India, or behead her as in Perſia, will they load her with ſtripes as in Turkey, or keep her in perpetual impriſonment, as with us in China? Pr'ythee, what is the wife's puniſhment in England for ſuch offences?"—"When a lady is thus caught trip-ping," replied my companion, "they never puniſh her but the huſband."—"You ſurely jeſt," interrupted I. "I am a foreigner, and you would abuſe my igno-rance!" "I am really ſerious," returned he. "Dr Cacafogo has caught his wife in the act; but as he has no witneſſes, his ſmall teſtimony goes for nothing; the conſequence, therefore, of this diſcovery will be, that ſhe may be packed off to live among her relations, and the doctor muſt be obliged to allow her a ſeparate main-tenance.

tenance."—"Amazing!" cried I; "is it not enough that she is permitted to live separate from the object she detests, but must he give her money to keep her in spirits too?—"That he must," says my guide; "and be called a *cuckold* by all his neighbours into the bargain. The men will laugh at him, the ladies will pity him; and all that his warmest friends can say in his favour will be, "That the poor good soul has never had any harm in him."—"I want patience," interrupted I? "what! are there no private chastisements for his wife; no schools of penitence to shew her folly? no rods for such delinquents!"—"Psha, man," replied he, smiling, "if every delinquent among us were to be treated in your manner, one half of the kingdom would flog the other."

I must confess, my dear Fum, that if I were an English husband, of all things I would take care not to be jealous, nor busily prey into those secrets my wife was pleased to keep from me. Should I detect her infidelity, what is the consequence? If I calmly pocket the abuse, I am laughed at by her and her gallant; if I talk my griefs aloud, like a tragedy-hero, I am laughed at by the whole world. The course then I'd take would be, whenever I went out, to tell my wife where I was going, least I should unexpectedly meet her abroad in company with some dear deceiver. Whenever I returned, I would use a peculiar rap at the door, and give four loud hems as I walked deliberately up the stair-case. I would never inquisitively peep under her bed, or look behind the curtains. And even though I knew the captain was there, I would calmly take a dish of my wife's cool tea, and talk of the army with reverence.

Of all nations, the Russians seem to me to behave most wisely in such circumstances. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgressions of this nature; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is so detected, without the least anger, to beat her without

without mercy: ſo they both know what each has to expect; the lady tranſgreſſes, is beaten, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before.

When a Ruſſian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, aſks the bridegroom, whether he chooſes this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon this, the father turning the lady three times round, and giving her three ſtrokes with his cudgel on the back—"My dear," cries he, "theſe are the laſt blows you are ever to receive from your tender father. I reſign my authority and my cudgel to your huſband; he knows better than me the uſe of either." The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly; he aſſures the father, that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any uſe of it. But the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, inſiſts upon his acceptance. Upon this, there follows a ſcene of Ruſſian politeneſs, while one refuſes, and the other offers, the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it; upon which the lady drops a curtſey in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as uſual.

There is ſomething exceſſively fair and open in this method of courtſhip. By this, both ſides are prepared for all the matrimonial adventures that are to follow. Marriage has been compared to a game of ſkill for life; it is generous thus in both parties to declare they are ſharpers in the beginning. In England, I am told both ſides uſe every art to conceal their defects from each other before marriage; and the reſt of their lives may be regarded as doing penance for their former diſſimulation. Farewell.

TH

I resign my Authority and my Budget to your husband.

THE PARADISE OF SCHEDAD.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

LONG before the prophet of the true believers had enlightened the world, and the ſacred Koran had deſcended from the ſeventh heaven, Schedad reigned in Yemen, with abſolute power, and the moſt tyrannic ſway. He was voluptuous and cruel, an extravagant and impious deſpot. A monſter, rather than a man, he had the preſumption to be thought a god. Had he conceived the mad idea of acting as ſuch in his own court only, the courtiers of that time would have adored him without ſcruple; and even his ape and his parrot would have been equally the object of their devotions; but Schedad inſiſted, that all his ſubjects ſhould acknowledge his pretended divinity, and that it ſhould be a ſerious and unqueſtionable article of their faith.

The better to ſucceed in this project, he conceived what he thought an infallible plan. He cauſed to be built, in one of the moſt beautiful cantons of Yemen, a circular wall of prodigious height. This wall was lined within by a foreſt of pines, which formed at once an incloſure and a crown to the moſt extenſive and magnificent gardens that can be imagined. Here, the meadows were adorned with all the flowers of the ſpring: there, the orchards promiſed the laviſh bounties of autumn. Here the brooks flowed ſilently over a ſand of gold, or, rolling rapidly over a bed of pearls, blended their murmur with the warbling of the birds! There, every object was reflected in a ſmall lake, in which were ſporting fiſhes of every kind and every colour. Now, we deſcend into a delightful valley, where refreſhing coolneſs is diffuſed around by a fine ſheet of water falling from a rock. Farther on, we enter ever-verdant thickets, where all the odoriferous

ſhrubs flouriſh at the feet of majeſtic palm-trees and cedars. Nature univerſally appears in all her charms, and the timid art which adorns her, is ſcarcely to be ſeen.

In the centre of this enchanting ſolitude, a circular mountain roſe with a gentle ſlope; then becoming level on a ſudden, it formed a vaſt eſplanade on the ſummit. There Schedad erected a ſtupendous palace, which he furniſhed with equal magnificence and taſte. The conveniencies of every kind were numberleſs; and to all the pomp that luxury could diſplay, were united its moſt exquiſite refinements. All that excelled in the fine arts, or who might be called the ſcientific profeſſors of ſenſuality, in all its varieties, were here to be found; cooks, muſicians, dancers, buffoons, and even poets. The latter were held by Schedad in little eſtimation; but what he prized more than all the reſt, was a numerous ſwarm of young females, whom he took care to have in every part of the palace and gardens. They were as beautiful as the celeſtial houris, a little leſs pure, perhaps, but much more gay and ſprightly.

When every thing was ready for the execution of his deſign, Schedad publiſhed the following ſtrange edict, which was fixed on the gates of all the temples:

"Schedad, god of Yemen, to all our faithful worſhippers, felicity and greeting. As we propoſe to ſurpaſs in liberality all the other gods, who promiſe no happineſs till after death, we make known that we have created in our plain of Yemen, a paradiſe, in which you ſhall enjoy all the pleaſures of the preſent life. We will admit there, at the proper time, ſuch among you, who, neglecting all ſuperfluous virtue, ſhall have believed ſincerely in us, and ſubmitted, without reſerve, to our divine will. We admit, from this moment, and without any further probation, ſuch of our bleſſed ſervants whoſe names are included in the liſt annexed to the preſent edict. O people of Yemen, haſten to imitate the example which they have left you,

you, and to merit the crown which they have obtained."

These blessed servants of Schedad were, if the truth must be known, some of his most impudent flatterers; some ministers of his outrages and profligacy; contemptible women, who had yielded to his desire; others, more artful, who had only promised to gratify them; and these were preferred in the promotion. In fine, scarcely was the edict published, than Schedad kept his word with the new saints. He conducted them solemnly to the palace of Iram, desiring them to enjoy in peace the felicity which he had prepared for them, and which his frequent visits would render still more perfect. On leaving this paradise, he himself shut the gate of the sacred inclosure, giving orders to the soldiers who guarded it on the outside, to immolate on the spot whatever profane person might presume to approach it.

In the mean time, the blessed inhabitants, as they were called, abandoned themselves, without reserve, to the ecstasy into which the sight only of their new abode had thrown them. For the first time in their life, they admired, they almost loved, the tyrant of Yemen. They even believed (as he himself concluded they would) that the author of so much felicity could not but be a god. Their faith, however, lasted no longer than their happiness, which was very short. Pleasures, varied in appearance, but in reality ever the same; pleasures easily obtained, uninterrupted, and immoderate, soon became insipid companions, or were disgusting from satiety. Susceptibility of pleasure was annihilated by excessive enjoyment. It was found, on the contrary, that languor and weariſomeness respected not the paradise of Schedad, and that disease, with all her painful attendants, respected it as little. This was not all. The blessed inhabitants were not unknown in the world, and they were not beloved; but, being now seen in a nearer point of view, they were better known,

and were deteſted. From this moment, ſociety and converſation were no more. Shut up in their apartments, or diſperſed on the terraces of the palace, they beheld, with a look of ſorrow, the delightful gardens which ſurrounded them, and which now appeared no better than a verdant priſon. Their eyes were fixed with leſs reluctance on the Red Sea, and on a chain of rocks, that appeared in the horizon. What would they not give to wander at liberty over theſe frightful rocks, or to ſail on that ſtormy ſea, ſo much dreaded for innumerable ſhipwrecks!

The bleſſed inhabitants were preciſely in this ſituation, when the god of Yemen honoured them with his firſt viſit. To the pleaſures with which he thought them enchanted, he came to add the ſupreme felicity of his preſence. Judge of his ſurpriſe and indignation, when he beheld melancholy viſible in every countenance, and found, that, inſtead of ſongs of gratulation, and hymns of praiſe, he heard nothing but complaints and murmurs. He diſſembled, however, and commanded, with the beſt grace he could, his indignant emotions. He mingled careſſes with reproaches; and, by dint of now chiding and now wheedling his ſaints, he made them promiſe to inure themſelves to the paradiſe, and to take their felicity in good part. But this extorted promiſe afforded him but little ſatisfaction. He depended more on the order he had left with the ſoldiers that guarded the outſide of the wall, to maſſacre without mercy, not only the profane, but even the ſaints themſelves, ſhould they attempt to ſcale its formidable height.

Notwithſtanding theſe precautions, Schedad did not return to his capital without the moſt corroding ſenſations of anxiety and trouble. Theſe, indeed, were too well founded. Nor did he flatter himſelf; he ſaw that his paradiſe and his divinity were fallen into that diſcredit from which he never could raiſe either the one or the other; and, to ward off this fatal blow, he had recourſ

recourſe to the only expedient that remained. He announced, by a ſecond proclamation, that conſidering the ingratitude of his people, and the very little ſolicitude they expreſſed to merit paradiſe, he ſhould now create a hell, in which the incredulous and impious would not be diſpoſed to jeſt. As it is much eaſier to torment mankind than to make them happy, the new project, perhaps would have ſucceeded better than the other, but that Schedad was not allowed time to put it into execution. This cruel extravagance alarmed both the nobles and the people, and deprived them of all patience. The tyrant dethroned; and the puniſhment he ſhould undergo was long the ſubject of diſcuſſion. It was at laſt determined, that no puniſhment could be ſo proper as to confine him to the gardens of Iram, with the vile wretches with which he had peopled it, and to wall up the gate of this infernal paradiſe. There, diſtracted by remorſe, and overwhelmed by outrages, the god of Yemen was compelled to acknowledge, that there is a Supreme Being, who confounds the projects of impiety, and has promiſed felicity only to the virtuous and the good.

THE EXCELLENT WIFE.

[From "EDWARD. Various views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England." By Dr Moore]

We ſhall not attempt to give an Idea of the Fable of this Novel, which contains, as may be expected from the Title, a great Variety of Characters, drawn with great regard to Nature and Truth. That of Mrs BARNET appears in the following Selection, as well as in many other Parts of the Work, to exhibit the Picture of a very excellent Wife, whoſe Method

of managing a ſelfiſh, obſtinate, and almoſt untractable Huſband, conveys a very inſtructive Leſſon to every married Woman.

MRS BARNET, wife of Mr George Barnet, who lived at no great diſtance from London, had been in town to put her daughter to a boarding-ſchool. She had taken a poſt-chaiſe, that the chariot might remain for the uſe of her huſband, whoſe conſtant cuſtom it was to drive out every day before dinner, to acquire an appetite, the only ſenſible reaſon which, in Mr Barnet's opinion, any man in eaſy circumſtances could have for being at the trouble of exerciſe.

As Mrs Barnet returned from town, the poſt-chaiſe broke down in the middle of the road—a ſtage coach came up at the inſtant that Mrs Barnet and her maid had got ſafely out of the poſt-chaiſe; the coachman knew Mrs Barnet, and his courſe being directly thro' a village contiguous to her huſband's houſe, he ſtopped, and offered to ſet her down at her own door. Mrs Barnet, perceiving that it would take a conſiderable time before the chaiſe could be mended, agreed to the coachman's propoſal, and deſired her maid to put a ſmall bundle into the coach.

"Lard, Madam," cried the maid, as ſoon as ſhe had peeped into the coach, "here is a frightful old woman and a beggarly-looking boy—you cannot poſſibly go in here."

"As for the old woman and the boy," ſaid the coachman, "although they are ſitting *within*, they are no more than outſide paſſengers—for, as ill luck would have it, I chanced to have none within; ſo when the rain came on, I took pity on the boy, and deſired him to take ſhelter in the coach, which he refuſed, unleſs the old woman was allowed to go in alſo;—ſo as the boy, you ſee, is a very pretty boy, I could not bear that he ſhould be expoſed to the rain, and ſo I was obliged to let in both; but now, to be ſure, if her ladyſhip

inſiſts

inſiſts on it, they muſt both go in the outſide, which will be no great hardſhip, for it begins to grow fair."

"Fair or foul, they muſt get out directly," ſaid the maid; "do you imagine that *my* miſtreſs will ſit with ſuch creatures as theſe, more particularly in ſuch a dirty machine?"

"Hark you, young woman," ſaid the coachman, "you may ſay of the old woman and the boy what you pleaſe, they do not belong to me;—but as for the coach, it is *my* coach, and, I would have you to know, bears as good a reputation as any on the road, perhaps a better than your own; ſo I would not adviſe you for to go for to ſlurify the character of thoſe who are ſaying nothing againſt yours:—But as for you, my dear, you muſt come out," continued he, taking the boy by the arm, "ſince this here gentlewoman inſiſts upon it."

"By no means," ſaid Mrs Barnet; "let the child remain, and the woman alſo; there is room for us all."

So ſaying, ſhe ſtepped into the coach; the maid followed, and the coachman drove on.

This arrangement was highly diſagreeable to the maid, who ſeemed greatly mortified at being ſeated near a woman ſo meanly dreſſed.

Mrs Barnet, on the other hand, was pleaſed with the opportunity of accommodating the poor woman and boy—for this lady was of a benevolent diſpoſition; and although ſhe was likewiſe moſt uncommonly free from vanity, yet if all the maid's ſtock had been divided between them, the miſtreſs and maid together would have made a couple of very vain women.

Mrs Barnet was in rather low ſpirits, owing to her being ſeparated now, for the firſt time in her life, from her daughter—the old woman, on the contrary, being delighted with her ſituation in the coach, was in high ſpirits, and much diſpoſed to ſhare them with all the company.

She made repeated attempts to draw Mrs Barnet into

into converſation, but without ſucceſs; for although, from a civility of diſpoſition which never forſook her, ſhe anſwered with affability all the woman's queſtions, ſhe always relapſed into penſive ſilence.

The old woman was ſurpriſed, as well as diſappointed, at this—ſhe never in the courſe of her life had met with ſo ſilent a woman, and thinking it next to impoſſible that ſhe ſhould ſtumble upon two on the ſame day, in the ſame coach, of the ſame diſpoſition, ſhe ventured to addreſs the maid, in ſpite of her repulſive looks, ſaying, "Pray, miſtreſs, as the ſun begins to break out, do you not think it will turn out a good day?"

In this attempt to lead the maid into converſation, ſhe was ſtill more unſucceſsful than ſhe had been with the miſtreſs; for although the former did not partake of the latter's dejection of ſpirits, and had no kind of averſion in general to talking, yet ſhe deemed a perſon dreſſed as this poor woman was, far beneath her anſwering—therefore, ſurveying the woman's ruſſet gown with contempt, and at the ſame time bruſhing the duſt from the ſleeves of her own, which was of ſilk, with an elevated noſe, and projected under lip, ſhe turned her diſdainful eyes to the other ſide, without making the poor woman any anſwer.

Baffled in all her attempts to provoke a converſation, and quite unable to hold her tongue, as a laſt recourſe, the old woman began to talk with the boy.

His prattle ſoon diſturbed the meditations and attracted the attention of Mrs Barnet, who at length aſked the old woman, what relation the boy was to her?

Pleaſed with this opportunity of giving freedom to her tongue, ſhe anſwered with great rapidity, and almoſt in one breath, "Relation to me! All my relations are dead, pleaſe your ladyſhip, except my nephew, the pawn-broker in Shug-lane, who is grown ſo rich and ſo proud, that he hardly ſpeaks to me; but as for that there boy, I never ſaw him in my life, till this hour

bleſſed

bleſſed day, when I received him from the overſeers of the work-houſe, to take him to my own houſe in the country; where I already have ſix children all boarded at the rate of poor three ſhillings a-week, which your ladyſhip muſt acknowledge is too little in all conſcience for my trouble and expence; but the hearts of thoſe who take care of the poor of ſome pariſhes, are as hard as the very church-walls.—Now, pleaſe your ladyſhip, this poor child, it ſeems, was lately ill of the affluenza, and cannot be put out to a trade till he grows ſtronger. And ſo they gave him to me with the other children, for the benefice of country air; which I do aſſure your ladyſhip does quite and clean the contrirary of doctors drugs, for it recovers the health of the children, and gives them all a monſtrous devouring appetite, as I am ſure I finds to my coſt—and ſo—if ſo be as ——"

"Pray, who are his parents?" ſaid Mrs Barnet, interrupting the old woman's fluency, which ſhe ſaw was inexhauſtible.

"The Lord above, he only knows," replied the old woman; "for they told me he was brought to the work houſe when he was only a few months old; the pariſh-officers received him from a poor woman, who ſaid ſhe was not his mother, but his name was Edward Evelin; but who was his mother was difficult to tell; and ſtill more, who was his real father, as your ladyſhip well knows, for they have never been found out; but it ſtands to reaſon, that he muſt have had both, for I never heard of any body, who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hiſendeck, of whom the parſon of our pariſh preached laſt Sunday; but Michael lived in the Bible days, which is different from theſe here times; ſo this boy's parents muſt be perſons unknown; but be who they will, I ſuſpect that they were no better than they ſhould be: in which caſe it is pretty clear that this here boy, ſaving your ladyſhip's preſence, is neither more nor leſs than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage,

marriage, it ſtands to reaſon that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs Barnet, affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under ſuch unfavourable auſpices, ſaid, "Are you not ſorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," anſwered he; "I don't care."

"Is there not ſome body at home whom you are ſorry to leave?" reſumed ſhe.

"No," replied the boy;" I am not ſorry to leave any body."

"What, not thoſe who are good to you!" rejoined ſhe.

"No body was ever good to *me*," ſaid the boy.

Mrs Barnet was touched with the child's anſwers, which ſtrongly painted his helpleſs lot, and the cruel indifference of the world. She thought of her own child now, for the firſt time, left to the care of ſtrangers, and the tear ſtood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, "was *no body* ever good to you?"

"No," anſwered he; "they are good only to the miſtreſs' ſon."

"And have you *no* friend, my dear?" added ſhe with a ſigh.

"No, for old Robin the footman died laſt week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

Mrs Barnet could not help ſmiling at the expreſſive ſimplicity of the anſwer, and felt herſelf ſo much intereſted in him, and ſo much affected at ſeeing ſo fine a child thrown as it were at random on the world, that while ſhe yet ſmiled, the tears flowed from her eyes—which the boy obſerving, and miſtaking their cauſe, ſaid, "I fell a-crying myſelf, when I heard that poor old Robin was dead."

"That was like a good boy," ſaid Mrs Barnet.

"No, was like a naughty boy," ſaid he; "and the matron whipt me for it."

"My

"My poor dear little fellow," exclaimed Mrs Barnet, "that was hard indeed!"

"It is very right howſomever, Madam," ſaid the old woman, "that children ſhould be whipt for crying; if I did not make that a conſtant rule at my houſe, there would be nothing but ſquawling from morning till night—for I'll tell you, as how I always ſerves them there little chits, whenever they begins to make a noiſe—I takes them—"

Here the old woman was interrupted by the ſtopping of the coach at the part of the common where ſhe was to get out and walk to her own houſe.

Mrs Barnet warmly recommended the boy to her care, putting at the ſame time a guinea into her hand, and adding, that ſhe would perhaps call upon her ſometimes, and would reward her more liberally, if ſhe found that the boy was treated with kindneſs.——The old woman having promiſed to treat him kindly, led him away, and the coach drove on.

The forlorn condition of this poor boy, deſtitute of father, mother, relation, or protector, ſo ſtrongly awakened the humane feelings of Mrs Barnet, that her thoughts were divided between him and her own child for the remainder of the way; and when ſhe arrived at her own houſe, after giving her huſband a particular account of every thing relative to the eſtabliſhment of his daughter, ſhe began the hiſtory of the work-houſe boy; but ſhe had not proceeded far, when Mr Barnet haſtily rung the bell to know whether dinner was near ready, ſaying, "That he had eaten little or nothing ſince his breakfaſt, and indeed not a great deal then, owing to the careleſſneſs of the maid, who had not put butter enough upon the toaſt." "Why did you not order her to make ſome with more, my dear?" ſaid Mrs Barnet. "Becauſe,' replied he, "I did not obſerve it till I could eat no more; ſo that, upon the whole, I made a very uncomfortable breakfaſt."

"I am

"I am sorry for it," said Mrs Barnet; "but I hope you have had something since."

"Very little," replied he; "for I was put so out of humour with the toast, that I have had little or no appetite until now."

"That is provoking indeed," said Mrs Barnet, in a sympathising tone of voice. "But here comes the dinner, and I trust you will now be able to make up for the loss of your breakfast." "I wish to God, my dear, the fish be not overdone," cried Mr Barnet, fixing an alarmed look on the dish.

"Pray do not terrify yourself," replied Mrs Barnet; "the fish is done to a moment; and the veal, as well as the beans and bacon, seems admirable—allow me to help you."

Mrs Barnet accordingly helped her husband to every thing she knew he liked, which, he being a man of few words, particularly at meals, accepted in silent complacency. After having amply indemnified himself for the misfortunes of the breakfast, and having attempted, in vain, to swallow another morsel, he looked with benignity at his wife, and said, "I really wish you would eat a little bit yourself, my dear."

"I believe the parting with our sweet girl has entirely deprived me of appetite; it is not in my power to eat much; but, if you please, I'll drink a glass of wine with you."

"I will just take one draught more of ale first; I believe there is but one other draught in the tankard."

Mr Barnet having finished his ale, "Upon my word," said he, "this ale is excellent—and now, my dear, I am ready to join you in a glass of wine.—Here, my dear, is your very good health, with all my heart, not forgetting our dear Louisa."

After Mr Barnet had drank a few glasses more, and praised the port as sound, and stomachic, and of a good body, "I am glad to see you here again, my dear," said he; "they may talk of the comforts and conve-

nience

niencies of London as they pleaſe, but I think there is no place where one finds every thing ſo neat, and ſo clean, and ſo comfortable, as in one's own houſe here, and at one's own good, warm, ſnug fireſide."

Mrs Barnet, deſirous of intereſting her huſband in the poor boy, thought this a good opportunity, and after expreſſing her own ſatisfaction in the thoughts of his finding home ſo agreeable, ſhe proceeded in the following terms. "Yet, my dear, in the midſt of thoſe comforts which Providence has ſo bountifully beſtowed upon us, it is impoſſible not to feel uneaſineſs in reflecting on the numbers of our fellow-creatures, who, inſtead of thoſe conveniencies which we enjoy, are fain, after fatigue and labour, to ſeek a little refreſhment, and repoſe upon ſtraw, in cold uncomfortable habitations, and from ſcanty proviſions! The fine boy, whom I already mentioned, was going from a work-houſe, to the miſerable cottage of a wretched old woman, who had no natural intereſt in him, and——"

Here Mrs Barnet ſtopped, becauſe ſhe perceived that her huſband had fallen aſleep.

The following day they had viſitors, and Mrs Barnet found no proper opportunity of mentioning to her huſband the boy in whom ſhe felt ſo ſtrong an intereſt. The day after, ſhe was again prevented by the following accident:—A large company were invited to dine on turtle, at an inn in the village. This dinner was given by a gentleman, whoſe intereſt in the county Mr Barnet oppoſed, of courſe he was not invited to the feaſt; but the innkeeper, who had private reaſons for cultivating the good-will of Mr Barnet, and knew by what means that was to be moſt effectually obtained, gave him to know that a copious baſon of the turtle ſhould be ſent to him.—Mr Barnet having prepared himſelf for the occaſion, by a longer airing than uſual, was waiting with impatience for the accompliſhment of the innkeeper's promiſe, when he was informed, that in conveying the ſoup from the inn, the ſervant

had ſtumbled, and ſpilt the rich cargo on the ground. This melancholy accident affected Mr Barnet ſo deeply, that his wife plainly perceived it would be vain to expect that he ſhould, for that day at leaſt, think of any body's misfortune but his own.

The following morning, Mrs Barnet, on the pretext of paying an early viſit, drove to the old woman's cottage, to inquire after the poor boy.

She ſoon obſerved him ſitting on a ſtone before the old woman's door, apart from the other children, who were playing on the heath.

He ſprung, with extended arms, toward Mrs Barnet, as ſoon as he ſaw her.

"Why are you not playing with the other children?" ſaid ſhe.

"Becauſe," ſaid he, "you promiſed to come and ſee me, and I have watched for you ever ſince."

"That he has, indeed, Madam," ſaid the old woman, who came out of the hovel, when ſhe ſaw the carriage ſtop; "he has been conſtantly on the look-out from morning to night, although I told him—"You ſilly fool," ſaid I, "do you think that that there fine lady will take the trouble to come to ſee ſuch a poor little wretch as you—and what does your ladyſhip think he anſwered!"——

"What *did* he anſwer?" ſaid Mrs Barnet.

"Yes, I do think it," ſays he: "for ſhe promiſed to do ſo," ſaid he; "and the parſon of the work-houſe ſchool told us that good folks always kept their promiſe," ſays he. "And I am ſure," continued the old woman, "that your ladyſhip always will, particularly to me, whereof your ladyſhip muſt remember that you promiſed to reward me, if ſo be I treated this boy kindly, which God he knows I have done, as in duty bound."

"Have you had any breakfaſt, my dear?" ſaid Mrs Barnet to the boy.

"I was juſt going to give him ſome," anſwered the old woman,

woman, "when your ladyſhip arrived.——Was I not, child?"

"I don't know," ſaid the boy.

"He does not underſtand politeneſs as yet, pleaſe your ladyſhip," ſaid the old woman; "but I will ſoon teach him in time; for indeed I was juſt going to give him ſome breakfaſt, as in duty bound."

Mrs Barnet continued to talk with the boy for a conſiderable time, and was highly pleaſed with all he ſaid. She then gave ſome money to the woman, repeating her injunctions, "that ſhe ſhould be careful and attentive to the boy;" "and now, my dear, here is ſomething for you," added ſhe; preſenting him with a large ſweet cake.

"Are you going away already?" ſaid the boy, with a ſorrowful look.

"Yes, my dear, I muſt go," replied ſhe.

"There," ſaid the boy, giving the cake to the old woman, "you may divide that among the children."

"Firſt take ſome yourſelf," rejoined the old woman, tearing off a piece, and offering it to the boy.

"No," ſaid he; "I do not like it *now*."

"You cannot chooſe but like it," ſaid ſhe, taking a large bite of the cake herſelf. "Here, here," reſumed ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe could articulate; "I aſſure you it is very nice; ſo there is a piece for you."

"I cannot eat it now," replied he, rejecting the cake, and looking mournfully at Mrs Barnet.

"I will come and ſee you again, my dear," ſaid Mrs Barnet, tapping his cheek: "but I am obliged to go at preſent: pray be a good boy."

"I cannot be a good boy," reſumed he, ready to cry, when you are going away."

"I will ſoon return," ſaid ſhe, "but pray be good."

"I will try," ſaid the boy, with a ſob; "but I fear I cannot."

Mrs Barnet had not only a warm benevolent heart, but alſo ſomething of a warm imagination. The acci-

dental manner in which ſhe had met with this boy, and the ſudden and growing intereſt which his appearance, behaviour, and forlorn condition, created in her breaſt, ſhe conſidered as the impulſe of Providence urging her to ſave a fine boy from vice, infamy, and ruin.

Fraught with this idea, ſhe returned to her own houſe a little before her huſband aroſe; and by the time he was dreſſed, ſhe had every thing arranged for his breakfaſt.

Mr Barnet entered the parlour with a newſpaper in his hand, and, what was ſeldom the caſe, with a cheerful countenance.

"I fancy you have good news to communicate," ſaid Mrs Barnet.

"Why, yes," ſaid he; "I find ſtocks have riſen one and a half per cent. by which I ſhall gain a pretty round ſum."

"I am glad to hear it," ſaid ſhe, preſenting him with a baſon of tea.

"I do not ſee why we ſhould not have a diſh of johndorys for dinner to-day, let them coſt what they will," reſumed he.

"You ſhall have it, my dear," ſaid Mrs Barnet; "I'll give orders about it directly."

While Mrs Barnet was giving the orders, her huſband helped himſelf very plentifully to the toaſt, which he found buttered to his taſte. He continued to eat, with every appearance of ſatisfaction, for a conſiderable time after his wife returned; and when he could eat no more, he preſented her a plate of toaſt, with his uſual phraſe on like occaſions—"I really wiſh you would eat a little bit yourſelf, my dear."

"With all my heart," ſaid Mrs Barnet, "for I rejoice to ſee you look ſo cheerful and well this morning.

"Why truly," ſaid he, ſtroking his belly, "I do feel myſelf pretty comfortable."

Mrs

Mrs Barnet, thinking this the lucky moment for reſuming the ſtory of the poor boy—deſcribed his fine looks and helpleſs condition, in ſuch eloquent and pathetic terms, that her huſband, in ſpite of his natural indifference to every thing which did not perſonally regard himſelf, ſeemed a little affected.—Mrs Barnet perceiving this, continued:——

"I do aſſure you, my dear, that you never ſaw a prettier boy."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr Barnet; "but as for the old woman," reſumed his wife, "ſhe ſeemed to be an unfeeling creature, and ſmelt of gin."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr Barnet; "for I have known ſeveral old women ſmell of gin."

"I am ſure ſhe will neglect the poor boy," reſumed ſhe.

"Well, my dear, ſince you are perſuaded of that, I think we muſt ſend for the old woman, and adviſe her to take care of him; and I am willing to give her a few ſhillings out of my pocket for ſo doing," ſaid Mr Barnet.

"That would make her *promiſe* to take care of him," ſaid Mrs Barnet, "and make her *appear* very kind to him when you or I are with her; but what will become of the poor child when we are not preſent?"

"Why, he muſt take his chance, like other children," ſaid the huſband.

"The other children have all ſome relation to inquire about them," ſaid Mrs Barnet; "but this poor boy is quite deſtitute of relation, friend, or protector. The poor creature himſelf told me that the only friend he ever had died laſt week."

"And who was he?" ſaid Mr Barnet.

"A poor old footman," replied his wife.

"And are you making all this fuſs, Jane, about a

little friendleſs vagabond, whom no body knows?" ſaid Mr Barnet.

"If this poor boy were known and had friends, he would not ſtand in need of our protection," replied Mrs Barnet.

"That is very true," ſaid Mr Barnet; "but, on the other hand, it is very hard on us, to be the only protector of poor friendleſs vagabond boys."

"This is but *one* boy," replied Mrs Barnet: "perhaps Providence will never throw another ſo particularly in our way."

"Why truly, Jane, you ſurpriſe me," ſaid the huſband; "you ſeem to be as much concerned about this boy, as if he were your own."

"So would *you*, if you had only ſeen him; he is a moſt bewitching little fellow, and although he is ſomewhat pale and emaciated, I never in my life beheld a boy with finer features, and a more intereſting countenance:—he brought to my remembrance our own poor George, who is dead and gone."—Here ſhe burſt into tears, and was unable to ſpeak for a few minutes.

"Pray, do not afflict yourſelf for what cannot be helped," ſaid Mr Barnet; "you know, my dear, we did all we could for George, and the apothecary did all *he* could alſo; he could not have preſcribed a greater number of draughts, and cordials, and jalaps, to the only ſon of a duke; for his bill was as long as a ſpit; ſo there is no cauſe for ſorrow or reflection. And as for this hoſpital-boy, although he is nothing to me, yet ſince he bears ſuch a reſemblance to George, I am willing to make a weekly allowance out of my own pocket to the old woman, to make her careful of him."

Mrs Barnet ſhook her head.

"Why, what would you have me do?" reſumed the huſband; "you would not ſurely have me take him quite out of the hands of the old woman, and be at the whole burden of his maintenance myſelf?"

Mrs Barnet ſmiled with a nod of aſſent.

"Good

"Good gracious, my dear! You do not reflect," added the husband, "how strange a thing it would be for us to take a poor miserable wretch of a boy, perhaps the son of a footman, under our care, and be at the whole expence of maintaining him. I should be glad to know who would thank us for it?"

"Our own hearts," said Mrs Barnet.

"My heart never thanked me for any such thing since I was born," said Mr Barnet; "and I am sure all our acquaintances would laugh at us, and turn us into ridicule."

"All the laughters in the world cannot turn benevolence into ridicule," said Mrs Barnet: "and the narrow minded may be hurt to see you do what *they* cannot imitate; but malice itself can neither prevent the pleasure which a charitable action will afford to your own breast, my dear, nor the respect which will attend it."

"So your drift is," replied the husband, "to tease me till I take this boy into the house."

"My drift has never been to tease you, but always to make you happy, my dear. I own I am affected with the friendless condition of this poor orphan, and struck with his resemblance to the child who was torn from us at the same age: as for the poor young creature's maintenance, it will be a mere trifle to us, but of infinite importance to him; it may save him from vice, and the worst kind of ruin. The reflection of having done so charitable an office to a lovely boy, like your own departed son, would no doubt afford you everlasting satisfaction: but," continued she, perceiving that her husband began to be affected, "I desire you to do nothing which is not prompted by the generous feelings of your own heart; for of this I am certain, that your acting up to them will render you more prosperous even in this world, and secure you a reward of an hundred fold in the next."

The earnestness of Mrs Barnet's manner, and the recollection

collection of a ſon whom he had loved as much as he could love any thing, had already touched the heart of the huſband; and this laſt intimation of immediate proſperity and future reward, ſounding in his ears ſomething like accumulated intereſt and a large premium, came neareſt his feelings, and overcame him entirely.

"Well, my dear," ſaid he, "ſince this is your opinion, let the boy be brought hither as ſoon as you pleaſe."

Mrs Barnet threw her arms around her huſband's neck, and thanked him with all the warmth of an overflowing and benevolent heart.

REMARKS ON THE POETRY OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

TOWARDS the cloſe of the fifteenth century, was born Moſen Juan Boſcan Almogavar, the reformer of Spaniſh poetry; and, in the year 1503, his more celebrated aſſiſtant and friend Garcilaſo de la Vega.—Boſcan was tutor to the great duke of Alva: "the heroic virtues that adorned the mind of the pupil prove with what diligence and ſucceſs the tutor performed his duty;" ſo ſays one of the biographers. Let not the reader deteſt the poet Boſcan becauſe he had the misfortune to educate the deteſtable duke of Alva! Alexander had liſtened to the leſſons of Ariſtotle, and the ſon of Antonius muſt have heard the precepts of his father; but no culture can render the night-ſhade innocent.

Before this period the poetry of Spain was harſh and barbarous; ſome of their old ballads, indeed, poſſeſs that ſimplicity which is ſuperior to all art, and which no art can beſtow; there is, however, in the art of verſification ſomething which, though it may fail to charm us, will at leaſt prevent us from being diſguſted; how

would the inſipidity of Addiſon's poems have been received, had they been dreſſed in the rhymes of Dr Donne?

Boſcan himſelf tells us, in his dedication to the ducheſs de Soma, that it was by the advice of Andres Nabagero, the Venetian ambaſſador, that he introduced Italian metres and Italian taſte into the Caſtilian poetry. "We were converſing together at Grenada (ſays he) upon literary ſubjects, and particularly upon the differences of languages, when he obſerved to me, that in the Caſtilian tongue we had never attempted ſonnets, and other kinds of compoſition uſed by the beſt authors of Italy; and he not only ſaid this to me, but urged me to ſet the example. A few days afterwards, I departed for my home, and muſing upon many things during the long and ſolitary journey, frequently thought upon what Nabagero had adviſed: and thus I began to attempt this kind of verſe. At firſt I found ſome difficulty, becauſe it is very complex *(my artificioſo)*, and has many peculiarities different from our own: afterwards, from the partiality we naturally feel towards our own productions, I thought that I had ſucceeded well, and gradually grew warm and eager in the purſuit. This, however, would not have been ſufficient to ſtimulate me to proceed, had not Garcilaſo encouraged me, whoſe judgement, not only in my opinion, but in that of the whole world, is eſteemed as a certain rule."

This innovation, like all other improvements, was not introduced without oppoſition. Ingo Lopez de Mendoza, the celebrated marquis of Santillana, had made uſe of the Italian metres many years before. Don Diego de Mendoza, of the ſame noble houſe, had the honour of co-operating with Boſcan and Garcilaſo in a more ſucceſsful attempt; though ſuch is the caprice of Fame, that he is better known in England as the author of Lazarillo de Tormes, than as the hiſtorian, the poet, and one of the reformers of his country's

try's literature: to the diſgrace of mankind, whatever work is lively and looſe, will certainly be popular. The fame of Garcilaſo has eclipſed that of his aſſiſtants, and he is to this day eſteemed the beſt of the Spaniſh poets; yet the little volume of Garlilaſo's productions is more diſtinguiſhed by melody of verſification, than ſublimity of thought. The volume conſiſts of 184 pages, of which 110 are taken up by three eclogues! In the preſent æra of taſte, no poet poſſeſſed of common ſenſe would ever *commit* a paſtoral, and none but a Spaniſh or Portugueſe poet would ever have extended one to upwards of ſeventeen hundred lines!

All perſons of unvitiated taſtes love the country; deſcriptions of rural ſcenery, and images drawn from rural life, never weary us; but a ſhepherd, and a crook, and a pipe, is quite as unnatural as one of the cannibal giants of romance, and infinitely leſs agreeable as a companion by the fire-ſide. The Spaniſh Parnaſſus is very much infeſted by theſe gentry, and they are equally troubleſome on the Portugueſe ſide of the mountain. Yet, if the following defence of ſhepherds be not convincing, it is at leaſt curious and amuſing. It is prefixed to the Eclogues of Franciſco Rodriguez Lobo.

"Nature has hidden in rough ſhells, at the bottom of the ſea, thoſe pearls to which man has affixed ſuch value; ſhe has hidden that gold with which our ſouls are fettered, in the bowels of the earth, amid barbarous nations, and in diſtant countries: ſhe has guarded the ſea with rocks, and ſown it with dangers, to place boundaries to our deſires, and lengthen the period of our lives: but Evil, to deprive us of our tranquillity, laid open theſe ſecrets, and hid from us the true knowledge where real tranquillity is to be found. Then did this malignant ſpirit diſfigure the ſhepherds with coarſe vile garments, and repreſent their life of contentment as a life of mean and deſpicable labour; and by theſe magical deluſions were we taught to deſpiſe

ſpiſe the only treaſure which the earth affords to ren-
der the mind happy: but when this faſcination is re-
moved, and we ſee things clearly, how much more
beautiful appear the various colours with which the
fields are apparelled, and the trees, and the ſun, and
the horizon beautiful when he ſets, than all the deceit-
ful trappings of Vanity! How much more delightful
to our ears is the ſong of innocent birds, than the
ſound of flattering tongues, that endeavour to entrap
our reaſon! Is not the rock that hangs over the ſtream,
in whoſe caverns the birds dwell, and under whoſe
ſhade the fiſhes ſport, more to be admired than the
ſumptuous and ſuperb edifice, that cannot ſo well re-
ſiſt the force of the tempeſt, or the ſecret ſap of time?
Where can life paſs more delightfully, or more tranquil-
ly, than among the flocks and herds? How much more
ſecure is the enjoyment of theſe than the hopes of the
court, and the deceits of the city! And if we have
ſo often ſighed for that happy age of gold, it is for this
advantage, exceeding all others, that men lived then
like ſhepherds, and followed their flocks, and cultiva-
ted the earth: and this truth is clearly proved; for
the firſt man whom God created held this office, and
the title which God gave him, was that of lord of the
animal world; and Abel, the firſt martyr, in whom
the church began, and the other children of Adam,
tended their flocks: ſo likewiſe did Abraham and
Iſaac, and Jacob with his beloved Rachel, and Eſau;
Joſeph and his brethren were ſhepherds, as they con-
feſſed to Pharaoh. Moſes and Zipporah, Saul and Da-
vid, kings of Iſrael, and Meſa, king of Moab, had exe-
cuted this honourable office; and king Cyrus had ex-
erciſed it among the ancient Perſians. Romulus and
Remus, the founders of Rome, with Fauſtulus, who
educated them, kept ſheep; and among thoſe valiant
Romans, the fame of whoſe exploits has echoed over
the world, we read of many whoſe names diſcover
their origin, ſuch as the Vituli, the Vitellii, the Porcii,
the

the Capri, the Tauri, and the Bubulci. Many perſons have riſen to the higheſt dignities, from the paſtoral ſtate: Giges, king of Lydia; Sophy, king of the Turks; Primiſlaus, king of Bohemia; Tamerlane, emperor of the Scythians; Juſtin, emperor of the Romans; Viriatus, captain of the Portugueſe; and Sixtus the Firſt, the Roman pontiff: and, in truth, what is the life of a ſhepherd, but the ſimilitude of empire? but a ſyſtem of government, with moderation and mildneſs? For what can be more ſimilar to the government of a kingdom, than the management of a flock? To defend them from wild beaſts, to ſecure them from robbers, to guide them to good paſtures, cool ſhades, and clear waters; to threaten them with his voice, to chaſtiſe with the crook thoſe who ſtray, to amuſe them with the pipe and with the ſong, to cure them with herbs when they are ſick; to be clothed with their wool, to feed upon their milk, and thus to paſs peaceably through life? Among the vain deities whom the blinded Gentiles worſhipped, Apollo, Mercury, Daphne, and Pan, and Proteus, and Paris, and Polyphemus, were ſhepherds; and the true God whom we ſerve, is frequently ſtyled a ſhepherd, in the holy Scriptures: ſo ancient and ſo honourable is the paſtoral life, which the avarice of men has now made deſpicable!

"Much knowledge is certainly neceſſary for a ſhepherd; an acquaintance with the nature of ſoils and paſtures, the virtues of herbs, the changes of weather, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the effects of the ſun, and the qualities of animals; and this life, though the moſt quiet, produces in its employments all things neceſſary for our ſubſiſtence: wool, milk, ſkins, the fleſh of animals, herbs, grain, fruit. What life, then, can be more delightful than the paſtoral life? or what prejudice can be greater than that which denies this truth?

"What ſtyle can be more conformable to reaſon, or leſs vitiated, than the ſimple ſtyle of the ſhepherd? and

and therefore is it that the ancient writers have delivered their precepts in the paſtoral language, as being moſt pure and natural. Under this allegory, Solomon veiled the myſteries of our faith, in his Songs to his beloved; inſtructing us, by his lofty theme, and by a ſtrain of poetry as ſublime in itſelf, as it is humble in its ſimilitude; which example alone would be ſufficient, with the men of this age, to dignify paſtoral productions. In this ſtyle the Greeks and Romans, and the Italians, the Spaniards, and our Portugueſe, have written works, many in number, and rare in quality; marvellous works, to enumerate which would be another new undertaking! Therefore, curious reader, I preſent to you the manners aud language of ſhepherds, as the true doctrine of wiſdom. I do not give you gilded pills of poiſon, nor offer to you flowers that conceal a viper; inſtead of theſe you have pearls in the ſhell, and plain honeſty inſtead of poliſhed falſehood."

So curiouſly has this ingenious Portugueſe defended paſtoral poetry! But though we may agree with him, that the life he deſcribes is the moſt natural and moſt honourable ſtate of man, we ſhall be very far from acknowledging, that either his eclogues, or thoſe of any other poet, fairly repreſent it.

Garcilaſo de ſa Vega, in the moſt enormous of his eclogues, has introduced almoſt action enough for a drama. Albanio opens it with a ſoliloquy of lamentations, and then he falls aſleep. Salicio then enters, ſinging a tranſlation of Horace's favourite ode. "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," of which there are above twenty verſions in the Spaniſh language. In the middle of it, he ſtops ſhort, on ſeeing a man ſleeping, dilates upon the excellence of ſleep; and then, recognizing Albanio, informs the reader, that he knows him, that he was once very happy, and is now very miſerable, but that he had not yet learned the cauſe. Albanio now talks in his ſleep, and Salicio interrupts and awakes him. He now requeſts him to relate his hiſtory, and

Albanio tells a very long ſtory of his being the intimate friend of a young female relation, with whom he uſed to hunt; how he one day told his love; ſhe left him, and he is dying with deſpair. After they are gone out, Camilla enters, and lies down by a fountain to take her *ſieſta*—her evening's nap. Albanio finds her, and ſeizes her, but releaſes her, on her ſolemn promiſe to remain and hear him, which ſhe, as ſoon as releaſed, breaks, and runs away, and Albanio runs mad. Salicio now enters, with Nemoroſo: Nemoroſo tells a long ſtory about a magician, which is a panegyric upon the family of Alva; and the eclogue concludes with their reſolution to get Albanio cured by this magician.

In this very ill-planned poem, Garcilaſo has perpetuated his friendſhip for Boſcan; and perhaps no lines in the poem can be peruſed with more pleaſure than theſe, in which he bears teſtimony to the virtues of his friend?

"Then hand in hand,
A youth approach'd, with Phœbus; in his face
The ſkilful eye might read benevolence
And wiſdom; he was perfected in all
The lore, and various arts of courteſy,
That humanize mankind: the graceful port,
And the fair front of open manlineſs,
Diſcover'd Boſcan; and that fire illumin'd
His generous face that animates his ſong,
With never-fading ſplendour there to ſhine.

Garcilaſo has, in his ſecond eclogue, introduced a Mooriſh metre, which has been ſeldom imitated, and, indeed, which did not deſerve to be imitated at all: it is making the middle of the ſecond line rhyme to the end of the firſt; the middle of the third to the end of the ſecond, &c. Sir Philip Sidney, who was always trying experiments in verſification, and making innovations inſtead of improvements, has left us ſome ſpecimens of this:

Thy

Thy ſafety ſure is wrapped in *deſtruction*,
For that *conſtruction* thine own words do *bear*;
A man to *fear* a woman's moodie *eye*
Makes reaſon *lie* a ſlave to ſervile *ſenſe*,
A weak *defence*, where weakneſs is thy *force*;
So is *remorſe* in folly dearly bought.

This novelty, however, is to the eye, and not to the ear; it is only rhyming regularly in ſhort and irregular lines. A peculiarity ſimilar to this, though infinitely ſuperior, is much uſed by the Welſh poets; and the Welſh bard, Edward Williams, has given a very happy ſpecimen in Engliſh:

Retir'd amongſt our native *hills*,
And far from *ills* of greatneſs,
We live, delighted with our *lot*,
And trim our *cot* with neatneſs.
We wiſdom ſeek and calm *content*,
They both *frequent* our dwelling;
From theſe a deathleſs comfort *ſprings*,
The joys of *kings* excelling.

In this the objection to the Mooriſh metre is removed, by the alternation of a regular rhyme.

Both Boſcan and Garcilaſo poſſeſſed more learning than taſte, and more taſte than genius. Their poems, particularly thoſe of the latter, are full of imitations from the ancients; they ſeldom diſguſt the reader by bombaſt, but they never elevate his mind by the ſublime. There is more prettineſs in Boſcan, more tenderneſs in Garcilaſo. The following little piece of Boſcan is not unhappy, and by the many imitations of it, it appears to have been a favourite conceit:

TO A MIRROR.

Since ſtill my paſſion-pleading ſtrains
Have fail'd her heart to move,
Show, Mirror! to that lovely maid,
The charms that make me love.

Reflect on her the thrilling beam
Of magic from her eye,
So, like Narciſſus, ſhe ſhall gaze.
And, ſelf-enamour'd, die.

The ſonnets of Garcilaſo are the moſt intereſting of his works: there are ſome as beautiful, but none ſuperior to the following:

As when the mother, weak in tenderneſs,
Hears her ſick child, with prayer and tears implore
Some ſeeming good, that makes his pain the leſs,
Yet, with ſhort eaſe! the future evil more;
Even as her fondneſs yields to his vain will,
She haſtes to gratify her ſickly ſon—
Anticipating then the coming ill,
Sadly ſhe ſits, and weeps what ſhe has done.
Thus have I pamper'd my diſtemper'd mind,
And yielded thus to fancy's wayward mood,
Poor dupe of Fancy! ſelf-condemn'd to find
The future anguiſh in the preſent good.—
Thus do I waſte a wretched life away,
And nightly weep the errors of the day!

Boſcan paraphraſed the Hero and Leander of Muſæus; of courſe he injured it; for to paraphraſe is to dilate; and to dilate, to weaken. He ſurvived his friend, Garcilaſo (who was killed in battle) but a few years: they both died young; but their celebrity will always laſt; for though Spain may hereafter produce better poets, the glory of reforming the national poetry muſt ſtill remain. T. Y.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE I.

IN William's Hiſtory of Monmouthſhire, it is related of Sir Charles Kemeys, a baronet of that county, in the early part of the preſent century, that in his travels he had been much diſtinguiſhed at Hanover, previouſly to

to the elevation of the Elector, on account of the leſſons he had given the court and its ſovereign, in the Britiſh accompliſhments of drinking and ſmoking tobacco.—George, at the firſt levees he had in England, mingled with the moſt important inquiries, a ſolicitude to ſee Sir Charles Kemeys; and, after ſome importunity, he was informed, that Sir Charles was not well affected to the recent ſettlement in his favour. "Poo! Poo!" ſaid the King, "tell him he muſt come up: I long to ſmoke a pipe with him."—The command was delivered to Sir Charles, who declined the invitation, with this meſſage: "I ſhould be happy to ſmoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover, but I cannot think of it as King of England."—George had the magnanimity to regret the loſs of his companion, without meditating againſt him the ſmalleſt injury.

LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

[From Poems by G. D. Harley, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.]

'YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd boy,
Who watch'd a rigid maſter's ſheep,
And many a night was heard to ſigh,
And many a day was ſeen to weep:

For not a lambkin e'er was loſt,
Or wether ſtray'd to field remote;
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a truſtier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tend'rer heart e'er beat,
Beſide the brook in vale below.

From him ſtern winter's drifting ſnow,
Its peltring ſleet, or froſt ſevere;
Or ſcorching ſummer's ſultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur or a tear.

For, ah! the varying ſeaſons had
To every hardſhip form'd his frame;
Tho' ſtill his tender feeling heart,
By nature nurs'd, remain'd the ſame.

But whither ſhall the orphan fly
To meet protection's foſtering power?
Oppreſſion waits the future day,
When miſery meets the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!
His happieſt hour was daſh'd with woe,
His mildeſt treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundleſs heath
One winter's day his flocks had ſpread;
By hunger urg'd to ſeek the blade,
That lurk'd beneath its ſnowy bed.

And hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, ſorrowing, miſs'd a favourite lamb,
That ſhunn'd the long-perſiſting ſearch,
Nor anſwer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he ſhap'd his way,
And told ſo true, ſo ſad a tale,
That almoſt pierc'd the marble breaſt
Of ruthleſs Rufus of the vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had ſtray'd,
Own'd he had ſuffer'd them to go;
Yes!—he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
The unnipp'd neighb'ring bounds deny'd;
They ſure had dropp'd—as ſurely too!
The pitying ſhepherd boy had died.

Then die!—th' unfeeling maſter ſaid,
And ſpurn'd him from his cloſing door;
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
He vow'd ſhould ne'er admit him more. [Dark

Dark was the night, and o'er the waſte
The whiſtling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainſt his poor unſhelter'd head,
With arrowy keenneſs came the ſnow:

The ſmall thick ſnow, that Eurus drives
In freezing fury o'er the plain,
And with unſparing vengeance, ſcores
The callous face of hardieſt ſwain.

Yet thus he left his maſter's houſe,
And ſhap'd his ſad uncertain way:
By man unnotic'd and forſook,
And followed but by—truſty Tray——

Poor truſty Tray! a faithful dog;
Lubin and he were young together!
Still wou'd they grace each other's ſide,
Whate'er the time, whate'er the weather.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
Who ſeparate in fortune's blaſt——
They ſtill were near when fair the ſky,
But nearer ſtill when overcaſt.

When Lubin's random ſtep involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted ſnow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Thus, 'mid the horrors of the night,
They enter'd on the houſeleſs heath;
Above their heads no comfort broke,
Nor round about, nor underneath.

No little cheering ſtar they ſaw,
To light them on their dreary way;
Nor let the diſtant twinkling blaze
Of cottage-induſtry ſaw they.

Nay e'en that moſt officious g ide
Of thoſe who roam and thoſ who mope;
Retiring Will o' th' Wiſp, refus'd
To trim the lamp of treach'rous hope!

Nor

Nor pariſh-bell was heard to ſtrike,
The hour of " tardy-gaited night ;"
No noiſe—but winds and ſcreams of thoſe
Ill-omen'd birds that ſhun the night.

Benumb'd at length his ſtiff'ning joints
His tongue to Tray cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak ;
His tears congeal'd to icicles——
His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainſt his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora from his eaſtern hill
Ruſh'd forth, and ſtaid his fleeting breath ;

And ſhew'd to his imperfect ſight
The harmleſs cauſe of all his woe!
His little lambkin, cold and ſtiff!
Stretch'd on its bed of gliſt'ning ſnow!

His heart's beſt chord was yet in tune,
Unſnapp'd by cold ſeverity :
Touch'd with that chord—his dim eye beam'd,
Suffus'd with ſenſibility.

' 'Tis juſt !' he ſaid, ' that where thou lieſt,
The careleſs ſhepherd boy ſhould lie ;
Thou died'ſt, poor fool ! for want of food !
I fall for ſuffering thee to die.

' But, oh, my maſter !'—broken—ſhort
Was every half-word now he ſpoke—
' Severe has been thy conſtant will,
And galling ſure thy heavy yoke.

But yet " in all my beſt," have I
' Without a plaint my hardſhips bore ;
Rufus !—may all thy pangs be paſt—
Maſter !—my ſufferings are no more !

' A warmer couch haſt thou to preſs,
Secure from cramping froſts thy feet :
And could'ſt thou boaſt ſo free a breaſt,
Thou yet might'ſt die a death as ſweet.

'My truſty dog—that wiſtful look
Is all that makes my poor heart heave;
But hie thee home—proclaim me dead,
Forget to think—and ceaſe to grieve.'

So ſaying, ſhrunk the hapleſs youth,
Beneath the chilling graſp of death;
And, claſping poor Tray's ſhaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, ſagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his maſter's clay;
And many a moan the old fool made,
And many a thing he ſtrove to ſay.

He paw'd him with his hard-worn foot,
He lick'd him with his ſcarce-warm tongue;
His cold noſe ſtrove to catch his breath,
As to his clos'd lips cloſe it clung.

But not a ſign of lurking life,
Thro' all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his maſter did not ſleep.

For ſtill had he his ſlumbers watch'd,
Thro' many a long and diſmal night;
And rous'd him from his pallet hard,
To meet his toil e'er morning light:

And well his brain remember'd yet,
He never patter'd tow'rd his bed;
Or lodg'd his long face on his cheek,
But ſtraight he ſtirr'd, or rais'd his head.

Yes, he remember'd, and with tears,
His loving maſter's kind replies;
When dumbly he contriv'd to ſay,
'The cock has crow'd, my maſter, riſe!'

But now the paw, the ſcratch, the whine,
To howlings chang'd, alone can tell
The ſufferings of inſtinctive love,
When fruitleſs prov'd its ſimple ſpell.

Great grief aſſail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His maſter's cheek, his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder ſnow!

.....

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

A BALLAD.

BESIDE the parſon's bower of yew,
Why ſtrays a troubled ſpright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly ſhines
Thro' curtains of the night?

Why ſteals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire ſo blue,
That lights a ſpot where grows no graſs,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parſon's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair,——and many came
To win the damſel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding ſtream,
The windows of a ſtately houſe
In ſheen of evening gleam.

There dwelt in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord ſo frank and free,
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim ſo fine,
Or tapers, ſparkling from his hall,
Beſhone the midnight wine.

He ſent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And ſilken-paper, ſweet with muſk,
This gentle meſſage told:

" Let go thy ſweethearts, one and all;
Shalt thou be baſely woo'd,
That worthy art to gain the heart
Of youths of noble blood?

The tale I would to thee bewray,
In ſecret muſt be ſaid:
At midnight hour I'll ſeek thy bower;
Fair Laſs, be not afraid.

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sings ſweetly to his mate,
I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
Be kind, nor make me wait."

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unſeen, and ſilent as a miſt,
And huſh'd the dogs with bread.

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sung ſweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whiſper'd were ſo ſoft,
They won her ear and heart:
How ſoon will ſhe, who loves, believe!
How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no ſoothing guiſe, he ſpar'd,
To baniſh virtuous ſhame;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witneſs to his flame.

He claſp'd her to his breaſt, and ſwore
To be for ever true:
" O! yield thee to my wiſhful arms,
Thy choice thou ſhalt not rue."

And while ſhe ſtrove, he drew her on,
And led her to the bower
So ſtill, ſo dim—and round about
Sweet ſmelt the beans in flower.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breaſt,
And pleaded ev'ry ſenſe;
And there the growing breath of luſt
Did blaſt her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to ſhed,
His ſparkling eyes their luſtre loſt;
Her cheek, its roſes fled;

And when ſhe ſaw the pods increaſe,
The ruddier cherries ſtain,
She felt her ſilken robe grow tight,
Her waiſt new weight ſuſtain.

And when the mowers went a-field,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burden ſtir within,
And ſhook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiſt
Along the ſtubble field;
Then could the damſel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

Her ſire, a harſh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
"Hence from my ſight! Ill none of thee—
I harbour not thy child."

And faſt, amid her flutt'ring hair,
With clenched fiſt he gripes,
And ſeiz'd a leathern thong, and laſh'd
Her ſide with ſounding ſtripes.

Her lily ſkin, ſo ſoft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody wales;
And thruſt her out, tho' black the night,
Tho' ſleet and ſtorm aſſails.

Up the harſh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;
On tott'ring feet ſhe grop'd her way,
And ſought her lover's home.

"A

" A mother thou haſt made of me,
Before thou mad'ſt a wife ;
For this, upon my tender breaſt,
These livid ſtripes are rife :

Behold !"—And then, with bitter ſobs,
She ſunk upon the floor—
" Make good the evil thou haſt wrought ;
My injur'd name reſtore."

" Poor ſoul ! I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd ;
Thy terrors I lament,
Stay here ; we'll have ſome further talk—
The old one ſhall repent."—

" I have no time to reſt and wait ;
That ſaves not my good name :
If thou with honeſt ſoul haſt ſworn,
O leave me not to ſhame !

But at the holy altar be
Our union ſanctified.
Before the people and the prieſt,
Receive me for thy bride."

" Unequal matches muſt not blot
The honours of my line :
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine ?

What's fit and fair I'll do for thee ;
Shalt yet retain my love—
Shalt wed my huntſman—and we'll then
Our former tranſports prove."

" Thy wicked ſoul, hard-hearted man,
May pangs in hell await !
Sure, if not ſuited for thy bride.
I was not for thy mate.

Go, ſeek a ſpouſe of nobler blood,
Nor God's juſt judgements dread—
So ſhall, ere long, ſome baſe-born wretch
Defile thy marriage-bed.—

Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
In hopeleſs ſhame immerſt;
Then ſmite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curſes burſt.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild deſpair—
Unſooth'd thy grinning woe:
Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,
And ſink to fiends below."

Collected then, ſhe ſtarted up,
And, thro' the hiſſing ſleet,
Thro' thorn and briar, thro' flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

"Where now," ſhe cried, "my gracious God!
What refuge have I left?"
And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

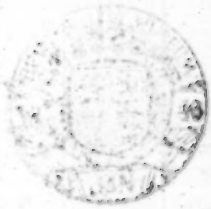
On hand and foot ſhe feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bower unbleſt;
Where with'ring leaves, and gath'ring ſnow,
Prepar'd her only reſt.

There rending pains and darting throes,
Aſſail'd her ſhudd'ring frame;
And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a ſilver pin
With haſty hand ſhe drew,
And preſs'd againſt its tender heart,
And the ſweet babe ſhe ſlew.

Erſt when the act of blood was done,
Her ſoul its guilt abhorr'd:
"My Jeſus! what has been my deed?
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails, beſide the pond.
Its ſhallow grave ſhe tore:
"There reſt in God; there ſhame and want
Thou can'ſt not ſuffer more:



An Asiatic views the Porters; they are all Slaves, fit only to carry burthens every one of them.

Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
Thy wound ſhall bleed afreſh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring fleſh."——

Hard by the bower the gibbet ſtands:
Her ſkull is ſtill to ſhow;
It ſeems to eye the barren grave,
Three ſpans in length below.

That is the ſpot where grows no graſs;
Where falls no rain nor dew:
Whence ſteals along the pond of toads
A hov'ring fire ſo blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghoſt is ſeen to guide;
Purſues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beſide.

UPON ENGLISH PRIDE.

[From the CITIZEN of the WORLD. Embelliſhed with a moſt beautiful Engraving.]

THE Engliſh ſeem as ſilent as the Japaneſe, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival, I attributed that reſerve to modeſty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condeſcend to addreſs them firſt, and you are ſure of their acquaintance; ſtoop to flattery, and you conciliate their friendſhip and eſteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miſeries of life, without ſhrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity; but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Engliſhman fears contempt more than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its preſſure; and dies when he fancies the world has ceaſed to eſteem him.

Pride ſeems the ſource, not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues alſo. An Engliſhman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other maſter than the laws which himſelf has contributed to enact. He deſpiſes thoſe nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be ſlaves; who lift a tyrant into terror, and then ſhrink under his power, as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their aſſemblies, and thouſands might be found ready to offer up their lives to the ſound, though perhaps not one of all the number underſtands its meaning. The loweſt mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uſes a language that might ſeem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor, who traces his anceſtry to the moon.

A few days ago, paſſing by one of their priſons, I could not avoid ſtopping, in order to liſten to a dialogue which I thought might afford me ſome entertainment. The converſation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his priſon, a porter who had ſtopped to reſt his burden, and a ſoldier at the window. The ſubject was upon a threatened invaſion from France, and each ſeemed extremely anxious to reſcue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the priſoner, "the greateſt part of my apprehenſions is for our freedom; if the French ſhould conquer, what would become of Engliſh liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Engliſhman's prerogative; we muſt preſerve that at the expence of our lives; of that the French ſhall never deprive us; it is not to be expected, that men who are ſlaves themſelves would preſerve our freedom, ſhould they happen to conquer." —"Ay, ſlaves," cries the porter, "they are all ſlaves, fit only to carry burdens every one of them. Before I would ſtoop to ſlavery, may this be my poiſon," and he held the goblet in his hand, "may this be my poiſon—but I would ſooner liſt for a ſoldier."

The

The ſoldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, "It is not ſo much our liberties as our religion that would ſuffer by ſuch a change: Ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil ſink me into flames," ſuch was the ſolemnity of his adjuration, "if the French ſhould come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So ſaying, inſtead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his ſentiments with a ceremony of the moſt perſevering devotion.

In ſhort, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair ſex are ſometimes found to mix the ſeverity of national altercation with the blandiſhments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of deſtruction than their eyes.

This univerſal paſſion for politics is gratified by Daily Gazettes, as with us at China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to inſtruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to inſtruct the adminiſtration. You muſt not, however, imagine, that they who compile theſe papers have any actual knowledge of the politics, or the government of a ſtate; they only collect their materials from the oracle of ſome coffee-houſe, which oracle has himſelf gathered them the night before from a beaux at a gaming table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from a great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole ſtory for his own amuſement the night preceding.

The Engliſh in general ſeem fonder of gaining the eſteem than the love of thoſe they converſe with: this gives a formality to their amuſements; their gayeſt converſations have ſomething too wiſe for innocent relaxation; though in company you are ſeldom diſguſted with the abſurdity of a fool, you are ſeldom lifted into rapture by thoſe ſtrokes of vivacity which give inſtant, though not permament pleaſure.

What they want, however, in gaity, they make up

in politeneſs. You ſmile at hearing me praiſe the Engliſh for their politeneſs; you, who have heard very different accounts from the miſſionaries at Pekin, who have ſeen ſuch a different behaviour in their merchants and ſeamen at home. But I muſt ſtill repeat it, the Engliſh ſeem more polite than any of their neighbours; their great art in this reſpect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to leſſen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a ſtranger; but ſeem deſirous that he ſhould be ſenſible of the obligation. The Engliſh confer their kindneſs with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they deſpiſed them.

Walking a few days ago between an Engliſhman and a Frenchman into the ſuburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy ſhower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats, which defended them from what ſeemed to me a perfect inundation. The Engliſhman ſeeing me ſhrink from the weather, accoſted me thus: "Pſha, man, what doſt ſhrink at? here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way uſeful to me; I had as lief be without it." The Frenchman began to ſhew his politeneſs in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why won't you oblige me by making uſe of my coat? you ſee how well it defends me from the rain; I ſhould not uſe to part with it to others, but to ſuch a friend as you, I could even part with my ſkin to do him ſervice."

From ſuch minute inſtances as theſe, moſt reverend Fum-hoam, I am ſenſible your ſagacity will collect inſtruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes moſt wiſe who makes the moſt judicious ſelection. Farewell.

THE

THE SHEPHERDS OF THE PYRENNEES,

A FRAGMENT.

[From a JOURNEY to the Southern parts of France, in 1778.]

AFTER having traverſed part of our ſouthern provinces, I arrived at that great chain of mountains which ſeparates us from Spain. I ſtopped in a charmingly ſecluded ſpot, where I took a handſome little lodging; and here I determined to paſs the ſummer. My houſe, ſituated on the declivity of a verdant mountain, covered with trees and tender plants, was ſurrounded by rocks, and ſprings of the moſt tranſparent water. I commanded a full view of a vaſt plain, interſected by rivulets formed by the torrents precipitated from the mountains.——My only neighbours were huſbandmen and ſhepherds; and here I indulged myſelf in meditation, uninterrupted by the tumultuous buſtle of cities, the dunning noiſe of horſes, carriages, and public criers, plaguing us only with the vain agitations of intereſt and pride, and the turbulent activity of frivolity, or of vice and paſſion. In my peaceable cabin I heard only the majeſtic voice of nature; the attractively grand and rapid noiſe of caſcades and cataracts; the lowing of the flocks ſcattered through the meadow; the ruſtic ſounds of the flagelet and bagpipe; and the rural airs which the young ſhepherds ſung, ſeated on the brinks of rocks. In this delightful country, I employed the greateſt part of my time walking; I rambled over all the ſurrounding mountains, and often met flocks tended by children, or youths; but the only ſhepherds were only fifteen years of age. I remarked that the elder lads were always on the mountain-tops, while the younger children, not yet daring to clamber up the ſteep and ſlippery rocks, confined themſelves for paſturage to verdant ſpots of a leſs difficult

difficult acceſs. Along with the deſcent, the ſize and age of the ſhepherds decreaſes; and on the little hills that ſurround the plain, there are none above eight or nine years of age. I was led to ſuppoſe from this remark, that the flocks in the valley were fed by children younger, or at leaſt as young as thoſe on the little hills. In this perſuaſion, I one day addreſſed myſelf to a little boy.——"Do you ever feed your goats below?"——"I will do ſo one day," replied he, ſmiling, "but it will be a long time yet, and I muſt behave well on my way."—"What do you mean?"—"It is firſt neceſſary I ſhould go higher up, then work with my father, and when I am ſixty years of age I will tend in the valley."——"So the ſhepherds of the valley are old men then."——"Certainly, our elder brothers are on the high hills, and our grandfathers are in the meadows."——When he had ſaid theſe words, I left him, and deſcended into the delicious and fertile valley of Campan. I obſerved only the numerous flocks of oxen and ſheep at firſt, but my attention was ſoon drawn to their venerable keepers, ſeated or extended at their length, on the borders of the meadows. I experienced a painful ſenſation on viewing theſe deſerted old men, left to themſelves in this ſolitude; I had juſt been contemplating a very different, a very cheerful picture, mountains populated with young, nimble, and romping inhabitants; the happy abode of innocence and gaiety, where the only echoes reſound the joyous ſong, the innocent laugh, and the pleaſing chorus of the bagpipe. I had juſt quitted a ſcene, than which nothing can be more delightful on earth; infancy and early youth; and it was not without emotion I found myſelf among the old men. The very near affinity of the ſituations of the oldeſt, to that of the youngeſt, afforded a contraſt the more ſtriking, as the good old men, ſupinely extended on the graſs, appeared plunged in deep and profound reveries; their ſad tranquillity appeared to be dejection, and their meditation ſadneſs,

neſs, proceeding from their being cruelly deſerted. They were alone, far from their children.——I pitied them, and advanced towards them, indulging a mingled feeling of compaſſion and reſpect.

I walked on till I found myſelf oppoſite to one of the old men, whoſe appearance attracted all my attention; his figure was noble, yet gentle; his hair, which was of the moſt dazzling whiteneſs, floated in ſilver locks, on his large and finely rounded ſhoulders; his every feature betrayed candour and goodneſs; the ſerenity of his forehead, and his expreſſive looks, beamed forth the unalterable tranquillity of his ſoul. He repoſed himſelf on a ſeat cut out of the rock, at the foot of a mountain, ornamented with moſs and ſhrubbery. A prodigious maſs of rock jutting out from the top of the mountain, hung perpendicularly over him, forming, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, a kind of rural canopy, which protected his venerable head from the overpowering heat of the ſun. The rocks were covered with natural garlands of periwinkle ivy, and of roſe-coloured bind-weed, which ſcattered themſelves in tufted ſheaves and irregular feſtoons, arranged and grouped with as much elegance as profuſion. At ſome paces diſtance, two willows interming-ing their flexible branches, overſhadowed a fountain which fell from the mountains; foaming impetuouſly at its ſource, it bore every thing before it that dared to diſpute its paſſage; but, becalming in its courſe, it glided paſt the old man's feet, and after carrying its tranſparent body through the graſs and flowers, in many a ſerpentine turn, at laſt loſt itſelf in gentle murmurs in the bottom of the valley. With the old man's permiſſion, I ſeated myſelf beſide him, and relating to him what the little ſhepherd of the mountains had told me, begged he would explain his meaning to me. "In all ages," replied the old man, "the inhabitants of theſe countries have dedicated to a paſtoral life, thoſe periods of their lifetime that ſeemed moſt adapted to it—

it—youth and old age; infancy, having juſt emerged from the boſom of nature; and old age on the point of returning to their mother duſt. The children, as you have ſeen, conduct their flocks to the heights; there it is they acquire that vigour, that agility, and that hardineſs, for which the mountain-children are ſo famous. They exerciſe themſelves in clambering up the rocks, and leaping the rapid brooks; they accuſtom themſelves to look without horror on the amazing height of our precipices, and often will they fly on the brinks of the cleft rocks, to bring back a ſtrayed favourite goat. At fifteen, they leave the paſtoral ſtate, and become huſbandmen; and the young man, proud to be thought fit to work with his father, abandons the mountains without regret, and delivers his crook, with joy, into feebler hands; henceforth the mattock and the ſpade are more worthily to exerciſe his nervous arms. He takes, however, a ſad laſt look of what till now had been his only care—his flock; and, with emotion, receives his faithful dog's final careſſes. Amongſt the labourers he remains till age deprives him of his wonted ſtrength, and when the lately vigorous arm almoſt forgets to handle the ſpade, he cheerfully takes again his crook and ſcrip, and in theſe meadows ſuffers the evening of his days gently to paſs away."——He ceaſed,——a momentary gloom diffuſed itſelf over the ſerenity of his brow;——I ſaw, that the time when old age had obliged him to devote himſelf for ever to his flock, was a painful recollection——he was ſilent——I dared not queſtion him further——but ſoon compoſing himſelf, he added, "our old age is a ſtate of happineſs, our days paſs on in the ſofteſt tranquillity."——"But," interrupted I, "do not you who have been accuſtomed to hard labour, find your time hang heavy on your hands in ſuch a ſedentary life?"—"No," replied he, "for even my ſedentary life is of uſe. Dullneſs would overpower me were I to idle my time away at home, for he that is of no uſe to others, is the great-

eſt incumbrance to himſelf; but ſeated under theſe rocks, looking after my flocks, when I reflect that once I laboured the ground and followed the plough, as my children do now, the thought makes me happy and pleaſed with my peaceable condition. And beſides, is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that after fifty years hard work, I muſt find pleaſure in paſſing my days at eaſe in theſe meadows?"——"And in this ſtate of inaction, you ſay, you never experience your time hang heavy on your hands?"——"How can I when ſurrounded with ſo many objects, which every one of them awaken ſome dear remembrance in my breaſt. Over all this amphitheatre of mountains have I bounded in my youth; from hence I can recollect, by the clumps of fir, and maſſes of rock, the places I uſed to frequent; my weak ſight does not comprehend every thing which your eyes command, but my memory traces the cheriſhed ſpots, and my mind intereſts itſelf arduouſly in the recollection. Imagination places me on the top of thoſe cloud-bedecked mountains, and memory renews my walks through windings where the path is ſuddenly broken off, and here again renewed in ſteep and ſlippery maſſes. Now impulſed by tottering memory, I abandon myſelf to the very brink of a tremenduous water-fall; or ſuppoſe myſelf ſtaggering on the top of a precipice, I ſhudder in recollection, ... my heart palpitates as violently at finding again the road I had loſt, as ever it did in the ſpring-time of my life. Thus, without ever quitting my place, I find myſelf on the mountains, and I experience all the emotions, all the pleaſures of youth. Juſt as my venerable companion concluded, the ſound of a flageolet on the top of the mountain behind us drew our attention: "Ah!" "ſaid the old man, ſmiling, "there is Tobie on the rock; he is breathing my favourite air,—how often I have played it when at his age!" he beat time by gentle noddings of his head, and gaiety ſparkled in his eye. I aſked him who this Tobie was. "He is a young

ſhepherd,"

ſhepherd," ſaid he, " in his fifteenth year; he love my little Lina; ſhe is of the ſame age. Oh! that might but live to ſee them united! This is the hou that our daughters come every morning to ſee us, an bring us refreſhments, and Tobie always brings hi goats at that time to the rock, under which he know I am ſeated." While he ſpoke, I obſerved a great num ber of young women at the other end of the valley who nimbly advanced, and ſcattered themſelves in th plain; at almoſt the ſame inſtant all the mountain-ſhep herds appeared on the ſteep ſides of the rocks which ſurrounded us. Some of them had advanced to the very brink of the crumbling rocks, and filled us ſpec tators with terror leſt the ground they ſtood upon ſhould fail them under their feet; others had climbed up high trees that they might ſee the long expected, yet certain arrival of the amiable and charming troop. When the happy hour came, the mountain-flocks were left to wander at liberty, and every body on the moun tains and in the plain were in motion; curioſity, grow ing love, and paternal tenderneſs, produced a general commotion among the ſhepherds, both young and old.

The young women, ſeparating in the meadows, ran ſeeking their grandfathers, to preſent them with fruits and cheeſe, which they brought in handſome oſier baſ kets, and preſented to them with the moſt undiſguiſed affection. I admired the grace and tripping ſtep of theſe daughters of the Pyrennees, every one of them remarkable for their beauty, and handſome ſhapes; but my heart was ſpecially intereſted in favour of Lina. While ſhe was yet an hundred paces from us, her grandfather pointed her out to me in a group of young women, telling me ſhe was *the handſomeſt;* nor did paternal love flatter her; ſhe was indeed charming. She threw herſelf into her grandfather's arms, who claſped her tenderly to his breaſt, and then ſhe went to get her baſket from one of her companions. She lifted her timid eyes to the ſummit of the mountain, and Tobie,

on

on the neareſt jut of the rock, caught her attention. She beſtowed on him a look, which he had been impatiently waiting for ſince the riſing of the ſun, and which ſweetly rewarded him for all the labours of the day. Tobie threw down a noſegay of roſes, which fell ſome paces diſtant from the little group of which Lina was a member. She reddened, and dared not to lift the proffered preſent. The old man enjoyed her confuſion, and the girls laughing in good humour, though not without a little tincture of malice, exclaimed, *It is for Lina, it is for Lina;* and ſhe was condemned to take it up. With a trembling hand, ſhe pinned it near her heart; and, to hide her embarraſſment, ſhe came and took refuge under her grandfather's rock, and ſeated herſelf by him. I left them to enjoy a converſation of tenderneſs and love, and with my head full of the reſpectable old man, Lina and Tobie, I traced my way back to my little dwelling, thinking with myſelf, if happineſs exiſts on earth, theſe are the manners, and theſe the ſentiments, which ſhould inſure its poſſeſſion.

. . . . . As I have already related, the life of a Pyrennean peaſant is divided into three different periods, and each period has its occupations. A ſhepherd from his eighth to his fifteenth year, he then becomes a huſbandman, and in his old age tends the flocks in the valley. The day on which, during his lifetime, he experiences moſt pleaſure, is that on which he is raiſed to the rank of a labourer, which they celebrate with great ſolemnity. As ſoon as he has completed his fifteenth year, his father goes in ſearch of him, to conduct him to the fields, or to the vineyard, the cultivation of which is henceforth to be his care: and it is a feaſting, and a memorable day, to the young man's family. I had a great inclination to ſee this rural ceremony, and I imparted my wiſh to the good old man, Lina's grandfather, who told me, that Tobie would, in a month, quit for ever thoſe mountains, and that rock to which his

love for Lina had ſo often conducted him. A very ſingular circumſtance rendered the ceremony ſtill more intereſting; the father of Tobie was that day to leave the huſbandmen, and enter among the old ſhepherds, and he was ſeventy years of age. He had four ſons, the youngeſt of whom was thirty, beſides Tobie, who was the fruit of a ſecond marriage.

The day fixed for the ceremony at laſt arrived, and I was on the plain three hours before ſun-riſe. I found all the old ſhepherds aſſembled at the foot of the mountain where Tobie kept his ſheep; and we were ſoon after joined by a multitude of peaſants and village-maids, of all ages, drawn together by curioſity. Lina placed herſelf juſt by me, under the care of her mother; and there were doubtleſs many there who were leſs intereſted in the ſcene that was going forward, than ſhe. The crowd preceded Tobie's father, who advanced ſlowly in the middle of his four ſons, carrying a ſpade, and leaning on the eldeſt. When he came to the foot of the mountain, every body ſtood back to make way for him; but the old man ſtopt, and looking ſadly on the rugged road which led to the ſummit of the mountain, ſighed,—I ought, ſaid he, according to cuſtom, to go myſelf and ſeek my ſon; but I have ſeventy years on my head, and I muſt wait till he comes to me! . . . "We will carry you, my father," exclaimed his children. The multitude applauded the propoſition; the old man ſmiled, and his ſons forming a kind of ſedan, with their entwiſted arms, lifted him gently up, and immediately began their march. The village-troop remained in the plain; but I followed the old man, as I wiſhed to be witneſs of his interview with Tobie. We went ſlowly on, and from time to time he made his ſons ſtop to draw breath, and to give him an opportunity of ſurveying thoſe places where his memory retraced him ſcenes long ſince gone. He wept to hear the ſhrill ſounds of the bells ſuſpended from the necks of the mountain ſheep and goats. He

would tell us what things were next to ſalute our eyes; but, alas! time had almoſt always deſtroyed them, or changed their entire appearance. Every thing we met intereſted both his paſſions and his curioſity, and the further we advanced, his countenance became more lively and more animated; joy ſparkled in his eyes, and he ſeemed to be perfectly regenerated in breathing again, though for the laſt time, the pure air of the mountains. We were now at the end of our walk, or rather clamber, and his ſons placed the old man on a rock; but he aroſe, and leaning on the ſpade he ſtill held in his hand, rapturouſly enjoyed the extenſive proſpect ſpread before him. Tobie inſtantly abondoned his flock, and threw himſelf at his father's feet; the old man embraced him with emotion: "Hold, my ſon," ſaid he, "take this ſpade, which has ſerved me upwards of half a century; endeavour to keep it as long! That I might preſent it to you with my own hands, I have prolonged the period of my labours, painful, indeed, at my age. I quit this day, for ever, our cultivated fields and our vineyards; but thou art going to replace me!" . . . Saying theſe words, the old man gave Tobie his ſpade, and fought his crook from him in exchange; "Oh! my father," ſaid the young man, much affected, "receive likewiſe this faithful dog, which hath obeyed me ſeven years, that it may in future follow and defend you, and by ſo doing, be of more ſervice to me than it has ever been." The old man could not prevent ſome tears from ſtealing down his venerable cheeks; he careſſed the dog that his ſon preſented to him, while the animal ſeemed to expreſs its fear of changing its maſter, by clinging to the embraces of Tobie. We again deſcended in a body, and joined the villagers; when the day was concluded with a rural ball, and I had the pleaſure to ſee Tobie dance with Lina.

The day following, I returned to the meadow, and ſaw my two good old men. I paid the valley ſeveral

ſubſequent viſits, and always found them, the one ſeated beſide the other, under the rock, talking of their youth, but generally of their children. Lina brought always their fruits and cheeſe at the accuſtomed hour; and although Tobie was there no more, ſhe looked always at the rock. She obſerved the tender and mutual friendſhip of the old men, and it induced her to draw a happy preſage.

I have ſince learnt that the old men enjoyed the happineſs of celebrating the nuptials of Tobie and Lina; and that Lina is at this day a tender mother, and a happy wife.

ANECDOTES.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

NOTHING ſeems to have hurt this monarch more than the frequent oppoſitions he met with on account of *ſubſidies*. Bred up in principles different from thoſe of the country which he was called to govern, he could not avoid complaining to his moſt intimate friends, "that he was come over to England to be a *begging King*." He added, "he thought his fate very hard to be continually oppoſed in his application for ſupplies, which he only aſked that he might employ them for the advantage of the nation.

Nothing but his unacquaintance with the laws of England could make him feel ſo eſtabliſhed an article in its government, that of not granting money but by the conſent of parliament, as any hardſhip; but that it was his principle to employ that money for the good of the nation, is evident, as he was not fond of appearing in the full ſplendour of majeſty, was remarkably averſe to any act of oppreſſion, and cultivated the happineſs and eſteem of his ſubjects throughout the whole courſe of his reign.

GEORGE

GEORGE THE SECOND.

This monarch, ſoon after his acceſſion, willing to extend the alliance already ſubſiſting between his houſe and that of Pruſſia, by a double marriage with their reſpective children, ſent over Sir Charles Hotham, about the year 1729, as miniſter plenipotentiary to the King of Pruſſia, to propoſe a marriage between the Prince of Wales and the eldeſt Princeſs of Pruſſia; and another, between the Prince Royal of Pruſſia and the King of England's ſecond daughter. His Pruſſian Majeſty's anſwer was, "That he would conſent to the marriage of his Prince Royal with our Princeſs, if our King did not inſiſt upon a double marriage on the terms propoſed; but that if he did, he would not conſent to either of them; for he thought he had as much right to expect our Princeſs Royal for his eldeſt ſon, as our King had to expect his Princeſs Royal for his Prince of Wales." The two Kings perſiſting in their reſolutions, there was an end of the negociation, but not of the difference.

A diſpute relative to Mecklenburgh happening nearly at this time between the two monarchs, the above family-quarrel aſſiſted in blowing up the coals. Levies of men were forcibly raiſed in the Hanoverian dominions by Pruſſian emiſſaries, and thoſe proceedings occaſioned retaliations on the ſide of Hanover. The two monarchs felt themſelves offended more as private gentlemen, than as ſovereign princes. They were both men of very warm tempers, and, as both poſſeſſed acknowledged perſonal bravery, a repetition of the ſcene between Charles the Fifth and Francis the Firſt was univerſally talked of.

The States of Holland, however, having been applied to, a letter was written in their name to the King of Pruſſia, to intreat him to ſuſpend hoſtilities, and to liſten to conciliatory terms. To add weight to this letter, ſeveral Dutch regiments received orders

to march towards Cleves: this ſtep had the deſired effect; an arbitration was propoſed and accepted, and ſoon after an accommodation took place, which produced at leaſt a formal reconciliation between the brother kings.

When the Guards returned from Germany in 1745, (where they behaved with great gallantry), freſh troops were neceſſary to be ſent againſt the rebels, who had landed the latter end of the ſame year in Scotland; and the King, though he always reſpected and depended upon the Guards, had a delicacy in applying for their ſervices ſo recently after their campaigns. He applied to a confidential general-officer for advice, who gave it as his opinion, that he ſhould call a military levee, by way of experiment. The levee was accordingly announced, and all the officers attended, when the King coming into the circle, thus addreſſed them:

"Gentlemen,

"You cannot be ignorant of the preſent precarious ſituation of our country, and, though I have had ſuch recent inſtances of your exertions, the neceſſity of the times, and the knowledge I have of your hearts, induce me to demand your ſervices again; ſo that all of you that are willing to meet the rebels, hold up your right-hands; all thoſe who may, from particular reaſons, feel it an inconvenience, hold up your left."—On the inſtant all the right-hands in the room were up; which ſo affected the King, that, in attempting to thank them, he ſhed tears, and retired.

The Guards next morning marched to Finchley, and were accompanied with the prayers, the acclamations, and the bounties of the public.

When Hogarth, ſome years afterwards, made a ſketch of this march to Finchley, it was ſhown to the King, who did not ſeem pleaſed with the idea, and ſaid, he would not have his brave ſoldiers turned into ridicule. Hogarth, who had, previous to this, meant

to

to dedicate it to the King, took the hint, and dedicated it to the late King of Pruſſia.

During the war of 1743, a victory gained over the French was celebrated, not only by public rejoicings, but frequently by an ode ſet to muſic on the occaſion, and performed before the King in the Great Council Chamber. Upon theſe days the King always appeared in the hat, coat, ſword, and ſcarf, which he wore at the battle of Oudenarde in the year 1708, where he fought under the great Duke of Marlborough; and, as the faſhions of near forty years muſt make a conſiderable difference in appearance, it was difficult to refrain from laughing, at ſeeing the monarch ſtrut about in thoſe antiquated habiliments.

On one of thoſe days, the following couplet being repeated in full chorus,

"Sure ſuch a day was never known,
"Such a King! and ſuch a throne!"

drew the attention of the audience more particularly upon the King and his dreſs; this inſtantly ſet them on a titter, which was beginning to ſpread much more than decency would allow of, when one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber began clapping the couplet; the audience took the hint, and relieved themſelves by joining in a general plaudit, which the band gratefully acknowledged, and the good old King ſeemed pleaſed at, without knowing the original cauſe of the compliment.

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

This nobleman, who has endeared himſelf to ſociety through life, by his wit, good humour, and urbanity, being deſigned for the army, began his campaign early in life at Dettingen. The regiment to which he belonged began the attack; and, as he was marching down towards the enemy, rather thoughtful, a drum-

mer's head was ſhot off ſo cloſe to him, that his brains beſpattered Lord Townſhend's regimentals. A veteran officer, apprehenſive that this accident might derange his young friend, went up, and encouraged him by telling him, theſe were the mere accidents of war and the beſt way was not to think at all in theſe caſes. "O dear Sir," ſays the other with great preſence of mind, "you entirely miſtake my reverie. I have been only thinking what the d——l could bring this little drummer here, who ſeemed *to poſſeſs ſuch a great quantity of brains.*"

As Lord Townſhend was walking with a friend through the ſtreets of Yarmouth, which are very narrow and ſhelving, from the houſes elbowing out ſo much in the firſt ſtory, his friend cried out, "Take care, my Lord, or you'll be down on your knees." "No, no," ſaid his Lordſhip, "*your elbows* will ſupport me."

It was Lord Townſhend who gave the following ſtrong, but deſcriptive, definition of the late provoſt of Ireland, Hutchinſon, (though often attributed to others), on being aſked what ſort of a man he was: "He is of that ſoliciting diſpoſition, that if his Majeſty could give him England, Ireland, and Scotland, he would ſtill aſk for the Iſle of Man for a cabbage-garden."

HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND,

brother to the above nobleman, was reckoned to poſſeſs the fineſt talents in the Houſe of Commons: his only fault in ſpeaking, perhaps, was, a laying out for words and antitheſes to ornament his diſcourſe, which ſometimes led him into embarraſſments. His converſation, however, was of the moſt excellent kind, partaking of almoſt every thing which could adorn it. Some people uſed to think, he, at times, took too great a lead; but he talked ſo much from the fulneſs of his mind, his humour ſo prevailing, and his wit ſo ſudden

ſudden and brilliant, that moſt people gave way to him, well pleaſed to let him take their turn.

He was, beſide all this, a fine mimic; and, though a very handſome man, he had that power of face, that he could in a moment transform it into every kind of deformity.

It was from theſe talents, that, after the death of his father, he became the patron of his whole family. It was through his intereſt that his brother Lord Townſhend was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and though Mr Townſhend died before the appointment was made out, yet the King, knowing it was in train, punctually performed his promiſe; and his Lordſhip ſoon after ſet out for Ireland, where he continued eight years, with ſo much credit to himſelf, and advantage to the country, that the anniverſary of his birth-day is regularly celebrated there by ſome of the moſt reſpectable ſocieties in the kingdom.

Mr Townſhend died about the year 1768; and the King felt his loſs ſo ſincerely when he heard it, that he exclaimed, he had loſt one of the ableſt and beſt men in his dominions.

The wit and humour of this family ſeem to have deſcended from the female line, the late Lady-Dowager Townſhend being the firſt wit of the Court of George the Second: the father was a plodding man of buſineſs, and much in the confidence of the late King through life.

It was owing to the above Dowager's advice, that the preſent Marquis takes the title of *Townſhend*, his firſt choice being that of Marquis of *Raynham*; but afterwards conſulting his mother, ſhe aſked him, Whether he did not think the family of the *Townſhends* deſerved to be handed down to poſterity more than the name of an eſtate. His Lordſhip took the hint, and the patent was made out accordingly.

The underſtanding of this lady was equal to her wit and humour, which was often acknowledged by thoſe who

who had the happineſs of her acquaintance. One day, the company talking of the qualities and effects of *good-breeding* and *politeneſs*, a gentleman undertook to undervalue them, by ſaying, They introduced a fineſſe and hypocriſy in ſociety, which the other qualities did not make amends for. Lady Townſhend, being applied to for her opinion, ſaid, "She thought good-breeding and politeneſs always agreeable, and very often *good ſkreens for a great many ugly ſights.*"

HON. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

Amongſt the many talents of this well-known ſtateſman, his ſkill in and attachment to buſineſs was always predominant; inſomuch that, according to the brilliant deſcription given of him by one of our firſt-rate orators, "he took public buſineſs not as a duty which he was to fulfil, but as a pleaſure he was to enjoy; and he ſeemed to have no delight *out* of the Houſe of Commons, except in ſuch things as ſome way related to the buſineſs that was to be done *in* it."

During the receſs of parliament, being aſked to a private concert in the country, where ſome of the fineſt performers from London were engaged, aſſiſted by ſome of the beſt gentlemen connoiſſeurs, he accepted the invitation, and attended. The concert began; and, whilſt every body was admiring the ſkill of the performers, and the general effect of the harmony, Mr Grenville faſtened himſelf upon the maſter of the houſe (who, though a member of parliament, was much more inclined to muſic, at leaſt for that time, than public buſineſs), and, pulling a number of papers out of his pocket, began aſking his opinion of ſuch and ſuch heads of bills, which he meant to introduce into the Houſe in the enſuing ſeſſions. The gentleman, out of civility to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a few obſervations, by way of getting rid of the buſineſs; but this did not ſatisfy Mr Grenville; he continued his inqui-

ries

ries, 'till the gentleman, under ſome pretence, ſhifted his ſeat; when the other, ſpying an ink-ſtand on one of the harpſichords, very deliberately walked up to it, and minuted his obſervations.

When his brother, James Grenville, heard this ſtory, he exclaimed, "Good G—d, how like George! A pen and ink to him is w——g and drinking."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

This excellent and ingenious man, to whom Pope pays this unbounded compliment,

"To Berkely every virtue under heaven,"

in the courſe of one of his viſitations, ſpent a few days with a Dr Philips, an old clerical bachelor in his dioceſe, as remarkable for the neatneſs of his houſe and grounds, as the plainneſs of his perſon.

The Doctor, who had juſt finiſhed ſome fine improvements, which he was very fond of, carried the Biſhop over his grounds the morning after his arrival, and took great pains to point out the ſeveral beauties of the ſituation, &c. &c. On their arrival in the dining-parlour, the Doctor, by way of triumph, exclaimed, "Well, my Lord Biſhop, you have been plaguing me about marriage for ſome years back, but, you ſee, I have got the *trap* at laſt." "Why, yes, Doctor," ſays the Biſhop, "the trap's very well, but, I am afraid (looking him full in the face) the women won't like the *bait*."

The above prelate having written a well-known ingenious treatiſe on the *non-exiſtence of matter*, was ſoon after returning from the Royal Society with a friend, and, the night being very dark, he run his head againſt a poſt, which made him cry out he was much hurt. Poh! poh!" ſays the friend, "how can you complain, when you know *it's no matter*."

Dr Berkeley was Biſhop of Cloyne in Ireland, a ſee worth then not above 1300l. a-year: but though he was offered

offered the biſhoprick of Meath, worth 3000l. a-year, and through that might look up to the Primacy, he contented himſelf with what he had, ſaying, "the air of Cloyne agreed ſo well with his conſtitution, and his friends and neighbours ſo well with his happineſs, that he'd run no riſks." He accordingly died Biſhop of Cloyne.

THE END.

A New and Accurate Map of FRANCE, divided into DEPARTMENTS with the NETHERLANDS — Part of — GERMANY &c.) Comprehending the PRESENT SEAT of WAR — Engraved for — Travels through Russia.

British Statute Miles

25 50 75 100

Explanation.

Bound.s of Metrop.n Circles - - - -

Do. of Departments ———

Metropolitan Circles.

1 Circle of Paris
2 ..... the N.East
3 ..... the Coasts of the Channel
4 ..... the East
5 ..... the S.th East
6 ..... the Coasts of the Mediterranean
7 ..... the South
8 ..... the S.th West
9 ..... the N.th West
10 ..... the Centre

ENGLAND
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Straits of Dover
Straights of Calais
Dover
Beachy Hd
Isle of Wight I.
Portsmouth
Plymouth
Torbay
Lands end
Lizard Pt
Start Pt
Ostend
Dunkirk
Calais
Boulogne
Nieuport
Ypres
Ghent
Oudenarde
Brussels
Louvain
Tirlemont
Lille
Tournay
Arras
Douay
Cambray
Valenciennes
Namur
Charleroy
Mons
Maubeuge
Landrecy
Guise
Mezieres
Charleville
Sedan
Bouillon
Dinant
Givet
St Hubert
Luxemburg
Longwy
Montmedi
Thionville
Metz
Treves
Tholey
Juliers
Mastrich
Liege
Limbourg
Spa
Aix la Chapelle
Cologne
Bonn
Coblentz
Giessen
Frankfort
Hanau
Aschaffenburg
Schwenfurth
Mayence
Kassel
Reipfels
Bingen
Oppenheim
Worms
Manheim
Rhine R.
Moselle R.
Meuse R.
Somme R.
Seine R.
Oise R.
Aisne R.
Marne R.
Loire R.
Dieppe
Abbeville
Amiens
St Quentin
Havre
Le Havre
Rouen
Beauvais
Compiegne
Soissons
Rheims
Chalons
Verdun
Ste Menehould
Bar le Duc
Toul
Nancy
Epinal
Remiremont
Vaucouleurs
Neufchateau
Mirecourt
Vezoul
Dijon
Besançon
Basle
Zurich & L.
Appenzell
Constance
L. of Constance
Rhine R.
Danube R.
Ulm
Ratisbon
Friedburg
Landau
Deux Ponts
Spire
Philisburg
Tholey
Thionville
Sarre Louis
Bitche
Weissenbourg
Hagenau
Strasburgh
Brisach
Baden
Offenburg
Fribourg
Lucern
Berne
Zug
Soleure
Geneve
Lausanne
Geneva
L. of Geneva
Sion
Aosta
Turin
Susa
Pô R.
Chambery
Montier
Annecy
Grenoble
Briançon
Embrun
Digne
Nice
Monaco
Genoa
Savona
Oneglia
Ventimiglia
Alps
Maritime Alps
Cottian Alps
Mont Cenis
Mont Blanc
Mont Rosa
Simplon
St Bernard
Switzerland
Italy
Germany
Netherlands
Provinces
Liege
Namur
Luxemburg
Cologne
Frankfort
Mayence
Hesse Cassel
Hesse Darmstadt
Wirtemberg
Baden
Bavaria
Austria
Tyrol
Grisons
Valais
Piedmont
Savoy
Nice
Corsica
Sardinia
Mediterranean Sea
Bay of Biscay
Spain
Pyrenean Mountains
Low Pyrenees
High Pyrenees
Eastern Pyrenees
Ariege
Aude
Herault
Gard
Mouths of the Rhone
Var
Low Alps
High Alps
Isere
Drome
Ardeche
Lozere
Cantal
Puy de Dome
Allier
Nievre
Cher
Indre
Vienne
Upper Vienne
Creuse
Charente
Lower Charente
Dordogne
Gironde
Lot
Aveiron
Tarn
Upper Garonne
Gers
Landes
Lot & Garonne
Mayenne & the Loire
Sarte
Loir & Cher
Eure & the Loire
Eure
Seine & Oise
Seine & Marne
Marne
Upper Marne
Aube
Yonne
Cote d'Or
Saone
Upper Saone
Doubs
Jura
Ain
Rhone & the Loire
Loire
Calvados
Orne
Mayenne
Sarte
Ille & Vilaine
Lower Loire
Morbihan
Finistere
North Coast
Brest
St Malo
Cancale
Granville
Cherbourg
Cde la Hogue
Alderney
Guernsey
Sark
Jersey
Ushant I.
Belle I.
Ré I.
Oleron I.
Hyeres I.
Corsica
Bastia
S. Florenzo
Calvi
Toulon
Marseille
Frejus
Nice
Monaco
Genoa
Savona
Oneglia
Ventimiglia
Turin
Geneva
Lausanne
Zurich & L.
Basle
Constance
Appenzell
Lucern
Berne
Zug
Soleure
Fribourg
Sion
Aosta